

CURRENT OPINION



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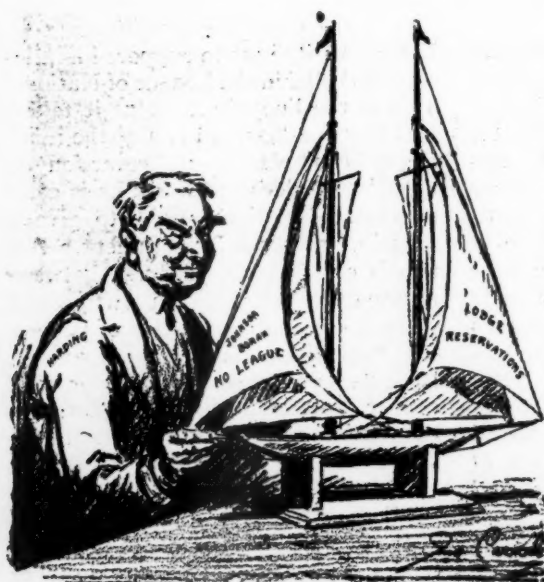
THE APOLOGETIC REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN

SOMETHING seems to have gone wrong with the Republican campaign. It was meant to be aggressive and impetuous. Senator Lodge's "keynote" speech was certainly aggressive and denunciatory enough of "Wilsonism." The platform followed his lead. But ever since the nominations were made there has been almost an apologetic note in the campaign. Will Hays seems to feel it and is trying to switch the emphasis back to "Wilsonism." But whether due to Harding or to Cox or to the League of Nations, or to all three, there is a noticeable lack of "punch" in the Republican press and very confused team-work. The comment on Harding, for instance, is largely negative praise—praise for what he is not and will not do. Take the Philadelphia *Ledger*, for instance.

It is doing its best to support him, despite its belief in the League of Nations. This is the line of argument it takes: Harding is a "general run of the mill" Republican. He is a "reversion to type." He does not think he is commissioned by divine right to give a superior personal government. But this is not to be a campaign between personalities but between parties, and when it comes to a question of parties, the Republicans, generally speaking, have "an overwhelming superiority in caliber, statesmanship, reputation, public service and patriotic devotion." When we vote for Harding we do not vote for "Harding rule" but for Republican party rule, and "this simplifies matters." Or take the *N. Y. Globe*, another journal strongly in favor of the League of Nations but also doing its best to support Harding. It is in



INTERPRETING THE ORACLE

—Kirby in *New York World*.

SAILS BOTH WAYS AT ONCE!

—Cassel in *N. Y. Evening World*.

favor, it says, of whatever policy will make for our early entrance into the League and effective participation. It is true that Cox and the Democratic party promise early entrance. It is also true that the Republican party does not promise to enter the League and Harding "has all but promised not to"; but, in the opinion of the *Globe*, Harding, if elected, will be compelled by force of circumstances to accept not "an association of nations" but the existing association, and therefore it supports Harding!

Apologizing for
Harding.

A STILL more strikingly apologetic note runs through Mr. Taft's explanation of why he will support Harding. He reiterates that he would have supported the League just as it came from the Peace Conference; that there is no menace in it; that it transcends in importance all domestic issues. He admits that Harding's position is unwise politically, inexpedient and disappointing. But he also has faith that, if Harding is elected, the force of circumstances will compel him to change back to the position assumed by him in the Senate and to support the League with the Lodge reservations, and that that is the only way in which the League can be ratified. He apologizes both for Harding and the Republican platform by saying that they have taken the position they have taken to keep Senator Johnson from

bolting. The inference he leaves us to draw is, of course, that after Harding is elected, he will no longer fear a bolt from the Senator and will shift his position. But, Mr. Taft admits sorrowfully, Harding's present attitude "discourages an important element of the Republican party strongly in favor of the League who would have given the zeal of a moral issue to the Republican campaign." The *N. Y. Tribune* is another journal supporting Harding and doing its best to put punch into the support. But it also is unable to keep the apologetic note out of its editorials. Following Mr. Taft's cue, it admits that Harding's failure to make an affirmative declaration in favor of ratification with the Lodge reservations was "disappointing to many Republicans." But it denies that he has repudiated the principle of the League, and says that there are so many cross currents in the world to-day that "it seemed intolerably unwise to make pledges too specific," and it was agreed at Chicago that "it would be narrow to make any particular attitude toward the Covenant a test of party fealty." Besides, how can Mr. Harding promise anything at this time unless he knows that he will have control of two-thirds of the Senate?

**Bound to Take the Senate
Point of View.**

ANOTHER journal that tries to excuse Mr. Harding and explain away



"ONCE AGAIN"

—Bronstrup in *San Francisco Chronicle*.



HE HAS ONLY SMELLED THE BOTTLE, BUT HE'S PERKING UP ALREADY!

—Spencer in *Omaha World-Herald*.

his hesitancy in the way of specifications, is the *Denver News* which says that he must perforce "assume the role of apologist" because he is "bound to look at certain questions from the Senate point of view and thereby cloud his vision." It rests its hope on the fact that the League of Nations is an economic rather than a political affair, that the economic urge will make it a political necessity, and that "after November Republican party leaders are likely to take a broader view of our international relations." It admits that just now Harding, in his treatment of this issue, is "leaning toward parochialism," and that when he speaks about an association of nations he might be speaking of the Hague Tribunal, "that was hopeless to take one positive measure to avert the world war." But the *Denver* paper also proceeds to praise Mr. Harding for his negative virtues. He displays a disposition not to rock the boat; his candidacy is "a reaction from personal government"; he "would return to the precepts and example of the fathers of the republic"; there is in his speech of acceptance "nothing to startle"; he exhibits "a commonsense conservatism," "keeps clear of idealistic preachments," "proclaims no panacea for present unsettled conditions," and "cannot be forced into an uncharted sea." The *Portland Oregonian* is another Republican paper that flies signals of distress. It is a stanch champion of the League. It admits its bitter disappointment with the position of the party and can not understand how Harding could have surrendered to Senator Johnson; but it will under no circumstances support Cox and it concludes by saying that it is "for a League of Nations without reference either to the Republican or the Democratic party." The same attitude is taken by a number of other Republican papers.

Cox's Contempt for
Style.

THE *Brooklyn Eagle* (Dem.) notes this "confusion among Republican newspapers" and says: "Obviously this situation cannot continue if the Republicans are to make any kind of showing on the chief issue of the campaign." The *N. Y. Times* says the uncertainty of the Republican journals has become laughable, even when they are attacking Cox. It instances comment by the *N. Y. Tribune*, and the *N. Y. Sun* on Governor Cox's statement, in his speech of acceptance, on the League. "His three-column contribution," says the *Tribune*, "does not contain a single plain and unequivocal declaration." Said the *Sun*, speaking of the same speech, "This is explicit and specific. It is commendable for its directness and candor. It is admirable for its unqualified commitment." The same lack of teamwork and of punch seen in Republican comment on Harding is almost equally obvious in the comment on Cox. The *Topeka Capital* is a journal that can say things, upon occasion, with force. But its leading editorial on Governor Cox's acceptance speech is flabby and inert. It lays stress upon the alleged fact that the speech "is unlike any acceptance speech ever made in its contempt for style." It dwells upon this point, but gives no specifications. It finds that in what Cox says about the League he is dull and "nowhere rises to eloquence or feeling." It talks about solecisms and violations of the rules of grammar and sudden diversion of thought—again without specifications—with hardly a reference, even, to the substance of the speech or to the positions taken in it. The simple truth of the matter is that there is something like a debacle visible in the Republican press. The *Chicago Tribune* is hardly an exception. In an editorial on Cox's speech

of acceptance that is, for the most part, strangely devoid of fire and force, it does get some ginger into the last two paragraphs; but it does this by going over to the position of the bitter-enders:

"The Republican doctrine is that rather than subject the United States to European influences and exigencies upon the terms demanded by Mr. Wilson it will remain out of the League. The Democratic doctrine is that rather than remain out of the League the United States must enter upon the terms proposed by Mr. Wilson.

"That issue is clear enough. If the Democrats win the Senate would have a popular command to ratify the treaty and the covenant. If the Republicans win the Senate will be ordered to rewrite the covenant. . . . The Democratic policy is to transfer the seat of government in international relations from Washington to Geneva. The Republican policy is to retain it in Washington."

Poland Enters Into Our Campaign.

THE crisis that has arisen in Poland is already creeping into the campaign here and into the discussion concerning the League. "What," asks the N. Y. *Tribune* scornfully, "is the League of Nations doing with respect to the Russo-Polish war and other threatened wars? So far as information is vouchsafed it is not functioning. Interested nations, particularly Great Britain, France and Italy, are conferring together, *but not as league members.*" Before our own Senate meets again, says the *Tribune*, the League Covenant may be archaic through disuse. It uses this possibility as a vindication of Senator Harding's proposal

to start afresh for a new "association of nations." The Democratic candidate for Vice-President, Mr. Roosevelt, draws a different inference from the Polish situation. He says:

"If America had been a member of the League of Nations the Polish nation would not be to-day fighting Bolshevism with its back to the wall. If America had been able to throw into the scale the splendid moral force of its hundred millions of people, the Bolshevik armies would not be where they are now. The events which led up to the present deplorable situation would never have occurred.

"Do not let us forget the moral force of the United States in such an undertaking. It would not have been necessary for a single American soldier to cross the seas.



AND THE DICKENS OF IT IS NOBODY HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO DO MUCH ABOUT THE TIDES

—Ding in New York *Tribune*.



WHO SAID HARDING HAD NEVER DONE ANYTHING?
—Ding in Springfield Republican.

It would not have been necessary for America to become entangled in any way in European politics. Ours would have been the quieting and steadying hand in a league which without America is incomplete.

"History will lay a great share of the responsibility for the plight of the splendid people of Poland upon those little narrow men who to-day control the machinery of the Republican Party. But for their desire to satisfy a personal spite, the Bolsheviks would not be knocking at the gates of Warsaw."

This is much the same view expressed by an eminent British editor, Robert Donald, former editor of the *London Chronicle*. In an address in Halifax a few days ago, he referred to the "lapse of America" as "one of the tragedies of history," that has "post-

poned the rebuilding of the vast areas ravaged by war." He added: "The two branches of the English speaking people, acting together harmoniously in peace as they did in the latter period of the war, could have reconciled or silenced the clashing interests of Europe, led the new democratic States carved out of old tyrannical empires gently but firmly into the paths of peace, and established on a sure and lasting foundation the League of Nations. Then indeed the world would have been made safe for democracy."

The Cockpits of Europe and
the Wheat Pits of Chicago.

IN one of his front-porch addresses, Senator Harding declares: "I would rather have industrial and social peace at home than command international peace of the world." One of his supporters, the *Denver News*, while

agreeing with this statement theoretically, calls his attention to the Polish situation and its immediate effect here as an evidence that "we are a part of the commercial, industrial, political whole." What have we to do with the cockpits of Europe? The *Denver* paper answers as follows:

"Turn to the market pages. The head-center of the cereal world, the Chicago board of trade, responded to what was taking place at Warsaw and Moscow, as if it were in elbow touch with them. A heavy slump in prices took place. Buying for export stopped, which immediately influenced the home buyer. In New York the stock exchange was flurried all day due to the cables from abroad. European exchange went by the board. When exchange rates go below a certain point they stop automatically purchases for foreign ac-

count and this in turn causes a let-up in the New England cotton mills, in Pennsylvania steel mills, in Colorado metals."

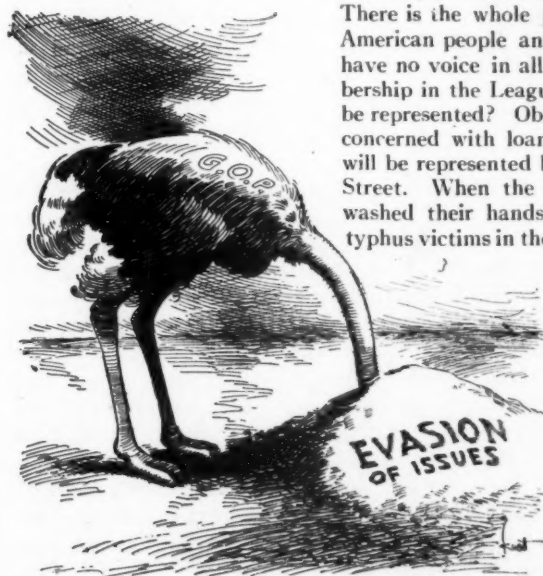
Still another slant is given to the discussion by Simeon Strunsky in an article in the *Yale Review*. He is appealing to that class of Liberals represented in this country by the *New Republic*, who have joined voices with Lodge and Knox in repudiating the League. Says Mr. Strunsky:

"Whether we go into the League or not, there are very real contacts between America and Europe which must persist, and notably economic and financial contacts. There is the matter of Europe's war debts to us. There is the matter of resuming trade with Russia, an issue of great concern to most Liberals. There is the duty to fight Bolshevism, according to the Liberal



"BACK TO NORMAL."

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.



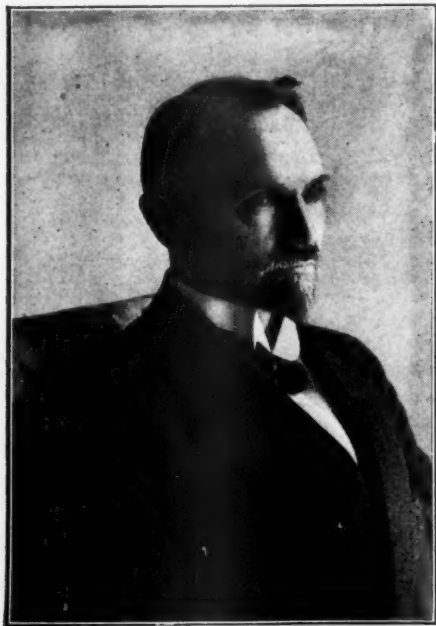
IF THE ROOSTER SUPPLANTS THE DEMOCRATIC
DONKEY

—Knott in Dallas News.

formula, with food and raw materials and machinery. There is the whole problem of reconstruction. If the American people and the American Government are to have no voice in all these vital matters through membership in the League of Nations, by whom will America be represented? Obviously, by those Americans directly concerned with loans and credits and trade. America will be represented by Money, by the Interests, by Wall Street. When the American people have completely washed their hands of the children of Vienna, of the typhus victims in the Baltic, of the dazed millions sitting everywhere with folded hands amidst their ruined factories, when Liberalism has thus been vindicated, then America's bankers will step in and, of course, for a very serious consideration, will help to set the Viennese to breadwinning once more; will send cotton to the Polish factories, for a consideration; will send ships to the Baltic docks, for a consideration. But Liberalism will have saved its soul from the guilt of partnership in an imperfect League!"

LLOYD GEORGE STRAINS THE PATIENCE OF THE FRENCH

IT will prove a difficult matter for Lloyd George to go much farther in the direction of the Bolsheviks without straining his relations with



PRONOUNCED "CRASHING"

It is the latest London joke. It is on the name of Krassin. Some newspapers think the joke is not on Krassin at all.

the Millerand ministry in Paris. Inspired Paris papers dwell upon the cordiality of the understanding between France and Great Britain but both the *Gaulois* and the *Temps* hint that the strain just now is terrific. There was an expectation that Mr. Lloyd George would halt the Giolitti ministry in its progress towards the soviet camp, but the *Débats* fears that British pressure was far too mild. France is being sacrificed to the critical necessities of the British empire in Turkey, in India and in the Balkan countries. It is all very well, notes

the Socialist *Humanité*, for Lloyd George to make a scapegoat of the United States. He has repudiated some quotations of his remarks by indiscreet Paris papers, but among his intimates he makes no concealment of his opinion that the Washington Government is wholly to blame if the London foreign office has to meet the soviets half way. That is no excuse to the Quai d'Orsay. Everywhere, its organs remind us, the Lloyd George policy makes gains at French expense. This last stroke, taking the form of a reconciliation with the soviet world, is too much for French patience. The catalog of grievances embraces the whole world. Greece has become a British dependency, like Egypt. Constantinople witnesses the subordination of the French to the English. Paris was also told that she could annex no more German territory. The Russian crisis is to be settled over her head. England wants peace in order to consolidate her position. The French are stunned and their dailies reflect their feelings candidly.

Where Lloyd George Fails the French.

AFTER some hesitations, reflected in the course of the London negotiations with Krassin, Lloyd George has arrived at the conclusion that the safety of the British possessions in Asia requires some kind of understanding with the government of Lenin. There is no doubt about it to the *Gaulois*, altho it is perhaps idle to attach importance to reports in German dailies about heated private conferences between Lloyd George and Millerand which left the French Premier with the conviction that his country had been betrayed. Lloyd

George seems to have gone far in private conferences with Krassin on the subject of Persia. The French feel that Lloyd George has been terrified by tales of the effect of Lenin's propaganda in Persia, to say nothing of the rising of populations in Mesopotamia already infuriated by British infiltration. Lord Curzon is in a panic over these things. He tells Lloyd George that whatever the effect upon France, something must be done to conciliate the soviet government in these Asiatic regions. Lloyd George can succeed in this, the French dailies say, only if the soviet government finds its position desperate at home. In that event Krassin will make every concession while Lenin makes capital out of the fact that England has consented to recognize his government.

Agony of the French Over the Mediterranean.

THE Quai d'Orsay is trying to repudiate responsibility for the presence of the Sultan at Constantinople.

Lloyd George contrived to fasten all the blame upon Millerand and the *Temps* does not like that. Neither is it pleased by the transformation of the Mediterranean into a British lake. There is a suspicion among the deputies at Paris that France may before long have to get out of Syria. France is absolutely dependent upon the British fleet for provisions in that part of the world—that is, the mistress of the seas could overwhelm the Latin ally with an ultimatum accompanied by a display of naval power. Moreover French finances are absolutely at the mercy of the British. London can precipitate a panic on the Paris bourse at any

moment. In short, France finds herself in the position of Greece—permitted to win victories that seem tremendous from a diplomatic point of view but which have the invariable effect of leaving the French dependent upon British good will. In this extremity, the pleas of the French to the Washington government have been many. Mr. Wilson has been moved to hint that American interests are involved here, reports the *Figaro*, and he is said in Paris to feel keenly the indiscretions of Lloyd George in complaining about the "desertion" of America. In the press of Paris there are intimations that in the differences that grow acute between the Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street, Washington tends to side with the French. The most conspicuous instance is afforded by the negotiations with Krassin. Our Department of State and the Quai d'Orsay, if we may believe the *Matin*, are shocked by Lloyd George's indiscretions with Krassin. It is hinted in Paris likewise that



BE WISE AND BEWARE

—Williams in *Washington Times*.

Washington is not disposed to permit Venizelos to play second fiddle to Lloyd George any more. As for the antics of Giolitti in Rome, since he became Prime Minister there, to follow French press comment, they agitate Washington as much as they do Paris. The Quai d'Orsay likes to think that in America France has found a make weight against Lloyd George.

Mr. Lloyd George Talks
Back.

WHENEVER Mr. Lloyd George is driven into a corner in his negotiations with the French, so the *Rome Tribuna* charges, he takes refuge in excuses that relate to America. He points out that America has "dishonored" the signature of Mr. Wilson. His effort is to divert ill feeling from his own country to that of the President. When he is sure of the discretion of those with whom he talks at his various conferences, he fills the air with his lamentations. Perfidious Albion at her worst is guileless compared with the subtle Yankee. These utterances are duly recorded in the diplomatic dispatches or they get into German dailies or, when they leak out in an inspired organ of the entente, they are corrected, toned down, perhaps denied. The health of Lloyd George has not improved, European dailies add, with his painful progress from San Remo to Hythe, from Boulogne to Spa. He reveals his irritation. He exacts pledges of secrecy before he will talk. He walks at times with an obvious limp. He sends for journalists who have

excited his wrath and scolds them severely. He gets confused in his facts, especially when talking about America. It is notorious, says the *Illustration*, that there was a verification of powers when the great peace conference of Versailles was in session, but Mr. Lloyd George scolds at America as if there had never been such a thing. For example, the case of Bavaria called for an elaborate verification of powers. There was some doubt whether Bavaria under the German constitution could be bound by a treaty affecting the German Empire as such. This point was looked into carefully. The same procedure was followed in the case of President Wilson. He stated



THERE! DIDN'T WE TELL YOU IT WOULDN'T WORK?
—Ding in Springfield Republican.

to the plenipotentiaries at the peace conference that his treaty-making power was shared with the Senate.

The Issue is One of Millerand-Lloyd George.

LLOYD GEORGE and Millerand go home from their conferences and tell their respective parliaments mutually conflicting things. There ensues a flood of commentary in London papers and Paris papers. Thus Millerand makes definite his attitude to the soviets while Lloyd George, as the *Debats* says, contrives to be indefinite. In one short speech to the deputies at Paris, Millerand insisted that "the first duty of a government fit to bear the name is to declare itself responsible for all the international pledges made by its predecessors in Russia." Neither the government at Moscow nor Krassin has satisfied the French on this point, adds the *Temps*, and Lloyd George has been talking oracularly about it of late. Krassin did hint that had the Bolsheviks been taken in time they would have met these obligations, but the time, he now declares, has gone by. Later Krassin was quoted to the effect that the debts might be taken up in connection with question of recognition but now a new doubt on the subject arises. It would be a great satisfaction to France, says the organ of the Quai d'Orsay, if Mr. Lloyd George would cease from generalities and tell the world where he stands on this question.

Is Lloyd George Suspected of Bad Faith?

AS the relations between the Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street—always officially correct, of course—grow strained, there is a tendency in the *Temps* and other French dailies to raise questions of good faith. Have the discussions between Krassin and the British been restricted to the com-

mercial phase of Anglo-Russian relations? Mr. Lloyd George promised M. Millerand that they would be. They have since involved the military operations of the Bolsheviks in Persia. The British set the bad example by asking the Bolsheviks to change their policy in Asia. Krassin followed this lead. He has injected all sorts of issues in world politics, and to these observations Lloyd George listens—or somebody from the foreign office listens—with every appearance of complacency. Krassin, in a word, has drawn Lloyd George into something like a repudiation of Poland—the darling of French policy—and something like a repudiation of the cordial understanding with France. The Quai d'Orsay felt called upon to go so far as to ask Mr. Lloyd George to put an end to further conferences with Krassin unless he assumed responsibility for those debts. Mr. Lloyd George seems to have said that he must communicate with Washington. That put the question up to President Wilson, with what result does not appear.

France Torn by Doubts of Lloyd George.

NOW and then there appear in such London dailies as *The Observer*—supposed to get its inspiration from exalted official quarters—hints that Russia ought to be admitted into the League of Nations. It is vain to hope, this London paper says, that the moral weight of the League can be what it ought to become if Russia, and, for that matter, Germany, are kept out of the League. The amazement of the Paris *Temps* at such suggestions is not concealed. The organ of the Quai d'Orsay is moved to wonder if Lloyd George is seriously thinking still of walking in the same path with the French. How can any Briton, it asks, seriously hint at the admission of the Bolsheviks into the League of

Nations when they are doing all they can to bring about a world revolution? As for the admission of a Germany that retains a Fehrenbach as Chancellor, that is madness. The truth is, according to Raymond Poincaré, the former French President, in one of his political articles, that the French are sadly disillusioned. They have come down from heaven to earth, he writes in the *Temps*:

"America has for some time now immured herself within her Monroe Doctrine.

"Seduced by the legendary delights of the country that was Eden, Mr. Lloyd George willingly lets his thought float far from the Rhine Valley.

"Italy holds her gaze fixed upon the shores of the Adriatic.

"Poland fights against Russia.

"A flame of fire rises in the east.

"The League of Nations, to which, in spite of France, have been denied all powers of surveillance and all means of action, watches impotently the revival of ancient bellicose instincts and sees rising here and there, one against the other, nations swollen with imperialism, who seek to extend their limits and to enlarge their sway.

"Side by side, confronting Germany, Belgium and France retain fresh the impressions of these last years. They see better, too, what is going on beyond the Rhine. They are not disposed to let themselves be deluded by a debtor who makes a mockery of his creditors."

The conviction grows that Sir Thomas Lipton's ability lies more in the direction of the sales of tea than the sails of a yacht.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

Archbishop Mannix seems bent on finding out for himself whether "it's a long way to Tipperary."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

FAILURE OF THE ALLIED EFFORT TO HALT THE HOLY WAR OF ISLAM

NEITHER Lloyd George nor Millerand cherishes any delusions regarding the defeat of Mustapha Kemal Pasha. The successful forward drive of the Greek troops in Asia Minor was but a prelude to a larger struggle to come in Syria and Mesopotamia. There both British and French, says the well informed New York *Atlantis*, an anti-Venizelist organ, have to face in the near future the onslaught of Arabs determined to wipe out the infidel. The details of the war and the progress of its events are communicated to the outside world, notes our contemporary, only when England and France have some piece of good fortune to reveal. When the allies are silent regarding events transpiring within Asiatic Turkey the inference is plausible that misfortune has attended their operations again. What concerns the Greeks, both Venizelists and anti-

Venizelists, is the progress of events when Athens has completed her portion of the task against the Mussulman. The Greek pause shows that a first stage has been reached; but this pause, Greek papers fear, has not checked the world of Islam in its great enterprize of expelling the Christian powers from the prophet's country, especially as the Mahometans have confirmed their alliance with Bolshevism and receive its constant support.

Sweep of the Menace to the White Power in Asia.

BOTH the great governments most nearly concerned in the Holy War—London and Paris—hesitate to reveal the full extent of the peril now confronting them in Asia, a fact as obvious to the *Emera*, (Athens) as to the *Patris*. All the Greek dailies seem pessimistic regarding the prospects of this tre-

mendous and neglected war. From the Caucasus as far as Afghanistan, from India to China, the red peril develops portentously, says the *Atlantis*. The irruption of the forces of Bolshevism into Armenia is one of the first fruits of the alliance that brought the Reds in as a factor in the near East. Beyond Armenia the forces of the British struggle valiantly to retain their hold over Mesopotamia and Palestine, while at the same time the French seem wrestling with the power of the Emir Faysal, holding aloft the banner of Islam. The worst of the situation is the effect upon Egypt, where the Nationalists follow the development of the crisis with excitement, a feeling that communicates itself to Morocco and the French regions of northern Africa. In this region of the world exists the crisis, according to the Greek press, which is less concerned with Poland and the progress of Bolshevik arms in Europe. Athens complains of the curtain of a censorship obscuring developments of the utmost importance for white men everywhere.

Do we Get the Truth
about Turkey?

PICTURE in which the hordes of Islam are flying in all directions from the British and the French excites the risibilities of the opposition organs in both London and Paris. Both Millerand and Lloyd George are living in dread of a revolt of the Turks in Constantinople, according to both the *Avanti* and the *Humanité*, and while the more substantial organs, like the *Temps* and the *Times*, put a good face upon affairs, they are not so optimistic as they were when first the flight of Mustapha was announced. Italy grows more and more reluctant to share the peril of the Holy War, and, as for Greece, Venizelos will insist upon Constantinople if his country does much more of the fighting. The

Corriere della Sera, ordinarily well informed regarding this war, dwells upon the enormity of the task undertaken by Greece in Asia, where distance is so serious an obstacle. The Milan journal understands that the Bulgarians would like to ally themselves with the Turks in Thrace in order to keep the Greeks out of Constantinople. Serbia and Roumania are filled with anxiety about the "imperialism" of Greece. Not one of the Balkan nations will hear of a suggestion to hand Constantinople over to Athens; but this, nevertheless, is the fixed idea of Venizelos. The one remedy, according to the Socialists, is a greater indulgence to the Turks in the matter of treaty terms.

What Is England Fighting
for in Turkey?

MARKED dislike of the whole British adventure in Turkey manifests itself in English organs of the more Liberal persuasion. Thus the Manchester *Guardian* insists that so far as concerns the defense of India, England could safely evacuate Mesopotamia today and withdraw to her pre-war positions in the Persian Gulf—as they were in 1914. Then not merely the Mesopotamian "hinterland" of the Gulf but an immense region extending from the Gulf to the Bosphorus was under the suzerainty of the Ottoman Empire, a comparatively strong military power in those days. Lloyd George talks about England's duty to the Arabs and the mandate from the League of Nations, but, it asks, d'd anyone consult the Arabs? "Do we take the Arabs into our confidence and seek from the first to enable them to govern their own country, and, if so, why need all this machinery, all these forces, all these punitive expeditions?" Despite the ministerial assurances which drag in the League of Nations, Mr. Asquith has been insisting in the

Commons that the whole procedure of England in Mesopotamia violates the covenant of the League. The Lloyd George policy continues to be one of effective military occupation of whatever portions of Turkey can be seized in Asia, the expenses to be paid out of the resources of the country.

Turkey Raises Awkward
Problems in England.

THE extent to which Mr. Lloyd George has gone in for "the Holy War" has become a standing offense to Labor members of the English Parliament, to say nothing of the exasperation of the journals which look with suspicion upon "imperialism." Even an organ as imperialistic as the London *Post* is beginning to complain of the heavy expenses of the Turkish operations and of the growing difficulty of ascertaining how the various campaigns get along. Now and then alarming rumors get abroad regarding some tremendous disaster due to a combined onslaught of Mahometan fanatics and Russian Reds at critical points. These reports are denied in the House, but the facts about the war itself remain in obscurity. British susceptibilities are not soothed by sensational reports in Italian dailies—inspired by jealousy of Greece—that the war of the East upon the West has only begun. Roman newspapers affirm that the Mahometans are determined to fall upon the English in the Sea of Marmora, to chase the French out of Cilicia and expel the Greeks from Smyrna. The Emir Feysal is reported as saying that European mandates can not affect Turkish territory, that Palestine cannot be sundered from an independent Syria, and so forth. The movement that gives itself out as Bolshevik while remaining essentially patriotically national extends, says the *Tribuna*, from the Caucasus to Persia and is reaching as far as Afghanistan—the same asser-

tions, as already noted, which fill the Greek organs in Athens. In India, these Italian reports say, the agitation is alarming the English rulers. The French find it impossible to gain a firm foothold in Damascus. Italian dailies agree with the German dailies that the alliance between the Bolsheviks and the Mahometans is a far more serious development than the Anglo-Saxon world has been allowed to understand.

Quai d'Orsay and Downing
Street at Odds.

AS the crisis caused by the "Holy War" intensifies, unpleasant discussions regarding responsibility for it all tend to arise between the Quai d'Orsay and the London foreign office. For one thing, Lord Curzon is said in the *Tribuna* to feel that Clemenceau's young men—André Tardieu especially—are to blame for not allowing the Sultan to be thrown out of Constantinople when that was possible. The Quai d'Orsay retorts that the difficulty arises from the recognition given to the Emir Feysal and the troublesome kingdom of the Hedjaz. The London *Times* and the London *Express* have been commenting on the French operations against the Emir Feysal in a fashion that annoys the Paris *Figaro* extremely, and, while the *Temps* remains "correct" in tone, it holds certain British diplomatists to a strict accountability for the miscarriage of the whole Turkish enterprise. For one thing, adequate support was never given to the native and local enemies of Mustapha Kemal Pasha. For another, British policy everywhere in Asia is too much concerned with oil supplies—the very charge brought against French policy in some English quarters. English newspapers report French operations against the Turk in a fashion which the Paris papers term "inexact," and British organs feel called upon to rectify reports of their country's operations in Parisian journals.

AMERICAN APPREHENSION OVER THE CRISIS IN POLAND

VISIONS of a new world-war appear to many observers in America as the Bolshevist armies approach Warsaw. The destruction of the infant Polish nation, the conjunction of Germany and Bolshevik Russia, a new alliance between them and the Mohammedans in Egypt, Arabia, Mesopotamia, India and elsewhere are all a part of the vision. Even in the midst of a Presidential campaign, the situation in Poland has more than once crowded our own political affairs off the front page of the newspapers and usurped the leading place on the editorial page. The unanswered question, on which everything seems to depend, is whether the conquering Bolshevist armies will stop at Warsaw. The Philadelphia *North American* thinks that the crushing of Poland is only the beginning of the Bolshevist plan. The main purpose is to open a pathway to Germany. It quotes from an official Bolshevist organ a statement that the war will be continued "until Poland has ceased to exist," and the further statement that "the aim is to establish Poland as a soviet state, through which Russia will gain access to Germany." It quotes further from the Bolshevist foreign minister to the effect that "it is urgent for the economic and industrial reconstitution of Russia that Russia and Germany should have a common frontier in the future, therefore our offensive against Poland

will not cease until that necessary goal is reached." An alliance between the two countries, so the Philadelphia journal insists, is a German no less than a Bolshevist conception. It was a vital project of Prussianism before the war and has been in the background of German policy ever since the armistice. "More than half of Germany's population to-day," says an American correspondent, "would welcome Bolshevism, while another quarter would not raise a hand to fight it, preferring to take orders



BOLSHEVISM THE GREAT EXPONENT OF IDEALISM

—Ding in New York Tribune



FINIS OF POLAND'S DREAM OF MILITARY EXPANSION AND CONQUEST

—Bushnell for Central Press Association.

from Moscow rather than from Spa or Versailles."

"In the Mind of Every Thinking German."

THIS conception of the situation is forcibly urged by Ignace Paderewski, former premier of the new Poland, in an interview with Charles H. Grasty, the American correspondent, in Paris. "When Germany was checked on the verge of victory," says Paderewski, "she fell back upon a second plan held in reserve. That was to control Russia. It is a definite plan and is in the mind of every thinking German." Says Paderewski further:

"All the deep forces converge toward her success. Bolshevism prepares the ground for her by leveling down the whole framework of old Russia, but leaving all the material which German genius and energy will know how to mold into an empire along which the empire she has lost will

be as a pigmy to a giant. The powers of resistance will have been dissipated in Russia's effort to infect the world with her evil spirit. She will be exhausted and reactionary and ready for strong and sustained mastery which Germany, only superficially beaten and with her spirit absolutely unbroken, is preparing to project over the whole east."

The eminent Polish leader was trying to secure military support from the Allies for his country and he put the case strongly; but he does not overstate the peril in the view of some American editors. The *N. Y. Tribune* sees Europe "standing on the brink of another mighty catastrophe." (Characteristicly, it lays all the blame on the Versailles Treaty and President Wilson!) It sees the peace dream of Europe rudely shattered and another great alliance in plain process of germination—Russia, Germany, Turkey and perhaps Hungary and Austria. The *Brooklyn Eagle*, which has discussed the Polish situation with exceptional poise and intelligence, thinks that if the Russians jeopardize Poland's independence, a new situation will be created "in which all the Allies, as well as the United States, would be called upon to defend the Polish State they brought into being and pledged themselves to support when they signed the Versailles Treaty." A London correspondent of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, Lovat Frazer, asks apprehensively: "Is civilization in greater peril now than in 1914?" and that journal seems disposed to answer the question in the affirmative, for the spread of Bolshevism, it notes, is against civilization everywhere. The *Chicago Tribune* takes a similar view.

sees to-day a recurrence of that peril which Europe faced and barely escaped in its earlier days—the invasion of Asia, the return of Attila, the triumph of Genghis Khan. It says:

"So tremendous are the implications of this vast agony that even the war against Germany is beginning to seem like a mere prelude. German victory, even if it involved all that the most fanatical Pan-German dreamed of, would have meant a change less fundamental and less alarming than the threat that lowers in the dark shadow of Bolshevik triumph."

The Chicago paper thinks our own peace and even our existence are placed in greater peril to-day than we were placed in by insolent Potsdam.

Lloyd George Will Appeal to America.

IN his address on the Polish crisis before the House of Commons, August 10, Lloyd George said that in the contingency that the soviet government not only undertakes to demand guarantees against Polish aggression, to which she is entitled, but attempts to destroy Polish independence as well, the Allies must take steps to prevent it. In that event, "we certainly should appeal to America. No one," he went on to add, "took a more zealous part in setting up Polish independence than that taken by President Wilson." This reference to America makes all the more interesting the statement, made public the next day, by the Secretary of State, Mr. Colby, in a letter to the Italian ambassador at Washington. Three distinct and positive statements of policy are presented—(1) with regard to

Poland; (2) with regard to Russia as a nation; (3) with regard to the Bolshevik government. As for Poland we get this:

"This Government believes in a united, free and autonomous Polish State, and the people of the United States are earnestly solicitous for the maintenance of Poland's political independence and territorial integrity. From this attitude we will not depart, and the policy of this Government will be directed to the employment of all available means to render it effectual."

That means war, if it means anything, to preserve Polish independence. The statement tallies closely with Lloyd George's address, but is even more positive and unequivocal. As regards Russia and her people, Secretary Colby takes a strong position against any dismemberment of her as a nation while her people are fighting their way out of the existing anarchy,



A CHOICE OF ESCORTS

—Peace in Newark Evening News.

suffering and destitution, and while it is "in the grip of a non-representative government whose only sanction is brutal force." For this reason we refused to recognize the Baltic states as separate nations, deprecated the making of any final decisions in regard to settlements in the Near East without the consent of Russia, withheld approval of the independence of Georgia and Azerbaijan, and insisted that the boundaries of Armenia should not be finally determined without Russia's cooperation. The independence of Finland, Poland and Armenia were approved, because each was forcibly annexed and their liberation involves no aggression against Russia's territorial rights; but no transgression on the part of either over the boundary lines drawn by the Peace Conference should be permitted.

**The Negative of Every
Principle of Honor.**

SIDE by side with these words of good will to Russia as a nation, Secretary Colby gives a most uncompromizing denunciation of the Bolshevik government now in control. In this also he is at one with Lloyd George (and, of course, with Milerand). He represents the United States as "averse to any dealings with the soviet regime beyond the most narrow boundaries to which a discussion of an armistice can be confined." That the present rulers of Russia do not rule by the will or consent of any considerable portion of the Russian people is "an incontestable fact." In two and a half years they have not permitted anything in the nature of a popular election. They seized the

powers of government by force and cunning and have "continued to use them with savage oppression to maintain themselves." Did ever a government use more severe official language about another government than this?

"It is not possible for the Government of the United States to recognize the present rulers of Russia as a Government with which the relations common to friendly governments can be maintained. This conviction has nothing to do with any particular political or social structure which the Russian people themselves may see fit to embrace. It rests upon a wholly different set of facts. These facts, which none disputes, have convinced the Government of the United States, against its will, that the existing regime in Russia is based upon the negation of every principle of honor and good faith, and every usage and convention, underlying the whole structure of international law, the negation, in short, of every principle upon which it is possible to base harmonious and trustful relations, whether of nations or of individuals."

Moreover, adds the Secretary of State, the Bolshevik government is itself subject to a faction with extensive international ramifications through the Third International, which has for its avowed aim the promotion of Bolshevik revolutions throughout the world and which is heavily subsidized from the public revenues of Russia. "We can not recognize, hold official relations with or give friendly reception to the agents of a government which is determined and bound to conspire against our institutions: whose diplomats will be the agitators of dangerous revolt; whose spokesmen say that they sign agreements with no intention of keeping them."

Police barracks seem to be the burning issue in Ireland.—*Long Island City Star*.

The dollar can never fall as low as the means some people adopt to get it.—*Greenville Piedmont*.

The first thing we know Germany will be claiming peace with us under the statute of limitations.—*New York World*.

Coolidge is a good name for a summer campaign.—*Mobile Register*.

Debs isn't one of those Presidential candidates without any convictions.—*New York World*.

At any rate, a front-porch campaign is better than one conducted by way of the back stairs.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

PROSPECT OF A "PROLETARIAN" REVOLUTION IN GERMANY

SHOULD Trotsky be enabled to carry out his purpose of drawing a direct boundary line between soviet Russia and republican Germany, the fact will afford additional evidence of the domination of Bolshevik Russia by its anti-Lenin element. Lenin has grave doubts of the expediency of this suggestion. In setting forth these details, the *Giornale d'Italia* adds that Trotsky can scarcely afford to relinquish this frontier scheme. It can be halted only in case the red armies sustain an unexpected check. There is little possibility that the government of President Ebert—holding on with difficulty against the forces of

shevism. If the fact is not obvious, says the *Tribuna*, it is because the world has been misled by French alarm into misconceiving the position of both Junkers and Communists in Germany.

Hopes of a Red Germany
in the Near Future.

TROTZKY and the warring Bolsheviks who, like Radek, act as his agents abroad, argue that when Russia and Germany have a boundary line in common there must ensue just what happens in the world of physics when two fluids are separated by only a membrane. The point is made constantly in the Socialist papers of



OH, DRY THOSE TEARS!

—Ding in Chicago Evening Post



INTERESTED NEIGHBORS

—Pease in Newark *Evening News*.

munists. The program of the independents furnishes proof of this—dictation of the proletariat, soviets and all the rest.

Discomfiture for the German Reds.

THOSE who have followed the comment of the *Freiheit* of Berlin can not doubt the extent to which the German Socialists—whatever their factional affiliation—are won over to the creed of Lenin. His propaganda has been as successful as it was intense, to give the melancholy conclusion of the *Kreuz*. At all the Socialist gatherings in the fatherland, the magic name is that of Spartacus. The difference between the independent Socialists and the out and out Communists

Europe. The currents of opinion passing from Bolshevik Russia into revolutionary Germany will have a wide channel already cut through the discontented proletariat. Germany, notes the *Avanti*, has for years been saturated with Socialism. The events of the war have driven the Socialists into the Communist camp, a fact obscured by the curious course of the last election. After that election the bourgeois press of the entente expressed another view, but their Socialist contemporaries assure us that this was "incurable blindness." In consequence of the fissure opened in the very heart of the German Communist party and because of the lively agitation in favor of boycotting the ballot box, the political struggle went against the party in the count. A real triumph in the contest was won by that independent Socialist party which only in form and not in substance differs from the Com-

seemed to relate to personalities rather than to ideas. The *Avanti* observes that, like the Spartacists, the independents accept the principles of the third international. When the independents sought to have dealings with Moscow they discovered a certain prejudice in Lenin against any modification of the true faith, any coquetting with bourgeois heresy. Nothing could be more bigoted than Lenin, as some of the German comrades have been saying in the *Vorwärts*—Socialist organ of the old school—when it comes to orthodoxy. Clara Zetkin herself, a veteran of Communism, the darling of the reds, a member of the Reichstag, was amazed at the uncompromizing attitude of Lenin, communicated to the German emissaries through Zinovieff. Clara Zetkin is very red, but she argued that her country could not swallow too vivid a hue. Zinovieff retorted that a campaign of education must begin.

German Socialists must be taught that parliamentarism is the "democratic" form of the bourgeois domination. It is a fiction of popular representation and in reality an instrument of oppression in the hands of directing capital. Here is the true faith as delivered to the Germans according to the *Humanité*:

"Parliamentary institutions are the definite form of the existing governmental systems. They can not be the form of the coming Communist state, which will know neither classes nor struggles of classes nor governmental power as now conceived in the bourgeois state. Nor can parliamentarism be the form of the proletarian power in the period of transition from the dictation of the bourgeoisie to the dictation of the proletariat. The proletariat must therefore have its fighting organization from which will have to be excluded the representatives of the former ruling classes. The form of the proletarian dictatorship is that of the soviet republic."

"The proletariat can not conquer bourgeois parliaments nor bourgeois government in general. The duty of the proletariat is to destroy the bourgeois machinery of the state and its parliamentary institutions, whether they be republican or monarchical."

Excitement Among the Spartacist Champions.

NOT long after the Communist articles of faith had been delivered to the German pilgrims, the fatherland was flooded with the "theses," as they are called. They were reproduced in the *Rothe Fahne*, in the *Freiheit*, in a hundred local organs. They were put forth in pamphlets. The effect was soon obvious. The deputies of the independent Socialist party in the Reichstag tell everyone that the



STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

—Chapin in St. Louis Star.

method of struggle against the bourgeoisie is mass attack. Mass attacks must be organized and directed by the disciplined and organized Communist party. In the civil war that is coming, the proletariat must have its chief of staff in charge of the operations. Some of this literature was sent to the United States and figured in Communist trials here. One concession, indeed, was wrung from Lenin, to whom Zinovieff made a personal appeal. Communists were permitted to get themselves into bourgeois parliaments for the sake of rendering them unworkable—presumably by violence and disorder. The concession came too late to influence the result of the last election in Germany. The misunderstanding on this point goes back to the Communist rising in the Ruhr. Legien and other independents, thinking the German proletariat "unripe for revolu-

tion," denied all aid and refused to order a general strike. This breach has since been repaired and the relations of Lenin with the independents are much less strained. In the next rising there will be no refusals of timely aid.

The Swing of the German Socialists to the Left.

WHILE the organs of the French bourgeoisie fixed the mind of the world upon the German Junker, Trotzky and his Radeks worked with the "independents." They were effective, as reports in the liberal London organs indicate. Never was German Socialism so red, in the opinion of the *London News*, a detail in which it is corroborated by the *Avanti*. Precisely as the old-fashioned Socialism of Scheidemann was honeycombed with the gospel of the "independents," the latter find their rank and file penetrated with the true gospel of the missionaries from Moscow. Once the plan of a common frontier between Russia and Germany is worked out, the latter will succumb to a general onslaught from Moscow—not by armed force but by means of propaganda. Only Lenin retains some

doubts. He has resigned himself to the force of events. The *Avanti* comments:

"Nothing in the world can prevent the inevitable from happening. When from the Urals to the Rhine the continent has become Communist, our idea will have in its service such compact and irresistible strength that the bourgeois order in the other minor states will collapse in ruin of themselves like old scenery in an abandoned theater.

"No doubt the powers of the entente will feel the peril and rush to the rescue. The governments will seek by every means to prevent the fulfilment of Trotzky's pledge. Since the greatest of their vassals, Poland, is prostrate forever, other adversaries will essay to rise against the Russian republic—Rumania, Finland. If, as is certain, these minor states fail in the ridiculous enterprize, the entente will play its last card. It will get down into the arena directly. It will set up the blockade again. It will undertake military expeditions.

"Then will the gigantic world proletariat enter upon the scene. It must render vain the criminal operations of the governments. It must render impossible the manufacture of war material and its transportation and use against Russia. It must force its masters to do so much scratching of heads at home that they will retain neither the wish nor the capacity to concern themselves with the affairs of other lands."

HOW THE BOLSHEVIST VICTORY EMBARRASSES THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT

THE moment the armies of soviet Russia revealed their determination to push the Polish campaign to the end, it dawned upon the press of both London and Paris that the Bolshevik government had been captured by its militarist and nationalist wing. This development had been hinted at by the German press. Brusiloff and the other officers left over

from the days of the Czar managed to prevail over the clique dominated by Lenin, Tchicherin and the "propagandists." So far has this swing gone that, as the *Débats* (Paris) pointed out, the negotiations in London remained in the hands of that Leonid Krassin who has been accused of open hostility to soviet economics. Tchicherin, altho head of the foreign office, remained in

obscuratation throughout the critical phase of the negotiations for "peace" in London. With whom, then, asks the *Paris Temps*, could a peace with Russia be negotiated? The importance of this question to the French arises out of the soviet determination to repudiate the old debt. French newspapers aver again and again that if Great Britain permits the soviets to get rid of the enormous debt, the effect upon the Germans will be serious. France, laments the *Gaulois*, is expected to pay. Italy shows no signs of paying. Germany promises to pay, but she lags behind. England is urging the United States unofficially to give up her financial claims upon the Old World. Nobody suggests that France be "let off." The Bolshevik victories have thrust the financial question into the forefront. No wonder, we are told, the United States Government can not afford to recognize the soviets. They would bankrupt the bourgeois world.

Where Russia is Divided
at Home.

THOSE national and patriotic elements which came to the rescue of the soviet government are affirmed in the *Matin* and other French dailies to be showing a disposition to meet "the bourgeois world" half way in the matter of the debts. Krassin went back to London with a scheme of which the details are yet to be disclosed. Lenin, as usual, is wavering. The Radeks and the Litvinoffs and the fighting champions of the proletariat generally remain uncompromizing. They think they can set up a soviet Poland and defy the international



SO—THIS IS FREEDOM

—McCarthy in New Orleans Times-Picayune.

financiers. Repudiation of the debt is one of the weapons of the extremists in the soviet world. The bickerings on this topic among the commissars grew violent as the Bolshevik forces drew nearer to Warsaw. Distrust of the military heroes who come more and more into the light through the progress of the soviet armies in Europe and Asia intensifies with the quarrel about the debts. The British foreign office and the Quai d'Orsay both are said in the *London Post* to be amazed by the fury of the factional feuds at Moscow. If the factions were left to themselves, it is hinted, they would devour one another. They have shown themselves incompetent to cope with the growing economic disorders at home and they tend to quarrel among themselves regarding the responsibility for it all. The oft-repeated prophecies of an imminent Bolshevik collapse are given credence.

Futility of Military Action
Against the Soviet.

OUTWARDLY the soviet government presents an imposing spectacle of unity against a world in arms; but within, as the dispassionate studies of the *Giornale d'Italia* (Rome) indicate, disintegration proceeds with growing economic confusion everywhere in the land. Long before the soviet forces neared Warsaw this exceptionally well informed Italian daily predicted the futility of military measures against the Bolsheviks. For one thing, it says, the armies on the march against Bolshevism can not oppose to the communist gospel a single great idea appealing to the proletarian imagination. Another portentous fact is that while the forces of the entente—the Polish army being really an international expedition disguised in native emblems—are somewhat inadequately fed and not very brilliantly led, the armies of Bolshevism get plenty to eat, they are properly clad and their discipline is totally different from anything conceived by military men of the traditional western European type. The restoration of Russia economically and politically can never be achieved by way of France, of England or still less by way of the United States unless those nations abandon their policy of sending soldiers. They should send, instead, engineers, carpenters, technicians and merchants, "but against this policy the American Government has set its face."

Delusions on the Subject
of a "New" Russia.

NOT one of the recent Bolshevik victories in the field, agree the *Kreuz Zeitung* (Berlin) and the *Kölnische Zeitung*, can be termed national and patriotic in any Russian sense. The Russian army led by Brusiloff and Kameneff and the others is Russian only in name. Its commanders

are accompanied by soviet commissioners who have authority to shoot military magnates who show signs of treason. The rank and file must be deemed a conglomeration of Germans, Scandinavians, Rumanians, even Chinese, to say nothing of renegades from the western world who have been bought up with Bolshevik gold and Bolshevik license in dealing with a subject population. Here we have the main cause of the notorious indiscipline of Bolshevik forces in the field. Equally ridiculous, adds the *Cologne daily*, is the idea in so many western radical heads that soviet Russia stands for some new civilization or other, with novel spiritual sanctions and a fresh intellectual outlook upon the problems of life. This delusion arises from a perusal of Russian writers in western translations, writers unknown to the mass of Russians:

"Those who really know and understand Russia are aware that in the thoroughly brutalized masses of the people—actuated only by the crassest instincts of a materialized kind, revealing a good nature only on the surface and reverting too easily to primitive savagery—show not the slightest signs of the growth among them of a new culture. In spite of a general notion to the contrary, these masses are less spiritualized in thought than any people in the world. The so-called Russian 'intelligence' has adopted much that is degenerate in tendency from the western nations and has still to show the first signs of a culture that can be called native. . . .

"Such is the material upon which the soviet government of Russia must work."

Will the Russians Cast
Off Bolshevism?

SERIOUS as the situation has become for Lenin through the factional feud in the soviet world, there is no prospect of a speedy military collapse of the system of terror with which his name is associated, assum-

ing the accuracy of analyses of German dailies of the bourgeois type already named. The competent representatives of the old order in Russia have either been slaughtered by wholesale or exiled. The proletariat in the towns is conscripted, coddled, fed or killed according to the exigencies of the hour. The coming conflict between the national patriots of the army and the soviet officials at home must result in a fresh victory for Lenin and Trotzky or, if they should be driven forth, for some leader trained in their school. The reason for this is found by the Cologne daily to be the special position of the peasantry. The peasants are often held up as the mortal enemies of Bolshevism and faithful adherents of the Czardom. This view, cherished in France, reveals a misconception of the famous land policy of Lenin. France has the idea that the Russian revolution is all one. In reality there have been two Russian revolutions, each in a tacit alliance. While the proletariat practices its "dictation" in the towns, the peasants proceed with their acquisition of the estates of the old nobility. Side by side with the proletarian revolution of a communist character proceeds the agrarian revolution of the millions of peasants who have appropriated to themselves as individuals the acres they so long coveted. Whether the peasant be ruled by a Czar or by a Lenin is a matter of indifference to him:

"The assumed monarchical sentiment of the Russian peasant is sheer illusion. To the peasant the Bolshevik in Moscow is now lord and master and a master who has gratified his long lust for ownership of the land and he never dreams of opposing a master like that. Herein resides the great power of Bolshevism, which, although a communist creed, has in reality, somewhat against its will, brought about a system of private ownership of the land

by a peasantry hitherto landless. Another source of power to the soviet is found in the natural passivity of the Russian character, which willingly obeys the one who knows how to command. Hence it becomes easy to explain why a handful of proletarians in the towns, under the leadership of very able Jews, can transform the millions of peasants into tools. It is, of course, a fact that the Bolsheviki have as their mortal foes the martyred remnants of the old bourgeoisie and especially the 'intelligence.' These elements remain powerless for they have no means of moving the immense mass."

Where the Bolsheviks
Show Weakness.

IN the growing bitterness of the feud between the rival factions within the soviet government the German dailies see evidence of a collapse of the power of Lenin and Trotzky. The Bolshevik army is proving a great strain upon the resources of the peasantry, explains the *Vossische Zeitung*. The produce of the little farms is absorbed at an increasing rate. The peasant is paid in worthless paper money. He grows reluctant to give up his crops for nothing. The army fights no battles of his. Lenin dwells upon this point in his differences with those soviet commissars who see in the revolution nothing but a dictation of the proletariat. Radek is peculiarly the champion of the proletariat conception. Lenin foresees the time when the peasantry will be restless. He is eager to avoid such a catastrophe. He does his best to conceal from the outside world his dread of the immediate future—a dread all the greater in the light of the military victories of the faction opposed to his own. Lenin is said to dislike the policy of setting up a soviet form of government wherever the arms of the Bolsheviki prevail. Here, the German dailies tell us, he is opposed by Trotzky. To sum this aspect of the

subject up in a sentence, the triumphs of Bolshevism in the field have precipitated within the soviet world a contest between the two Russian revolutions and the contest must infallibly be decided in favor of the peasants if the western world can be induced to keep its hands off. The "dictatorship of the proletariat" could not survive, the Berlin daily says, if the peasants took the field against it at home. "The peasant is now told that the armies of the western powers will take his land back from him and give it to the old nobility again. This fiction is not likely to survive, especially when the pressure of Bolshevik militarism grinds the peasant into bankruptcy. He does not want to turn the bourgeois world upside down. He wants to sell the produce of his land for money with which he can buy something. This idea will get into his head with some effect when Russia is left in peace."

British Optimism on the
Subject of Bolshevism.

CANDOR compels the admission that the great delegation sent to Russia by the British working classes returned full of hope for the future of the soviets. London papers continue to be filled with their impressions. These delegates represented all shades of working class opinion—proletarian and Socialist, Communist and revolutionary Anarchist. Hence their judgments upon the Russia of the soviets reflect many points of view. Trades unionism of the corporation type, disdainful of the master ideas of Socialism, was represented by Tom Shaw, sent by the Lancashire textile workers, a bitter-ender during the war. The militant Purcell of Manchester is a revolutionary Bolshevik and syndicalist after Lenin's own heart. There went also Robert Williams, the fighting secretary-general of the transport workers, and Clifford Allen, who at

the last congress of the Independent Labor Party in Glasgow fought for adhesion to the third international. Between these extremes was Mrs. Snowden, like her husband a champion of pacifism during the war but now a foe of extreme Bolshevism. There was Ben Turner of the textile workers, who steers a middle course between all factions, to say nothing of Margaret Bondfield, whose views got her into trouble with the authorities of our own country when she was here. Then, as all the world knows, the delegation included the famous philosopher and mathematician, Bertrand Russell, not so long out of jail for saying that the American army before the war concerned itself principally with fighting strikes. All these delegates have given their ideas to the press. Williams in the *Herald* is enthusiastic over the soviets. Bertrand Russell has come back a disillusioned man.

What the British Laborites
Think of Soviets.

SNOWDEN has been severe in his criticism of the soviet world he invaded, much to the indignation of his Socialist comrades. The delegates of the labor element seem to agree upon certain fundamental facts which are summarized in the *London News*. There is a unanimous assertion of the good faith of the Bolshevik leaders, much dwelling upon the ascetic purity of the lives of the leading men among them. Thus, adds the *Paris Humanité*, are refuted the calumnies in the French press respecting the alleged immoralities and wickedness of Lenin, Trotzky, Tchicherin, Zinovieff, Lunacharsky and the rest. All the delegates agree that the soviets gain greater influence daily in the land. All agree that the Polish aggression halted a great national work of reconstruction, including the sanitary restoration of Petrograd.

TOKYO GETS A SEVERE DIPLOMATIC SHOCK FROM WASHINGTON

THE clansmen who comprize the real power behind the Hara ministry at Tokyo had not recovered from the fright they got in the defeat of the pro-Japanese Tuan Chi Jui in China before Washington sent its spirited protest on the subject of military adventures in Saghalin and elsewhere. The whole Jingo Japanese conception of the famous Ishii-Lansing agreement has "blown up," in the phrase of the *Paris Matin*. The Washington government is understood in England to be irritated by the persistence of the Tokyo foreign office in mistranslating and misinterpreting the terms of that agreement. Inspired Japanese organs affirm anew that the so-called "agreement" was a formal recognition of the preponderant position the Tokyo government claims for itself in regions still known very generally as "China." Now, as the *Manchester Guardian* explains, Japanese imperialists find it very convenient, when coming to grips with Washington, to raise a California issue. It is, we are assured, the ancient red herring. The clans who run the foreign office at Tokyo know well enough that they claim in California what they would not grant the Californians in Hondo or even in Formosa. The chagrin of the statesmen behind Hara is revealed by the tone of the press, they inspire. Japanese militarists have long striven to wring from Washington its consent to a joint scheme of imperialist adventure in China. America refuses, notes the British Liberal organ, pursuing the policy of which the withdrawal of American troops from Siberia was a first phase. Cabinet upheavals in Tokyo are predicted in consequence of this American crisis there.

Washington Has No Patience with Tokyo.

TOKYO did not like the language employed by Washington when the Siberian question first became acute. Our Department of State, when definitely declining military intervention, hinted that Japan herself ought to withdraw her forces, confining penetration to the economic factor. Disregarding these hints, Japan turns up in Saghalin, in Asiatic ports undoubtedly Chinese, in river towns outside her sphere even as defined at Tokyo. It had been affirmed in the British dailies that Japan had renounced ambitions of which such tactics afford the presumption. Instead of that she set up a sort of Monroe Doctrine for Asia with herself as its proper guardian. Meanwhile, as the *London News* is convinced, Japan had set up the Anfu party in China, this Anfu party being a "dummy" for imperial Japan, and she did what she could through subsidies and propaganda to defeat the Kuo Min Tang, the Chinese popular party of pronounced anti-Japanese tendencies. Every protest from Washington was met by reference to the terms of the Ishii-Lansing agreement, the interpretation of which led to an important conference in Washington recently, with London striving to make peace between Washington and Tokyo. Washington, in the expressive phrase of the *London Post*, invites Tokyo to "get out," and Japan is always promising and never going.

The Screen of Diplomatic Phrases Around Japan.

THE embarrassing position in which the British foreign office is placed by the Japanese misconception of the

Ishii-Lansing agreement is an important matter to the French press. France has her bone to pick with England, observes the Paris *Humanité*, because England thinks more of India than she does of the devastated regions around Rheims. Now it is America's turn to discover that England thinks more of India than she does of the race issue in California or of the Shantung issue in China. Shantung got back on the carpet through the publication recently of the notes between Tokyo and Peking. Tokyo was discovered clinging firmly to the situation created by the treaty of Versailles. China retorted by refusing to sign the treaty with Turkey on the ground that it maintained the "capitulations," setting up at Constantinople the same system of alien jurisdiction against which Peking protests at home. In other respects China has proved unmanageable. France and England did their best to support the Japanese side of all propositions because, as the *Journal de Genève* says, France and England need Japan badly, especially England. America alone is free from the Japanese nightmare sufficiently to act with vigor. England officially, we read, must go through the form of supporting the Japanese contention at Washington.

Skill of Japanese Diplomacy
In the Far East.

EVEN if the great powers were in harmony, concedes the *London Post*, it would be a matter of extreme difficulty to bring Tokyo to book in anything that relates to China. This difficulty is all the greater because official Tokyo understands perfectly that France and England have differences of opinion in matters much nearer home. Then the idea that London and Washington are in accord is a polite fiction of diplomacy. The temptation to Japan is great. She

plays one power off against another with all the skill of the Sublime Porte in its unregenerate days. She has a catalog of her own grievances, one of which is that Washington is always instigating Peking to resistance. Whenever China refuses to dismember herself, the *Jiji* and other organs of the clansmen break out in denunciation of the American trouble-maker. The attitude of China in Shantung is ascribed entirely to American inspiration. Washington tells Peking that the Shantung issue can be settled through the League of Nations with a benevolent United States Government to see that Japan is foiled. Viscount Uchida, now Japan's foreign minister, was eloquent on this theme when last he addressed the deputies at Tokyo. America, moreover, increases her fleet in the Pacific and there is always a grievance in California.

Japan's Suspicion
of America.

NO European daily now conceals or states with reservations its impressions that Washington and Tokyo are at odds. The *London Times* professes to understand that American opinion regards a war with Japan as inevitable. Japan feels confident that her policy is thwarted in every chancellery through American influence. A glaring instance is afforded by the renewal of the alliance with England. This renewal was hedged about with more conditions than usual, however brief the phraseology. The League of Nations was dragged into the pact. It endures for a year. After that, as the *London News* says, who knows? The *London Post* is frankly doubtful on the subject of this alliance. It does not seem to it good either for England or for Japan to renew it next year unless it embodies some sure guarantee that Japan is not given further hold upon the eastern shores of Asia.

GRAVITY OF THE CHARGES AGAINST VENIZELOS IN GREECE

The following article was in type before the desperate attempt was made to assassinate Venizelos in Paris. It reveals clearly the passions lying back of that attempt and the disappointed ambitions of the Greek nationalists of which, owing to the censorship, the world has heard but little.

A GREAT sensation was occasioned at Athens by the determination of Prime Minister Venizelos to prolong still further the life of a parliamentary body which, in the language of *Atlantis*, a Greek daily issued in New York, is constitutionally dead and gone. The parliamentary body from which Venizelos gets his authority has made him a despot, and with its approval he has stamped out freedom of the press, freedom of conscience, the right of assembly and all that goes by the name of freedom in the western world. He has sold his country's aspirations to the powers which help him to erect his despotism. The greater Greece of which his country dreamed has been exchanged for a caricature on the map, a beggarly population that brings her down to the level of the new Austria. Greece gets Thrace and a kind of half possession of Smyrna. The man who humiliated Greece in this fashion is hailed throughout the Anglo-Saxon world as the hero of his country, but his country groans under his despotic heel, if we may believe the organs of Greek patriotism published in some instances far from Hellas, for it is unsafe to say such things in the Athens of Venizelos. He could achieve these triumphs over his country's freedom because he scattered one parliament he could not control and called into fictitious being a parliament elected previously—and this in flat defiance of both the letter and the spirit of the Greek constitution. His own fear of the consequences is shown by his

eagerness to put off a general election. Venizelos, says *Atlantis*, always contrives to put off a general election.

Greek Statesmen Indict Venizelos for Crime.

UNDISTURBED by the storm rising in his own country, Venizelos, who enjoys an immensely favorable western European press, told the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels that his country is now "great." He is the creator of that "greater Greece" which, to the London *Post* and its continental contemporaries, signifies that Venizelos is another Cavour. What they think of him at home, observes the Naples *Avanti*, is another matter. It must be conceded that the Greek press, whenever it can escape the censorship, has no such idea of Venizelos as is disseminated abroad. It seems disposed to admit the justice of that indictment of him by the constitutional opposition which reveals him as the arch-Bourbon of his time. He has used the usurping parliament—the members of which are his tools—to undermine the independence of the courts. One who in Greece is accused of sedition must be brought before a judge who is a tool of Venizelos or under the influence of the unconstitutional Venizelist terror. The wretched inhabitants of the country have been sighing of late for a return of King Constantine, according to the *Atlantis*, for the head of Venizelos is so swollen by alien adulation that he now thinks of the royal diadem for himself. He is the actual autocrat now.

How the World is Misled
Regarding Venizelos.

IN all that relates to the affairs of Greece, to follow the lead given us by the anti-Venizelist organs that manage to escape the censor, the foreign press agitation in behalf of the famous Cretan never rests. Every Tory organ of pro-British propaganda, we read, glorifies Venizelos with a halo of patriotism. The organs of the Quai d'Orsay make music in his ears.

He is sublime everywhere except at home. So much is obvious from a perusal not only of the *Atlantis* in New York but of those exponents of Hellenic politics, the *Nea Astrape* and the *Politeia* of Athens. It would seem that army officers who have the misfortune to be caught reading criticisms of Venizelos in their clubs risk a court-martial. Efforts to hold a political meeting in the capital are deemed displays of seditious activity unless the object is the glorification of Venizelos himself. Telegraphic despatches from Greece have been so censored that whenever there is a demonstration against the wonderful man it is distorted into an ovation, so that the western world sees Venizelos going about on the shoulders of his enthusiastic countrymen. They are supposed to be thankful for that "greater Greece" which so thrills the *London Post*, when in reality they are distracted by the loss of the Empire of which Constantinople was to be the jewel.

Mockery of Mercy in the
Venizelist Despot.

DESPATCHES from Athens have announced amnesties and pardons for large numbers of Greeks in prison. This is a fresh wound to the national pride, the *Atlantis* thinks, for the Greeks are asked to be thankful for

what is theirs by right—a little liberty. The system of Venizelos, it observes, is a dictatorship. He proclaims himself to the outside world as a dispenser of mercies and of blessings, whereas he has been a source of peril to his country and an agent of despotism. Comment of this kind could be quoted from more than one important native organ of Hellenic opinion. All his diplomatic triumphs, we are told, involve some compromise that makes his "greater Greece" a sham on a map and not an administrative political unit. How differently the man is reflected in this comment of the *London Post*!

"In 1909, after the war with Turkey, Greece seemed to be reduced to physical and moral insignificance, her existence as an independent State depending on the benevolence of the Powers. In 1913 she redeemed her military reputation, turned the tables on the Turk, recovered Macedonia and Salonika, and asserted also her title to Crete. All this might have been sacrificed before 1920 had Greece taken the wrong road during the war. M. Venizelos came to the rescue, challenged and defeated the policy of the King, and has now been gathering in the reward which he has earned for his country. He has expressed the results himself, that whereas Greece before the war had a population of 5,500,000, her people will now number 7,500,000, a total which puts her very much on an equality with the new Austria. She comes into the possession of Thrace, with the rich Aegean seaboard, and into semi-possession of Smyrna, which is possibly, for a seafaring and trading nation, the most important acquisition of all. This resurrection and sudden rise to an important place in the world Greece owes to the genius of one statesman, the equal of whom as a builder has not been seen since Cavour.

M. Venizelos has had little to help him and much to fight against at home as well as abroad."

Editorial Department

By DR. FRANK CRANE

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: A SUMMING UP OF THE ARGUMENTS

THUS would I sum up the points in re the League of Nations, to date:

1. It is the most important issue in the world.

It is more important than any issue that has ever occurred in the history of mankind.

Compared with it, all economic and industrial questions are small, because, if we cannot stop war, industry will always be subject to periodic destruction.

Compared with it all subjects of dispute between churches and creeds are insignificant, for war is the triumph of materialism and heathenism.

2. If you are going to oppose the League of Nations to me, you must propose *some other way to stop war*, or I will not listen.

3. It took the most fearful war of history to induce the nations to get together and consider the League of Nations. Must we wait for another?

4. I have been a lifelong Republican, and my father was a Republican before me. Politicians who are peeved because the League was proposed by the opposite political party, or by a President they do not like, should be willing to swallow their pride and favor the League in spite of objections.

If they cannot do this they put partizanship above humanity, and are enemies to the human race.

5. It is vastly more needful that some sort of League be formed, *any sort*, than that it be formed *perfectly*.

6. We must remember this is a *new step* for the nations; we must expect imperfections. All beginnings are difficult. But it is of such overwhelming importance to mankind that we ought to be very patient.

7. America started the League. *It is our League*. It means the Americanization of the world. For Americanization means the principle of Federation. It is the beginnings of a Government of the World, on the model of the Government of the United States. Lord Birkenhead the other day said:

"The Americans created the League of Nations. It is their child. At the moment when America's power was the strongest, that trumpet note was heralded to a world broken and stricken with the sacrifice of war—an unforgettable message of idealistic hope—and for it full responsibility must be borne by the American nation."

There is no doubt that this is the belief of all Europe and Asia. Having begun this magnificent scheme, *shall we scuttle it*, just because of partisan quarrels at home?

8. *The League is now in operation*. It is not a mere proposal. Thirty-four nations responded to the appeal of America's President. Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and thirty others now belong. The thing has gone too far; we cannot stop it now.

9. If we do not join, *what else can we do?* Can we stay out, and remain

forever isolated from the rest of the world?

10. We have to do business with other nations *some way*. If they are all in a League, shall we stay out, as a suspicious enemy, or an arrogant, egotistic stranger?

11. Let us look to the *company* we keep. These nations that have formed the League are *our Allies*. A little while ago we were fighting by their side for the salvation of the world. French, British and Italian blood mingled with American blood to soak the plains of Europe. Are we going to stand by our pals, or go over to the other crowd?

For if not *this* League, we must line up with *the other*. The other fellows are Germany, Austria, Russia, Turkey and Mexico. *They* are not in the League.

Good Lord, deliver us!

12. We talk of the Monroe Doctrine. We fear for our independence. We dread a Superstate that shall boss us. We denounce the Leaguers as plotting to sacrifice our nationality.

Can't we stop to think about the *other* nations? Don't we realize that every one of *them* is more jealous of its own national sovereignty than we are of ours? They have been trained for *centuries* in national pride. And if *they* are willing to give up a part of their independence, for the sake of the limitless advantages of co-operation, can not *we*?

Not even *family* life is possible without mutual concession, compromise and self-sacrifice; how much less is world-life, the life of the Human Family!

13. If the United States heartily enters the League, one of the very first results will be the *decrease of national armaments*.

It is the huge armies and navies that keep the world poor and cause most of its suffering. Says the Bank-

ers' Trust Company: "War creates the bulk of taxation. Outside of the maintenance of military establishment, the other expenses of government are relatively small. If a way could be found to stop war, the people would be prepared to take up enlarged plans for social betterment."

14. It is the *workingmen*, the poorer people, who suffer most from militarism, and would be most benefited by a League of Nations, which would relieve the world of its intolerable burden of destruction. It is they who fight in the armies, suffer death and wounds, it is they who eventually must pay the taxes of war by their labor.

Nobody profits by war except profiteers.

15. The kind of *Feelings* that prompt us to enter the League should be looked at and compared with the kind of Feelings that oppose.

The League is Idealistic; its opposition is Materialistic.

The League implies Optimism, a Belief in Humanity, a Confidence in the honor of other nations; its opposition implies Distrust, Suspicion, Hostility.

The League will promote Race Understandings; its opposite, Race Hates.

The League is in line with every Noble, Chivalrous, Manly sentiment; its opposition is Captious, Sneering, Ungenerous.

The League proposes that the nations do business with each other as *Gentlemen*; without a League, we must go on as *rival thieves and robbers*.

The League spells *Cooperation*, as a world program; without the League there must be eternal *cut-throat Competition*.

16. Much has been made of the bugaboo that if we join the League American boys may have to be sent to Armenia, China or Africa to fight battles in which we have no concern.

They may, it is true.

But *without the League four million American boys had to take up arms to fight in Europe!*

And without the League a similar crisis is likely to arise *any day*.

Would it not be better to have a *few* Americans in an army to help police the world, than to have *the great body of American manhood* called on any minute to help put out a universal conflagration?

17. The whole dispute between the political parties about "reservations" to the League, and as to which foot we shall first put forward as we enter, and as to whether we shall go in under Democratic or Republican leadership, is the veriest *political piffle*. It stinks in the nostrils of every intelligent patriot.

18. The League of Nations means Progress, Courage, Humanity. Opposition to it means Reaction, Cowardice and Provincialism.

19. This is the real battle of Armageddon. It is of much more value to the future of humanity that a League of Nations be successfully launched than that Germany be defeated. Men who move heaven and earth to keep America out of the League are far worse enemies to the race than the Kaiser-ever was.

20. The League is favored by the great majority of *Thinkers*, by Philosophers, men in Universities and Churches, by the American Federation of Labor, by Writers and by all who are concerned in Public Welfare. It is opposed by *one class only*—the *partisan politicians* and those influenced by them.

21. Every danger incurred by joining the League, and of course there are dangers, *will be multiplied a hundred fold by staying out*.

22. Every Religion, except the fierce heathenisms of national propaganda, has dreamed of some sort of universal

peace to stop war, the most monstrous curse of mankind. Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Baháism, all have had the dream. The League of Nations moves *with* the great spiritual current of humanity.

23. The fear that the League is a deep plot of Great Britain to further her own interests is utterly silly. Would not France, Italy and the other nations who have joined have more reason to fear Great Britain than we have?

24. The League of Nations is *not* a far off question, one of politics and diplomacy that does not concern you and me.

It is of most vital, *individual* importance to every man, woman and child in the United States.

Does it mean nothing to you, mother, that your boy may be called out when he reaches manhood to take his post in the next world war?

Does it mean nothing to you, business man, that gigantic taxes be enforced on you to keep up a huge army and navy?

Does it mean nothing to you, workman, that you may be used as a pawn in the next game of bloody international chess?

Does it mean nothing to you, O lover of your race, when you pray daily that wars may cease and brotherhood prevail, that at last the nations of earth are honestly trying to answer your prayer?

25. But the final, conclusive and absolutely unanswerable argument for the League of Nations is simply this:

If not this—then what?

What is the alternative?

For if there is to be no League, then we must clump back into the *Old Order*, every nation must go on arming to the teeth, tax burdens increase, and wars occur with the regularity of hell's clock strokes.

26. And, if we succeed in our noble

experiment, if we establish a League of Nations, and if we disarm, think of what we can do with the enormous surplus of wealth which the race is constantly piling up, and which heretofore has been burnt up in powder! What enormous public works we can undertake! What magnificent programs of education we can set forward among the earth's backward populations! What highways and bridges, what parks and plaissances, what universities and temples, what vast commercial enterprizes, what grandiose works for the betterment of mankind! Think of the staggering loads of treasure we must pour out in the next few years to pay the debts of the last world war, and *shall we take no steps to prevent another?*

These are some of the reasons why I do not hesitate to say that the League of Nations is of most immediate and personal concern to every one, that every one should inform himself upon it and that it is a fair test for every man, to show whether he be intelligent, progressive and humane, or uninformed, reactionary and biased.

Ex-president Taft cannot be accused of being a champion of Mr. Wilson or the Democratic party. In fact he has swallowed his convictions sufficiently to enable him to support Mr. Harding for President. He gives us, however, a clear statement upon the League of Nations. "Had I been in the Senate," he writes, "I would have voted for the League and the Treaty as submitted; and I advocated its

ratification accordingly. I did not think, and do not now think, that anything in the League Covenant, as sent to the Senate, would violate the Constitution of the United States, or would involve us in wars which it would not be to the highest interest of the world and this country to suppress by universal boycott, and, if need be, by military force. Moreover, I believe that the issue of the League transcends in its importance any domestic issues and would justify and require one who believes so to ignore party ties and secure this great boon for the world and this country."

Taking a dispassionate, forward look, one's calm judgment perceives that, in some way or other, the League of Nations will continue and that the United States will go into it.

Even if there is a Republican Senate and President, the United States will have to go in for the simple reason that there will be nothing else possible to do. Intelligent Republicans realize this and are making their plans as gracefully as they can after they have thrown Mr. Wilson to the wolves.

Of course, to the parties in mind, it is vastly more important to elect Republican office-holders than it is to secure the peace of the world. But having elected their candidates, they will climb into the band-wagon the best they can.

For the United States to adopt permanently the policy indicated by Hiram Johnson and William Randolph Hearst is utterly unthinkable.

THREE hundred years after his death William Shakespeare is still the acknowledged foremost dramatist of the world.

How many human beings ever trod this substellar globe who did anything that lasted three hundred years?

Three hundred years have buried myriads in oblivion, but not him.

Three hundred years have dashed their waves against his front, but the features of his magnificent mind stand out ever clearer.

After three hundred years the world's heart turns to him and finds him still a youth.

"Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale His infinite variety."

THE HOUNDS OF GOD

THE hounds of God across the years
Are running swift and true;
Far and away they seem to play,
But they're tracking me and you.

The king is seated on his throne,
His courtiers all around him,
They see him start and grasp his heart—
The hounds of God have found him.

At low midnight the wastrel wakes,
Afraid upon his bed,
For the hollow sounds of the baying hounds
Are ringing in his head.

The wicked woman wipes her lips
And says, "'Tis naught, 'tis naught!"
Yet the velvet feet of the hounds so fleet
Whisper behind her thought.

They have torn great empires limb from limb,
They have conquered the conquerors,
And their teeth have hurt for sins of dirt
In plagues that are worse than wars.

They have cruelly taken the old man down,
They have bitten the babe at the breast;
For there's never a sin of kith or kin
Can escape their fateful quest.

Before us goes God's angel tall,
Flying upon the wind,
And sweet as the dawn he beckons us on—
But the hounds of God are behind!

AS we go to press, a long-haired comet somewhere out of sight in the sky has just ticked off another million miles on its way to make its appearance to the audience on this earth, at precisely eleven o'clock, twenty-three minutes and four seconds on the thirtieth of September, 1997, or thereabouts.

Several hundred billion other comets, asteroids, planets, stars and suns are likewise whizzing through space like busy cannon-balls, or express trains, each one exactly on time, on schedule and on the track. All is smooth, noiseless, accurate.

Nature is never in a hurry, never late, and never forgets or fumbles.

The atoms also are on time, and march with the precision of soldiers.

Nothing is hard, nothing is easy, for Nature. She juggles Arcturus and guides a raindrop down the window-pane with equal nonchalance.

This whole vasty universe, its galaxies and nebulae, its winds and waterfalls, its molding leaf and ripening fruit, its borning child and dying patriarch, its disease and its health, its laughter and its tears, its holiness and its sin, is regulated with the nicety of a watch.

The utter accuracy of the universe is appalling. It is really spooky. In this room several million light waves are shooting about in a confusion worse than a roomful of spider webs. Here are a lot of gilt waves from the titles of the books on the shelves, brown and yellow and red waves in a hundred shades from the carpet and woodwork, green waves from my blotter, white waves from paper and black waves from ink, and so on ad infinitum, plus ten billion times a hundred and forty-six million squared and then some. And it's all done without the shadow of a sound, with no getting tangled, and as perfectly accurate as the sum ground out by an adding machine.

Added to this a few thousand sound waves vibrating through the same space in my chamber. Someone in the apartment below is committing "The Holy City" on the pianola, children are crying in the street, a horse trots by thumping the asphalt, some one is rustling a newspaper in the next room, my pen scratches on the paper, the clock ticks, the leathern chair creaks, and each one of these sounds is going forth, as a wave in a pool, through this room, and each one moves

with mathematical certainty so many waves a second and never misses a beat. And neither light nor sound waves ever get in each other's way.

Nature never guesses, slips, stumbles, or misses. She never makes a move that cannot be expressed in algebraic formula. There is no waste, no scraps, no refuse. The chemical reactions of the garbage heap are just as true as those of the apothecary's table. Burn this in the grate and you have not destroyed a thing; the matter has all passed, by rigid chemist formulae, into ashes and gases.

Even music can be mathematically expressed. A Mozart sonata is governed absolutely by the laws of numbers.

And if all these things are under the rigid rule of exact law, why are not the things of the mind and heart and soul governed also by the same exactness? Was it not a good guess of old Epicharmus that "we live by arithmetic and logic"? And was Pythagoras so far astray when he made number the center of philosophy and theology?

It must be so. Anger, malice, kindness and love move with the same unerring exactness that prevails in the compounds of sulphur, hydrogen and oxygen. Nature would not be so careful in low matter and slipshod in her high products of the spirit.

It is no mere figure of speech, then, to say, "Be sure your sin will find you out," or "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Also, your goodness will find you out. You live in a world of accurate moral as well as chemical reaction. The ten commandments do not fizzle any more than does the multiplication table.

Once we get this conviction deep in our mind, it ought not to alarm us but to give us a great and unshakable peace. For it gives us the feeling that our destiny is not the plaything

of chance but is the result of a precise and intelligent purpose. If nature is so solicitous about that atom of hydrogen, she certainly is not going to overlook me.

Few people actually take as their working creed the moral and spiritual accuracy of the universe. They admit the rule in physics and astronomy and in the assayer's office, but in their human relations they persist in the suspicion that life is rather a game of cards, part luck and part shrewdness.

Whoever will renounce this superstition acknowledges once for all that justice and mercy are as reliable as the rule of three, and utterly commit his life, happiness and immortal soul to a perfect reliance upon the higher laws, will be made henceforth free from fear and strong with a strength not his own.

"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera;" and they continue to fight against every soul that has risked himself in the hands of wrong and cruelty. We ought to be as much afraid to act unjustly or unkindly toward our neighbor as to taste indiscriminately the contents of the bottles on the drug-store shelf. We are fooling with lightning.

Behind every unclean thought roars the thunder of the Pleiades. Every theft and cheating calls a power of vengeance from the air. Every act of disloyalty or jealous meanness or malice is on its road to meet somewhere a sword or a sorrow.

Few thoroly believe this. Most people have a sneaking idea they can cheat the universe.

The fundamental heresy is that this time does not count.

The amazing vision of Jesus was due to His realization that the cosmic accuracy holds in the spiritualities as well as in matter.

Before La Place, Kepler or Newton, He applied the scientific method to the phenomena of souls. He per-

ceived in sin and righteousness, and in all the fluidities of passion, thought and morals, the same utter accuracy that rules among molecules.

He grasped the majesty and almightiness of Law, and that the reaction of soul upon soul was just as sure as the reaction of oxygen and hydrogen.

That is why He said, "Turn the other cheek," "Return good for evil," "Love your enemies."

For, why retaliate? Leave the offender to the Universe.

When you love, you are in line with the cosmic will and urge, you need not worry.

When you do wrong, you have awakened the Hounds of God.

Up the hill of Progress God is leading His people.

Leading, also Driving.

For not only the Ideal goes before the race, the Law comes behind.

Destiny calls for Volunteers. It also enforces the Draft.

For the will of the Most High is not to be gainsaid, neither is His set purpose to be evaded.

For while they that have Vision see His glory, He likewise maketh the wrath of man to praise Him.

In His vast laboratory He uses not only prophets, bards and seers to inspire the people, but as well the sword of the Hun, the wiles of the traitor, the deceptions of the charlatan.

The City glows before us, and the rosy horizon beckons, but behind us the forests are afire and the bridges of retreat are broken.

Even they that will not go on can not go back.

The Shepherd leads his sheep, yet the Shepherd's dogs are in the rear, and their fangs are sharp.

"Go on! Go on!" cries merciless Destiny. "Come on! Come on!" sing the Angels.

But behind are the watchful Hounds, and they say to us, "You shall not retreat!"

So the toiling feet of mortals cross the sands of time, on their way to the Delectable Mountains; there be many who would return to the flesh pots of Egypt; but the Hounds of God pre-vent, sleepless, keen eyed.

HEROISM is the salt that keeps humanity from rotting.

Not the spectacular kind that makes the commons gape; but the unknown, unseen kind, done for itself alone, for the eye of God and the satisfaction of a noble self-respect.

Think of the unnoted and unnumbered acts of heroism on the part of mothers! These alone would save the world, as ten good men would have saved Sodom.

Look (and if you seek you shall find) at the numberless deeds of self-sacrifice among the poor, the self-renunciations of the rich, the helpfulness of fellow-workmen, the splendid courage of men and women that they often conceal with a sense of shame!

True, friend pessimist, humanity may

be just mud, dirt, earth; but all through it sparkles the pure and priceless gold of heroism.

BBETTER than big business is clean business.

A clean profit is one that has also made a profit for the other fellow.

Any gain that arises from another's loss is dirty.

A man that makes a habit, every deal he goes into, of asking himself, "What is there in it for the other fellow?" and who refuses to enter into any transaction where his own gain will mean disaster to some one else, cannot go far wrong.

The only really charitable dollar is the clean dollar.

WHAT AWAITS RUSSIA AFTER THE SOVIETS?

By Boris Brasol

This article goes some way toward answering a question that presses like a huge weight on mankind today. Its author was District Attorney of Petrograd during the old regime in Russia. He was dispatched in 1916 to England to assist in working out the agreement between Great Britain and Russia for the financing of all war orders in England. He was a member of the Anglo-Russian Commission in control of all orders placed in America by Russia, out of the British funds. Among his books are "Socialism Versus Civilization," "Methods of Legal Investigation," and "Critical Essays."

THAT the Soviet regime of horror cannot last forever has recently become obvious. In spite of the Bolshevik victories over Kolchak and Denikin, in spite of all the lies which have been spread all over the world by the agents of Trotsky about the wonderful achievements of the Communist rule in Soviet Russia, the Soviet system is doomed. The collapse is coming more rapidly than the outside world realizes. The national system of production in Soviet Russia has experienced a decisive breakdown, and there is no country that can live without production, without a definite output of commodities which are needed by the community as a whole. Hunger and wholesale starvation, epidemics and widespread degeneration, an alarming decrease in the population, and, in fact, the great exodus of the Russian people from their native country, have brought the Soviet rule to an abyss, and nothing in the world can save it.

The future, however, is always a mystery. How will the Soviet regime collapse? What forces will actually overturn the rule of Lenin and Trotsky? What form of government will be established after the Bolshevik rule is ended forever? He who is accustomed to analyze historical events probably hears already the bells tolling the death of this regime of blood and horror. These sounds reverberate from

the mysterious plains of the vast Russian Empire: they come from the depths of the hearts of the Russian people. But what is behind these sounds? Is there hope for future resurrection? This is doubtless the most important question of the day, because the world cannot afford to lose Russia forever. No peace is possible for the world without peace prevailing in Russia. The very foundations of Western civilization are at stake unless Russia comes back to her senses and resumes her peaceful historical development. The prognosis of historical events, while being a difficult task, is still possible if determined by a careful analysis of those conflicting forces which form the basis of a social structure.

IN Russia there are two cardinal forces at work: one, the *dynamic* force of the minority, namely, the small but active body of Communist officials; and the other, the *passive* force of the Russian peasantry, who maintain a policy of "watchful waiting." All that came between these two elements has been wiped away, smashed, eliminated by the great turmoil of the social revolution. The so-called intelligentsia, the remnants of the former Russian aristocracy, the middle-class composed of small *rentiers*, former governmental officials and merchants have perished, perhaps for-

ever. Nor are there any "captains" of the bourgeoisie since the large industrial concerns have been "nationalized" and the banks robbed by the Soviets. Therefore, the social structure, so complicated in Western countries, has been artificially reduced to a simplified conflict between two groups only—the peasants on one hand, and the Communists on the other.

As to the peasants, they have never taken an active policy against the Soviets. Their attitude is that of passive resistance to the socialistic experiments of Lenin and Trotzky. The Communists have issued an endless number of land decrees, regulating not only the manner in which the peasants should occupy their lands, but also the methods by which they should till the soil, distribute the crops and surrender the surplus to the National Board of Economy. These decrees, however, bear all the features of flat bureaucratic thought, and the peasants, altho rarely revolting openly against the Bolsheviks, have never complied with those decrees. Nor have they manifested any interest in Bolshevik propaganda as such. The whole Bolshevik movement has been and still remains distinctly an urban movement, while the country as a whole watches with curiosity the disintegrating policies of the Socialized cities. For instance, the Bolsheviks have tried to convert the peasants into stanch believers in Communistic ideals. They have endeavored to convince the peasant that he ought to give up his land for the benefit of the Socialistic State. In spite of these systematic efforts and arguments, supplemented by the argument of machine-guns, the peasant remains a bourgeois *par excellence*, having no other desire but to occupy the farm as his own property. This property-owning instinct is something which the Bolsheviks simply

cannot subdue. Much in the same way, they are unable to compel the peasant to surrender the surplus crops to feed the Bolshevik Commissaries and their Red gangs in the cities, since there is no surplus, and, moreover, the peasants are opposed to producing anything in excess of their own needs. In this connection the argument of the peasant is very simple. He contends that there is no need of producing more than he himself is able to consume, since industrial production has ceased entirely and he can obtain nothing in exchange for his surplus. Thus, in spite of Trotzky's decrees, and in spite of all the food crusades, the peasant simply will not work. In other words, the peasants in Russia are on an "Irish strike" which has lasted for three years almost. It is easy enough for the "Peoples'" commissaries, by force of arms, to quell an open revolt or an aggressive conspiracy, but how can they overcome passive resistance on the part of 100,000,000 Russian moujiks?

NOW let us briefly analyze what must be the economic consequence of such an attitude of the peasants towards the Soviets. In the first place, if, during the early days of the revolution, the Bolshevik officials were supported by a considerable number of industrial workmen in the cities, at present this support does not exist because the average workman is not only a Communist but also a human being, and as such, he wants to eat. This natural desire, however, is rarely satisfied under the Communist regime. Theoretically, according to the provisions of the Soviet Constitution, all workmen have the right to eat, and are entitled to receive food from the Socialistic State itself. As a matter of practice, however, the workmen are constantly underfed; quite recently they were classed by

the Soviets into various groups in accordance with the nature of the work performed and the degree of its public utility. In some categories they are almost deprived of rations, and at the expense of these workmen, other more fortunate "comrades" receive their inadequate rations. Such a system is bound to produce class struggle within the proletarian class itself. On the other hand, because of the continuance of civil war, and because of the enmity of the whole world against the worldwide destructive propaganda of Trotsky, the Soviets are compelled to maintain a huge Red Army which is recruited from the peasants. The Red Army is no longer the Red Guard of 1918, which was composed partly of conscious Communists, and partly of mercenary Chinese and Lettish units. The Red Army of 1920 is composed of the same soldiers who in 1917 were subjected to violent pacifist propaganda carried out by Trotsky, himself, and his agents. The Red Army soldier of 1920 is a common peasant, with a deeply rooted, private-owning instinct, a man who has been taught by his father to hate the Red Army food crusades and those who instituted them. This common peasant, converted into a Red Army soldier, by a compulsory universal draft, has but little sympathy for the Communist ideals of Red terror. He is a simple creature who wishes to live in peace and let others live as they please provided he can own his land and practice his own religion. He, with his limited mentality, is unable to grasp, or, with his open heart, to understand the diabolical schemes of International Imperialism. This, however, is precisely the thing which Lenin and Trotsky advocate, for they never had any country in the past and do not wish to have any in the future. The make-up of the Red Army is, therefore, of a dangerous nature to the Soviet cause.

Moreover, the Bolsheviks have come to realize that Bronx waiters and East Side "comrades" are hopelessly ignorant in matters of strategy and military tactics. The Bolsheviks have also discovered that it is dangerous indeed to personally participate in a battle and they would rather have others do the fighting for them. In these circumstances, the Soviet officials have been forced to apply to the former Russian generals and humbly beg them to protect the "glorious" Communist cause. These generals, who have had some experience in fighting, and who, in fact, for three years successfully kept the German legions in check, efficiently organized the Red Army, putting it under the rule of iron discipline. It may be doubted, however, whether these Russian generals are quite sincere in their support of the "glorious Communist cause." Of course, they are very reserved in the expression of their views, because they are surrounded by an army of Communist spies, *agents provocateurs*, intelligence officers and voluntary reporters. One false step on their part might result in their execution. Nevertheless, with the common peasant as a basic element of the Red Army, and the Russian general as its brains, the Communists have to face a dangerous body which at any moment may turn against them.

IT is very probable that the beginning of the end of the Soviet regime will be marked by a purely military rebellion which will in its subsequent stage receive the unanimous support of the Russian peasants. The logical outcome of a rebellion of this kind would be the establishment of a military dictatorship by those same generals who were forced to serve the Communist cause.

The next thing to be considered is the spiritual factor which is usually

overlooked by foreign observers of conditions in Soviet Russia. This factor is the growing influence of the Russian Church. Certainly it is irony that the most materialistic experiment ever put into practice in the field of social life has been introduced among the most idealistic people in the world. Religious mysticism is the keynote of Russian psychology. Nowhere have people taken such lively and deep interest in religious matters as in Russia. The mystical thought of the Russian national genius has evolved into deep religious conceptions, theological schemes, and active religious practice. The question of God, the moral problem of Christ, have always tortured the Russian mind. While France has produced a Voltaire, Russia has created a Tolstoi and a Dostoevsky, both of whom, altho in different ways, devoted their thoughts almost exclusively to the religious angle of human life.

At the very moment when Apfelbaum, Joffe, Finkelstein and Nachamkes are trying to convince the Russian masses that "Religion is the opium of the people," the Greek Orthodox Church, headed by Patriarch Tikhon, has acquired a prestige such as it never had before and probably will never have again.

AFTER the years of anarchy, Russia will naturally have to live through a period of military dictatorship. The treacherous promises of a Constituent Assembly have proved to be nothing but promises. Under existing conditions, it is practically impossible to convoke a Constituent Assembly whose members would be elected on a strictly parliamentary basis. First of all, there is no such political machinery which could cope with the problem of an All-Russian electoral campaign. Secondly, even after the actual overthrow of the Soviets, Russia will be tormented dur-

ing a more or less protracted period of time by social unrest. The Bolsheviki will be overthrown, but they will still remain in Russia. The various socialistic factions which now are either directly or indirectly cooperating with the Bolsheviki will still endeavor to put into effect their socialistic dreams. It may also be possible that in certain districts the meaning of the *coup d'etat* will be misinterpreted by the Bolshevik agents and sporadic uprisings will take place.

The reconstruction of Russia will have to begin immediately after the overthrow of the Soviet regime. National life cannot wait and it will become of paramount necessity to deal at once with the solution of the gravest national problems without waiting for the problematic convocation of a Constituent Assembly. Leaving aside the urgent need of reorganizing the army, the provisional military government will be compelled to solve at once the agrarian question. The peasants are indeed disgusted with the treacherous policy of the Bolsheviki towards the land problem. They do not understand, they do not wish to understand, the Communistic nonsense of the Soviet land decrees. The greater part of the Russian peasants wishes a fair distribution of the land, manifesting unmistakable signs of a desire to have an agricultural system which would be based upon private ownership of the lands.

ANOTHER point clearly understood by the more intelligent Russians is that there is no uniform solution of the agrarian problem in Russia, and in the nature of the case there can be none. There are too many geographical, ethnographical and climatical differences in Russia to be able to work out a uniform scheme for an agricultural system. The problem of irrigation, for instance, is extremely

acute in the South and has no significance whatsoever in the Northern regions of Russia. The prevalence of forests in the North and their scarcity in the South is another factor of importance which also necessitates the individualization of agrarian schemes.

The second equally important and equally difficult task is to improve the transportation system. It is not only a question of building new rolling stock, but it will be necessary to undertake repairs on an extensive scale of the railroads themselves. The civil war has left a terrible mark of destruction in every line of Russian national life. The railroad system has been affected more than anything else. Bridges have been blown up, railroad stations destroyed by artillery fire, telegraphic lines torn down and completely demolished. Railroad repair shops are in such a state of disorganization that most of them cannot be exploited and will have to be practically rebuilt. Moreover, even the pre-war railroad system in Russia was obviously inadequate. Russia must have new lines, especially so-called auxiliary lines, which would reach the very heart of the agricultural region. It is very possible that because of the complete ruin of Russia's finances, it will become necessary to adopt a standardized system of temporary field lines of a light type. But, in order to improve the general economic situation, the railroad problem would have to be taken up without delay by the new provisional government. It also may be possible that during the first trying period, Russia will appear on the world market as the greatest purchaser of motor-trucks of various kinds.

NEXT comes the problem of reinstating the value of Russian currency. The par value of the Russian ruble is 51c. The present rate

of exchange is 1½c to 2c. The international value of the ruble has thus depreciated to such an extent that it is almost valueless. As to the national value of the ruble—that is its purchasing power in Russia herself—it has been reduced to almost zero. Herein lies the difference between the depreciated value of the Russian ruble and the German mark. It is a hopeless proposition to endeavor to reinstate the value of the Russian ruble by means of adopting old methods, such as conversion. The gold basis of the Russian ruble has been thoroly destroyed and the hundreds of billions of paper rubles in circulation make it impossible to stabilize the rate of exchange. Even the bi-metallic system, having gold and silver as the basis of exchange, would scarcely improve the financial system in Russia. The heritage from the Soviets is so disastrous that for years and years Russia will have to suffer from its effects. It seems, however, that a new basis for reinstating Russian currency can be found in grain. Russia needs foreign goods, especially machinery and finished products. What can Russia offer to foreign countries in exchange for such products? Grain, and only grain. This is the source of Russia's wealth and this is the commodity which is in possession of the population at large. If Russia needs gold for international commercial intercourse, she will find it provided she has grain as the basis of her natural currency.

LAST but not least the provisional government will have to face the national problem which is perhaps the most complicated of all the issues in the present situation. The Paris Peace Conference consciously disregarded the national aspirations of Russia. This Conference decreed and sanctioned the dismemberment of the Russian Empire. Mushroom states within or

along the border of Russia were created by the gentlemen of the Peace Conference. Most of these newly baked states were never states in the past and will not remain such in the future. As a matter of fact, they are nothing but the result of the theoretical utterances of a group of statesmen who—like Mr. Lloyd George—have so little knowledge of Russia as to mistake the City of Kharkoff (the second largest city in Little Russia and one of her most developed commercial centers) for a general who of course never existed. These gentlemen were also inclined to mistake Ukrainia for a musical instrument. No wonder that due to such and similar “misunderstandings” the map of Eastern Europe has been transformed into a number of nonsensical state units without the slightest justification for becoming states in the future. Under these circumstances, it can be asserted that no Russian national government will recognize the provisions of the Paris Peace Treaty as far as Russia and her boundaries are concerned. Russia will have to revise the provisions of the said treaty inasmuch as they affect her national dignity and economic future. The majority of the new-born “border states” will voluntarily cease their existence the very moment that Russia overthrows the Soviets and establishes a strong provisional government. Nevertheless, the damage which has been done by the Soviets, beginning with the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, and by the Peace Conference which consciously neglected the greatest empire in the world, will be felt in Europe for decades.

WHAT will become of Russia after the overthrow of the Soviets? Will she become a monarchy, and if so what kind of a monarchy? An autocracy, or a parliamentary monarchy of the British type? Will she

become a republic, and if so what kind of a republic? Will she have a form of government similar to that in France, with a powerless president and an all-mighty chamber, or, on the contrary, will she have a powerful president and a powerless chamber? Will Russia adopt a system of united states with a centralized federal government; or, on the contrary, will she absorb the national sovereignty of the border states in her own supreme sovereignty? All these questions are of great interest but they can scarcely be answered with assurance. It seems probable, however, that when the Russian people finally elect a National Assembly they will take into consideration the following facts:

Russia was a great country under the old regime. Russia was the greatest Metropolitan Empire in the world. Russia had an army which was able to face the combined armies of the greatest military powers in Europe. Ever since the time of Peter the Great Russia has participated in the intellectual life of Europe, having made innumerable contributions to the world treasury of science and art. She occupied a prominent place in the realm of modern thought. But Russia collapsed. Her alien leaders have led her from one misfortune to another, and now she lies helpless, bleeding, almost dying, but proud of her glorious past and hopeful of a glorious future. The errors of the old regime are well known. They should be avoided in the future, but Russia must not leave the path of her historical development. The Russian people should not forget that the future is but a continuation of the past and that nature is opposed to violent shocks and political *salto mortales*. Therefore, they must return to the line of their national development, and all, young and old, rich and poor, men and women, must work for the regeneration of the motherland.

WHAT A DEMOCRATIC ROOSEVELT LOOKS LIKE, HAS DONE AND WANTS TO DO

ALTHO Franklin Delano Roosevelt, candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Democratic ticket and a "past-perfect" Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is regarded in Washington as "as mild-mannered a man as ever scuttled a ship," those who know him best are inclined to warn strangers that appearances are deceitful and to suggest that they consider, for instance, the torpedo. Every one, as one of his biographers, in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, puts it, knows that one may take a torpedo and play with it, swim with it, roll it over, go to bed with it, make a family pet of it and maltreat it as a child maltreats a kitten—provided one does not hit it on the nose. So with Franklin Roosevelt, whose name looks out of place to some and quite in place to others as a Democratic candidate. Quiet, unassuming, smooth as he is said to be, yet, we are assured, the man who hits him on the nose is likely to meet with a fate that veils his demise in mystery as complete as that which shrouds the identity of the assailants of Billy Patterson.

Seldom has a man been put forward for the Vice-Presidency who has been within the eligible age by so narrow a margin. Four years ago was the earliest time at which he could have been chosen for the office, and then he would have been under the requisite age of thirty-five when elected, tho a few weeks above the minimum at the date of inauguration. He was born at Hyde Park, New York, January 30, 1882, in the same year that his illustrious cousin was first elected a member of the New York Legislature, his parents being James and Sarah (Delano) Roosevelt, members of a branch of a family which settled in Hyde Park a century or more ago.

His career curiously parallels that of Colonel T. R. Roosevelt. Like the latter, he was a member of the New York Legislature before he was thirty; both served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in their thirties; and at thirty-eight Franklin D. is a candidate for Vice-President, four years younger than Theodore was when he was chosen to run with William McKin-

ley. There is a dual relationship between the two Roosevelts. The Democratic nominee is a fifth cousin of the former President and he also married a daughter of Elliott Roosevelt, a brother of the Colonel.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, however, unlike the twenty-sixth President of the United States, is not a politician to the manner born. He became one almost by accident when, in 1910, he was nominated for the New York State Senate in a district which had been so strongly Republican for so many years that no Democrat wanted to make the hopeless race. But he accepted the nomination and, to the surprise of everybody, most of all to Tammany Hall, he was elected. He took his seat at the beginning of the 1911 session and in a short time was the chief protagonist in a battle royal with Tammany. The issue was the election of a United States Senator. Tammany wanted William F. Sheehan. Roosevelt didn't, and he mobilized a surprising number of supporters. The Tammany leaders coaxed, cajoled, threatened, but in vain. "It's no use in your being stubborn, kid," they said, "Sheehan's going to be elected." "No, he isn't," was the reply; and he wasn't. In a fight that was fought to a finish James A. O'Gorman was elected Senator largely through the support of Franklin D. Roosevelt. That episode made the young State Senator a marked man in New York State politics and gave him some national repute. He remained in the State Senate, commanding universal respect and with steadily increasing prestige, until the spring of 1913 when he resigned his seat to accept appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. As such, for the past seven years, he has worked in one of the thousand square, high-ceilinged rooms in the State, War and Navy Building at Washington, with maps of Europe and ocean routes around him, a bronze bust of John Paul Jones on the inevitable mantelpiece and his commission from President Wilson framed on the wall. His desk, we read, in the New York *Tribune* is considerably neater than most



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ANOTHER ROOSEVELT WHO IS NO ADVOCATE OF RACE SUICIDE

In fact the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency points with pride to his five sturdy children, who are pictured here together with Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt on the porch of their summer home, Campobello Island, Canada.

Washington desks. At one corner is a vase with fresh flowers. His books, in a little stand near his chair, are a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and several paper-bound reports. As for himself:

"Roosevelt has a bearing that even William Faversham might envy. His face is long, firmly shaped and set with marks of confidence. There are faint wrinkles on a high, straight forehead. Intensely blue eyes rest in light shadow. A firm, thin mouth breaks quickly to laugh, openly and freely. His voice is pitched well, goes forward without tripping. He doesn't disdain shedding his coat on a hot afternoon; shows an active quality in the way he jumps from his chair to reach the cigarets in his coat. He is a young man, a young man with energy and definite ideas, as well as a definite objective, who can be generous and

fair, but firm to his own cause. He recalls Conrad's description of the young Malay 'war comrade' in 'Lord Jim': 'Unobscured vision, tenacity of purpose.' In the mocking humor of the Capitol, he is called 'a he man.'"

As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Roosevelt has left his impress deep upon the record. The coast patrol, which brought a majority of the privately owned yachts of the country into the Government service, was his idea. He was responsible for the 110-foot submarine-chaser which rendered most effective service in European waters as well as on this side. The civilian personnel of the Navy normally comes under the supervision of the Assistant Secretary. There was enormous expansion along this line in the Navy

Department proper and at all shore stations, navy yards and in naval districts. It was part of his job to see that this part of the naval establishment was running smoothly at all times. To cite the *New York Times*, he accomplished this task with conspicuous success. In addition, "he was frequently called upon to serve as acting Secretary of the Navy, thus shouldering responsibility for the conduct of the affairs of the Navy and Marine Corps, both during and since the war. He was frequently called upon also to decide questions of wages and working conditions in navy yards and stations, gun-factories, torpedo plants, the naval airplane factory, and private shipyards, and all these troublesome problems were ironed out satisfactorily to both sides."

Foreign service came to Mr. Roosevelt, most of it after the armistice, when he

undertook the work of demobilizing our stations and bases abroad. This was a huge task, but there has yet to be heard complaint regarding any detail of his discharge of it.

This Vice-Presidential candidate has been since 1917 one of the overseers of Harvard University, from which he was graduated in 1904. He was active and popular, we are told, while in college, and—in keeping with the journalistic note that has been sounded so clearly in the big party nominations this year—made his best record as president and editor of the *Crimson*. Mr. Roosevelt was married to Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, niece of Theodore, in 1905. They have five children. The candidate divides his time when at home between his family, local affairs and lawn tennis for which latter he displays his chief sporting enthusiasm.

A GREAT "JOINER," WHO HAS JOINED THE PROCESSION OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

THE Presidential candidate of the Farmer-Labor, or new "third party" is a great joiner. He was attending the convention of the Elks in Chicago when the Committee of Forty-Eight convened. He has been Grand Master in the Grand Lodge of the Elks. In Chicago he walked over from the Elks convention to that of the Committee of Forty-Eight. He was an inconspicuous delegate—until he stood up. Then his six feet four inches and his white suit and his air of good-natured confident control made him at once a notable figure and then permanent chairman of the convention. Meanwhile Parley P. Christensen was also a delegate to the convention of the Labor party in session a couple of miles away. He also is an Odd Fellow. At Cornell, in his undergraduate days at the law school, he was chairman of the Republican Club; and before he went to Cornell he was secretary of a Constitutional Convention of the State of Utah. He had also been a county superintendent of schools. Returning to Utah from Cornell, he became a county prosecuting attorney and began his relations with the labor

movement by enforcing the local eight-hour law in mines and on municipal works.

In Chicago, writes William Hard in the *New Republic*, he became a Presidential nominee by personally quelling his fellowmen in two successive conventions—those of the Committee of Forty-Eight and of the Farmer-Laborites. Having "ridden" the former and while presiding over the latter convention, Christensen quelled a turbulent outburst by stating with characteristic conciseness: "I'm not going to be rough, but I'm going to ride this convention." His method, as described, is interesting, is that of a sort of parliamentary orchestra leader. His gavel becomes a baton. He stretches it out as a sign of encouragement to the man whom he has recognized on the floor to be the next delegate to suggest a tune and, we are told, he does it with such emphasis and sign of interest that everybody else becomes curious to hear what tune the man will suggest. Sometimes, with hand to ear, Christensen will entice several suggestions from several different performers and then himself will venture to suggest that a wonderful tune

could be made by combining two motions and letting the result be played by the second violin as a committee of one. Pretty soon he will be conducting the impulses of the crowd instead of merely moderating its violences, and he will seem to be doing nothing more ruthless than hushing the trombone when he pats the air over the head of a persistent riser for recognition in the pit of a convention, and says: "I know. I know. You want to make a speech. So does everybody else. But your speech doesn't fit in just now. Now listen, brother. Pay close attention to me. *Sit down!*" The delegate usually complies. The "down" is as compelling as the "brother" is disarming.

In his little hotel room, adds the writer in the *New Republic*, after having ridden the human whirlwind that masks as a political convention into a dead calm, Christensen himself sits down, takes off his soft collar, extracts a little metal tube from among his belongings, opens it, draws some white thread off a spool, drops a needle out of it, threads the needle and sews a new button on his collar, precisely and quickly. He is "an independent bachelor." He is also a total abstainer from vinous, malt and spirituous liquors; and having once done a bit of newspaper writing, besides being a chronic joiner of organizations, he is a member of the News Writers Union, which puts him into somewhat the same class as Harding and Cox, newspaper men.

Christensen's father was a "freighter"; that is, we are told, in the early days he drove wagons of freight from the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad in Utah, up cross-country into Idaho, Montana and Dakota. The Farmer-Labor nominee was born forty-nine years ago in Weston, Idaho. He worked at farming in early life and since graduating from the Cornell law school he has practiced law continuously in Salt Lake City, excepting two terms that he served as District Attorney. To square with the so-called third party plat-



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HE ALSO IS RUNNING

Parley P. Christensen is six feet four inches tall and is making great strides in his Presidential campaign as the candidate for the Farmer-Labor party.

form, the Farmer-Labor party candidate should, to the *New York Nation's* way of thinking, qualify as a man having no prominence as a leader of any trade union or farming faction, yet having an occupation consistent with a wide meaning of the word "labor" and having "no personal political organization so great as to dominate the one which the economic groups of wage-earners and farmers must develop." Christensen, we read, heads no faction of trade-unionists or farmers. As a lawyer, he brings the word labor into the professions and he proposes to preach the Farmer-Labor platform in what he calls "a nation-wide, twenty-four-hour day, seven-day-week, town-hall, street-corner and front-porch campaign."

One of Christensen's first acts as a Presidential candidate was to demand of his Democratic and Republican rivals their cooperation in an effort to have the Socialist candidate, Eugene V. Debs, released from prison. He is strong for woman's suffrage. He wants the blockade on Soviet Russia lifted.

SHATOFF: THE BULLY OF BOLSHEVISM

THE short, stout, shaven Shatoff, with a cigar or a cigaret between his thick and shapely lips, enacts among the Bolsheviks the part played by Camille Desmoulins, the journalist ruffian of the French revolution, the cruel child of the proletariat. The parallel extends to the careers of these agitators—both journalists, both mob leaders, both sensualists. Shatoff, we read in the *Action Francaise*, has the mobility of his forerunner, the same inconsequence, the whimsical furies interrupted by the loud laugh, the rages against the victims of his proletarian frenzy, for whom in a trice he will shed tears of pity even while he immolates them. Shatoff, too, is at once ardent and cool, trivial yet inspired, pausing between blood and tears, stoning today the hero he deified yesterday. It was said of Desmoulins, as it can be said of Shatoff, that he seemed "the monkey of the people," each practicing a journalism of blood and violence, inciting the masses to fury and arson. The parallel is carried, it seems, into the love affairs of these characters. But Desmoulins was not a Jew, like Shatoff.

Familiarly known to his comrades as "Bill," Shatoff first attracted attention as a revolutionist, says the *Vossische*, by throwing rotten eggs at the statue of the first Czar Nicholas. Shatoff was at the time a student attending the Vladimir University in Kieff, where he was registered as Rachkoff. He displayed in those first days of his renown a propensity for the assumption of any name that struck his fancy. His own first name chanced to be Isaac, but he altered it to Danton, then to Bakunin, then to Karl, as his spirit was fired with enthusiasm first for one hero of revolt and then for another. His parents, according to the German paper, were at one time well to do. The persecutions under the Grand Duke Nicholas, when that anti-semitic ruled Moscow, reduced the family to beggary. One of Shatoff's uncles was slaughtered in a pogrom not far from Kieff. The tragic episodes in his family explain, it is hinted, a well-known want of balance in this Bolshevik.

Shatoff had to abandon the university

for some mysterious reason, one of the charges against him implying grave breaches of propriety that involved young women. Shatoff has always professed extremely libertarian ideas on such subjects as love and marriage as well as property. He is described in the French press, on the authority of refugees from Moscow, as ruffianly in his personal deportment, profane and remarkably ignorant of the elementary forms of social life. He drinks his liquor as he eats his food—noisily and ravenously.

How Shatoff picked up the trade of printer is not definitely known, altho there is a story in the *Freiheit* about his learning to set type by hand in the shop connected with the famous convent of Lavra in Kieff, from which city he took flight, it is said, with the police hot upon his trail. He worked his way to Switzerland, a fugitive from justice, by doing odd jobs. He managed to board a steamer at Havre bound for this country. In New York he did manual labor. He lived in the Russian colony from hand to mouth until he contrived to become dexterous as a linotype operator. He was a facile linguist, mastering English so completely that he not only speaks it with ease but writes it fluently, as he does German. Shatoff never neglects an opportunity to pick up knowledge, it being characteristic of him that while a student at Kieff he devoted much time to botany and chemistry. Were it not for the extreme conviviality of his personal habits, Shatoff would have become, the German dailies say, a full-fledged commissary.

Nothing is more paradoxical than the charm of Shatoff, adds the German daily, a charm to which a certain feminine type responds readily. He was a Satanic individuality in New York, where for a time he associated with Trotsky, with Emma Goldman, with the circle encompassing these idols. Shatoff varied his journalistic activities with visits to large factories in neighboring cities, delivering incendiary harangues in the noon hour, shouting through debates in halls, organizing strikes among the sweating foreigners and collecting funds for the cause of the proletariat.

Shatoff commended himself to every mob because of his instant humor, his contagious emotion, his genuine sympathy for the workers and his burning hatred for all that is bourgeois, established and constitutional. He absorbed in this country the whole philosophy of anarchism and he did much to encourage the restlessness of the I. W. W.

All these activities are said to have been quite lucrative. The exile—he insisted always that he was a political refugee and not an absconding criminal—kept himself and his friends in funds, paying for liquor and for feasts, to say nothing of the orgies in which his temperament riots. He got free passage back to Russia, one story says, at the expense of the Kerensky government, like Trotzky and many another.

Shatoff was no sooner back in Petrograd than he utilized the philosophy he had picked up in America by heaping execration upon the men he found in power at home. Those Milyoukoffs, those Lvoffs, were colorless, respectable; Kerensky and his people were watery imitations of the American bourgeois. He described America as a land of bastilles and bureaucrats. "In holy Russia," he cried at a soviet meeting, "you had only to overthrow one autocrat; but in America they will have to overthrow a hundred." His aptitude for organization had been observed by Trotzky in New York and his activity at the beginning of the July uprising in Petrograd attracted the attention of Lenin.

Shatoff was speedily housed at the Smolny Institute, where he performed prodigies in constituting patrols of the red guard and in the organization of Bolshevik sailors pouring in from Kronstadt. At the funeral of the fallen heroes of the July revolution Shatoff delivered a speech that has since become a Bolshevik classic. Thus he was started on his brilliant career as a high official of the soviet republic; but he soon had to be deposed as chief of police because of his persistent inebriety and his readiness to distribute intoxicating liquors among a chosen few. He originated the doctrine, so prevalent in Russia, that a genuine proletarian revolution must be a thing of the open air. Men who work in offices, at desks, behind glass doors, men who sit in conferences, in committee, says

Shatoff, can not destroy the foundations of a capitalist state. To get results, revolutionists must march at the head of processions, move among crowds, be at home in the streets. Above all, the real revolution can have no use for official documents and established rules of technical procedure. Accumulations of paper are fatal to freedom because they concentrate power in the hands of bureaucrats.

Preaching this gospel to his mobs, Shatoff raided the foreign office and, with his followers, hurled many of its records from the windows. He broke into stately residences and smashed the furniture. He set business establishments afire. Attended everywhere by a band of fanatics, he got on more than one occasion so terribly drunk that he fell in a stupor while his followers formed a ring and danced and yelled around his prostrate form.

The spectacular genius of Shatoff seems to the Rome *Tribuna* to exploit itself with most effect in the organization of Bolshevik funerals on a grand scale, and the more cadavers there are the better from his standpoint. He takes pains to have a dramatic quality imparted to all the pictures carried in these interminable processions, to say nothing of the violence hinted in the mottoes. Revolutionary songs of a sanguinary character replace the old religious hymns. Thousands of proletarians get in line. Shatoff has a theory that heroes of the revolution should be interred near the scenes of their triumph over the world of capitalism, with masses of people listening to his obituary eloquence. At every halt of a burial procession he leaps down from his car to shake hands with the comrades and to get a drink.

The invective of Shatoff when he deals at such obsequies with the wrongs perpetrated by the social system under which he had to grow up is relieved by his sarcasm at the expense of the fallen bourgeoisie. These sallies evoke the wildest laughter. A Bolshevik funeral under the auspices of Shatoff is consequently a series of alternating sensations of horror and merriment, of grief and delight, a spectacle, a manifestation, Shatoff being always the dominant character. Unless he is engaged in the burial of somebody Shatoff is not inspired—he is only intoxicated.

In spite of the alcohol he has consumed, the hours he has given to orgies and the privations of his youth, Shatoff is in splendid physical condition. His age is about forty and he tends to obesity, his personal appearance being additionally grotesque because he clings to the modes and the manners of the lowest proletariat. He loves, the *Matin* suspects, to go about

in worn coats, in rough caps and in shapeless shoes. If the tales of refugees in Paris may be accepted Shatoff shakes his fist in the faces of aristocratic women. "Now," he cries, "you know what it is to be humiliated, to be hungry, to be dirty! The proletariat has endured all these for ages and you have suffered but three years!"

STINNES: THE GERMAN WHO OWNS EVERYTHING IN SIGHT

FOR so pretentious a profiteer, Hugo Stinnes, the paper plutocrat, who figured so conspicuously in the cable dispatches from the Spa conference several weeks ago, seems to the *Humanite* to introduce himself somewhat trivially. The man whom the world credits with so vast a fortune and upon whose stalwart shoulders great German enterprizes undoubtedly rest, fishes a whistle from his vest pocket or it may be some such device as a combination of mariner's compass and thermometer. He studies novelties of this sort with anxious interest. He will be captivated in the street by the sight of a peddler's pack, whereupon he stops the man and examines his stock solemnly. If he discovers a new kind of fountain pen or safety razor, Hugo Stinnes grows excited.

His egotism is no less satisfying than his juvenility and his love of toys. He will confess to a representative of the *Action française* that he is the richest man in the world, that he owns all Germany, that he will soon be the possessor of Austria, if not of Hungary. "They can't get along without me," he remarks, with tragic gravity, adding reflectively, "neither can England." He produces a huge bank roll, inviting inspection of its size, restoring it to his pocket with the proud revelation: "all mine!" When he passes a newspaper office he remarks that it is all his. When he walks into a huge hotel he proclaims that it all belongs to him. He is not in the least arrogant about it. He exhibits his wealth in the spirit of a bibliophile showing his first editions. There are moments when Hugo Stinnes seems sorry

to be so very rich; but as a rule he endures the fact with fortitude.

Stinnes takes peculiar pleasure in confiding the size of his fortune to itinerant journalists in Berlin so that the details may be telegraphed around the world for the edification of the ambitious. "Let me see," he chatters in his artless way, "I own fifteen coal mines, ten potash fields and twenty-two hotels. Have you got that down?" He sees that the visiting journalist has got it down. "Mention my sixty-five newspapers. I own twelve printing offices and six textile mills." Stinnes is convinced that he is worth two hundred and fifty million dollars, not counting the immense interests he will develop in Russia when he gets around to that proposition. He wants everybody to know about it.

The marvel of it to the *Neue Freie Presse*—the great Vienna daily which politely disowns Stinnes as a proprietor—is the readiness of the French and British in swallowing Stinnes. Despite the fact that his name is not to be found in German biographical works of reference prior to the war, he is held up, even in the *London Times*, as the terror of field marshals and princes in the fatherland for years back, as a more important personality than Thyssen or Ballin. Clerical organs like the *Germania*, discovering Stinnes only lately, make him the scapegoat for Belgium, and the Socialist *Freiheit* says he caused the deportation of laborers from that country after robbing factories there of their machinery. Stinnes, thus, is made out in more than one European newspaper to be

a common thief operating on an unusually large scale. The truth seems to be that Stinnes, who, in spite of his "wealth," is at times pressed for funds, wanted to get up a manufacturing concern in Frankfort. He "requisitioned" Belgian looms freely with the permission of the military governor. He issued stock against the security thus afforded him.

This vast fortune of his, then, grows through the simple process of printing more stock on presses he has borrowed. It is his method of gratifying his passion for the revivification of old machinery. He stole quantities of it in Belgium and at once "capitalized" it. His claim to be the owner of so many German newspapers is, to the Vienna organ, sheer impudence, altho it is a fact that he absorbed a large share of the capital stock of the *Veritas* concern, which does the printing for important German periodicals. He does seem to own outright the *Abend Zeitung* (Munich) and the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*—known as the *Deutsche*. The other newspapers ascribed to him reveal a tendency to disclaim and disown Stinnes. When the matter is pressed home, it leaks out that the periodical in question owes a printer's bill and that Stinnes is a stockholder in the printing office and that the stock is water. His title to forest areas, to motor car factories and to dockyards rests upon the same foundation. He is a theoretical billionaire, says the *Freiheit*, a potential plutocrat.

This, as the *Tribuna* in Rome remarks, makes Stinnes all the more wonderful. He believes firmly in himself; the Italian organ says, and in the somewhat reactionary political ideas he espouses as a member of the People's Party in the Reichstag. He quarrels with Stresemann, the pugnacious leader of that political group. Stinnes wants the ancient territorial aristocracy of Prussia to go down, to give way to men like himself, to share the fate of the refugees from Russia who get shabby in Paris and London as they wait for better days. Stresemann thinks this sheer folly. "I tell you!" Stinnes roars, according to the Socialist dailies already named, "I am as good as any Junker of them all." He shakes a forefinger in Stresemann's face. "I got no help from anybody on earth and

I am worth millions—do you hear? Millions!" Stinnes is not through by any means. He strides up and down the room, his black and hawk-like eyes flashing, his black beard bristling, his very conspicuous nose reddening. "That Bernstorff!" (Stinnes is off on another tack, says the Socialist organ.) "See what he did for us in America—lost us the war. Yet what airs he gives himself. I could buy him up and never miss the money." This, our authority informs us, is a characteristic extract from the soul of Stinnes. All talk of aristocrats sets him afire. He remembers how they have treated his people, the Jews, in Germany. The only heroes to him are the men who began with nothing and are to-day worth millions.

Stinnes, for all his talk, did not begin with nothing. In fact, to follow the *Tribuna*, he belongs to an eminent Jewish family long in commerce. He received aid from his people after graduating from a technical school and he went into business for himself twenty-five years ago. "He likes to forget it." He certainly does not look his fifty years. Despite a tendency to run to stomach he has a well set up frame, an erect bearing, splendid health. He attires himself in black sack suits and wears a plain black string necktie, respectably secured below a white collar. His one ornament is the watch chain across the vest, for he carries no stick. If he encounters a friend on the sidewalk, Stinnes takes off his big black derby hat and waves it at arm's length. When he is in a hurry he runs through the streets of Berlin like a boy. He has motor cars but he does not care for riding. One of his recreations is the spinning of coins on table tops. He whistles softly when in deep thought and when he is happy he dances a solitary two-step, clapping his hands.

A genial creature, Stinnes displays irascibility only when the size of his fortune is disputed. It is a sensitive spot in a nature otherwise quite tough. He could not forgive an English journalist who hinted at the speculative nature of the securities in which that fortune consists. Stinnes loves his enterprizes as a mother loves her child, the Italian organ suspects, and even the Vienna daily which will not acknowledge him as proprietor concedes that his opera-

tions are financially important. Stinnes has one clinching argument. He takes doubters to his hotel and feasts them royally. "Eat what you like. The place is mine." When the conviviality is at its height he tells the story of his life, and a dramatic way he has with it, concedes even the unfriendly *Indépendance belge*, the Brussels organ which remembers him with horror. Stinnes contrasts his own career with that of Prince von Bülow, to the disadvantage of the latter. Ah! he says, if Emperor William had but known enough to draw around him men like Stinnes. If Erzberger had but been in jail long ago, where he belongs! So runs the impressionistic conversation, Stinnes conceding, perhaps, that Helfferich knows a thing or two and that Dernburg means well. The trouble is that these men, like the chancellors and the chiefs of staff, would not listen. Stinnes reveals that he tried to see these men in their old days of glory. They turned him from their doors. "Now look at me—worth millions!"

At last the meal is over and the plutocrat bids his guest farewell, murmuring, as if to himself: "millions!—why, I'm worth billions!" If a lingering doubt remains in the skeptical journalistic mind, Stinnes will recite a long list of assets, for no man ever so loved to talk about his affairs or to read of them in the newspapers. Ballin! He was a thrifty poor Richard compared with Stinnes. Thyssen—all right for that shabby reign of weak little Wilhelm. No wonder, says our contemporary, if Stinnes employs the cleverest press agents in Europe to stagger the human mind with impressions of the new Monte Cristo, the latest Croesus. He must be styled, it seems, the coal king and the potash prince and the mining magnate and the industrial imperialist and whatever else can be put alliteratively to stun the allies. Nor must mankind be permitted to forget that Stinnes is a self-made man. His ambition is to play in the new German republic the part of the Paris Rothschild under Napoleon III or that of Bleichroeder under Bismarck or that of Baring in the London of Queen Victoria.

The secret of the success of Stinnes in his many industrial ventures, the *Gaulois* explains, resides in his intuitive perception

of the real capacity of any man he meets. Stinnes himself knows nothing about anything—not even about coal, his specialty. He makes it his business to ascertain who happens to be the ablest man in any line he wants to exploit. He seeks out that man. He makes him a brilliant offer. Thus has the financier gathered about him a number of choice spirits, all experts in their respective fields. Even this method of exploitation, we are assured, is not original with Stinnes. It has been adopted by others, his predecessors in this peculiar field. Stinnes is without originality. He has no ideas. He can not frame into words his own political principles. He must refer inquirers to the men who think politically for him. Naturally, he hates Socialism, Bolshevism, conservatism, monarchism—everything but capitalism, sneers the *Freiheit*. Temperamentally he is genial, easy to get along with, explosive, endowed with an impish humor, boyish even.

The most human side of Stinnes is apparently domestic. He spends hours in the company of his children, or rather with the youngest. He married a charming young Frankfort girl years ago and it is said that unlike some of the industrial magnates who moved about Emperor William he has involved himself with no actresses and got into no scandals. He takes his little girl to the Berlin "zoo," pausing now and then to shed a tear with her over the lion that had to be slain during the war because food was so scarce. He has no literary interests, outside of the publishing house he "owns," and he spends nothing upon personal extravagances. His apartments in Berlin are not luxurious, altho he owns the hotel he lives in, while his country place outside of Berlin is an ordinary cottage with a garden. He buys no pictures or statues. If he cared for such things, according to one of the Socialist dailies, he would organize a company, water the stock, hire a genius whose aptitudes were for cornering art, and insist that he had grown richer by millions. Notabilities visiting Berlin are sought out by Stinnes in these days of his importance and seldom does one of them escape a confidential talk in the course of which occurs the familiar refrain: "They can't get along without me—I'm worth millions!"

"THE CHARM SCHOOL"—A COMEDY OF GOOD INTENTIONS

IN what promises to be the most brilliant theatrical season in many years, it seems certain that "The Charm School," by Alice Duer Miller plus Robert Milton, will have a prominent and permanent place. It is a comedy based upon a story by Mrs. Miller which appeared in a popular magazine a year or more ago and, as the critic of the New York *Globe* observes, it contains an idea that would seem altogether too ingenious and fragile to trust in the hands of the theater. A personable young man, Austin Bevans by name (a part very capably taken by Sam Hardy), inherits from a deceased aunt a fashionable school for girls in the neighborhood of New York. He has original ideas along the lines of educational reform, especially as applied to young women, and one of his ideas is that they should primarily be taught to be charming. The possibilities for spoiling such a situation with horse-play and sentimentality seem enormous, but by good fortune the play-making-and-producing has fallen into the hands of a man, Milton, who proves to be not only an appreciative, adroit, tender-hearted dramatizer, but also a skilful and ingenious director and—a final and very necessary miracle—his own manager.

The rising curtain discloses the combination dining and living room of Austin Bevans, an automobile salesman, and four other young men (David MacKenzie, a law student; George Boyd, an expert accountant; and Jim and Tim Simpkins, twins, who toil not and have never seriously considered spinning), on the top floor of an old-fashioned New York house. The five young men are airing their ambitions and disappointments, at the close of the business day.

AUSTIN: Gee, isn't the world rottenly arranged?

GEORGE: I should say it is.

DAVID: Ay—

AUSTIN: By the time I'm an old man, I shall probably have all the money I want, and I'd gladly sell the last twenty years of my life for a good income at this very moment.

DAVID: Austin, George has lost his job. (GEORGE glares at him.)

GEORGE (pointing at Jim): And the Twins' allowance is stopped.

AUSTIN: Trying to cheer me up?

GEORGE: Austin, I wanted to ask you, What's the matter with all of us? Here we are, young—

JIM: And beautiful.

GEORGE: Why can't any of us get along?

AUSTIN: Don't you know?

GEORGE: No.

AUSTIN: Because we're young, George, and the world is run by old people. Damn 'em, I sometimes wish there wasn't any one alive over sixty.

TIM: Ha! Sixty! You're liberal.

JIM: I offer one perfectly good father to the general massacre.

AUSTIN: It's a conspiracy of old age to keep us down. In the first place we're educated all wrong—that's part of the game—they keep us from starting to earn our living as late as they possibly can. Then they advise us all wrong and as soon as we show any particular ability along any line they rush in and make us do something entirely different. Just look at me. Here's George, he wanted to be a violinist, and what is he—an account-



HER CHARMING IDEA MAKES A CHARMING PLAY

Alice Duer Miller's short story has been translated to the stage as an initial hit of the season.

ant. David wanted to be a farmer and he's studying law. I don't know what you want, Twins—

TIM and JIM: *We want to marry an heiress.*

AUSTIN: I guess it would take two of you to do it. Well, see what happens. Your father cuts your allowance, so that you have to buy cheap ties like that one of Jim's, which no heiress would tolerate for an instant.

JIM: It's a very smart tie—

AUSTIN: It's a rotten tie, Jim. And here I am waiting to be a teacher.

GEORGE: A teacher!

AUSTIN: And what am I? An automobile salesman.

DAVID: Now, do you think you'd have made a good teacher, Austin?

AUSTIN: I know damn well I would. Why, David, education is the most interesting subject in the world—and there's more fake about it than about anything else. All you need to do is to think naturally about it. Now, what are the two most important things to us all? I'll tell you—earning a living and falling in love. Does education teach us either of these? No.

JIM: Do you think you need to be educated to fall in love?

AUSTIN: You have to be educated to fall in love right—to say nothing of needing education to make yourself attractive. And as for girls—as for the education of girls—that's the most interesting subject of all. What we all want is that girls should be educated to be charming.

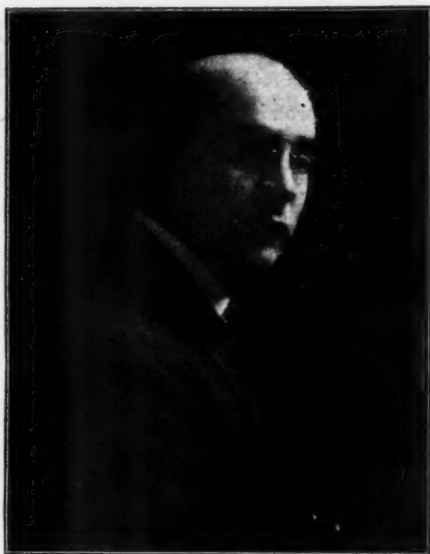
During this colloquy, Austin receives a letter from one Homer Johns, an attorney, informing him that his aunt has died and left him her school, consisting of seven acres of land and buildings capable of housing fifty pupils, with teaching staff and servants. It, however, is heavily mortgaged to Johns, whose niece, Elise Benedotti, attends the school, and who presently arrives to discuss the situation with Austin. He tries to dissuade Austin from the idea of taking personal charge of the school, on the ground that he is too good-looking and inexperienced. Finally he agrees not to foreclose the mortgage and to leave his niece in the school on two conditions.

AUSTIN: Good—what are they?

JOHNS: First, that no one falls in love with you.

AUSTIN: I guarantee that absolutely.

GEORGE: I don't see how you can guarantee a thing like that.



DRAMATIST, DIRECTOR AND MANAGER
ALL IN ONE

"The Charm School" was a failure in reality, but Robert Milton has made it a success on the stage.

JIM: Speaking for myself, that would be impossible.

JOHNS: Remember that if any one falls in love with you I shall foreclose.

AUSTIN: That won't happen. This is my one great chance. If any one of the girls did fall in love with me, it would ruin the school. You bet your life I won't let that happen. What's your other condition?

JOHNS: That you retain Miss Hays as second in command.

AUSTIN: Oh, I don't know about that.

JOHNS: What do you mean? What objection have you to Miss Hays? You have to have some woman there. I suppose even you will admit that.

AUSTIN: Yes. I must have a woman in charge. But I'm not sure that she would be the best.

JOHNS: What have you got against Miss Hays?

AUSTIN: She's not a relative of yours, is she?

JOHNS: She's—she's a sort of connection by marriage.

AUSTIN: Well, I understand that she has been divorced.

JOHNS: Well, what if she has? Are you going to hold it against a woman if she was once silly enough to let herself be teased into marrying a damned bad tempered cuss that no one could get along with?



FOUR OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE CHARM SCHOOL"

Margaret Dale, Minnie Dupree, Sam Hardy and Rapley Holmes combine in giving to the new comedy at the Bijou an irresistible appeal.

AUSTIN: You knew her husband?

JOHNS: I know a lot about him.

AUSTIN: And you think it was all his fault?

JOHNS: Yes, I do—(A slight pause)—Almost all.

AUSTIN: The question is, would that have a good influence on my girls?

GEORGE: Your girls! (Suddenly chuckling.)

JOHNS: I think it might have a very good influence on her.

AUSTIN: On her?

JOHNS: To have a male boss for a few months.

AUSTIN: A few months?

JOHNS: You don't suppose you are going to last longer than the end of the term, do you?

AUSTIN: Mr. Johns, I expect to live and die as the successful principal of the Fairview School for Girls!

The second act discloses the school assembled to receive the new principal. The girls are in revolt at the prospect of having a man at the head of the institution

and have so informed Miss Hays, the acting principal, who in turn has told Austin of their disaffection. Then the handsome young man is presented to the senior class composed of Elise Benedotti, its president; Sally, George Boyd's sister; Alix, Muriel, Ethel, Lillian, Madge, Charlotte and Dotsie. Also present is Miss Curtis (Minnie Dupree), the elderly little secretary of the school.

MISS HAYS: Girls. Girls.

GIRLS: Yes, Miss Hays.

MISS HAYS: This is Mr. Bevans! (THE GIRLS give various cries.)

SALLY: Ye gods!

ALIX: Oh, la la! (There is a chorus of exclamations. ELISE throughout the scene stands silently devouring AUSTIN with her eyes. He weakens.)

AUSTIN: Don't you think for the present, Miss Hays, it would be better if you dealt with this sort of thing?

MISS HAYS: No. This is essentially a problem for the head of the school. It is not easy to be the head of a school, Mr. Bevans. *(She moves toward the staircase.)*

AUSTIN: Oh, but you're not going to leave me, are you?

MISS HAYS: I'm sure you are quite competent to deal with your own problems in your own way. *(She goes upstairs smiling. THE GIRLS move toward AUSTIN as tho entranced.)*

AUSTIN: Now, young ladies.

GIRLS: Yes, sir.

AUSTIN: What was it you wished to say? You are all leaving, is that it? Come here—

ETHEL: Me-e?

AUSTIN: What do I call them?

MISS CURTIS: I call them by their first name

AUSTIN: What's that one's name?

MISS CURTIS: Muriel Doughty.

AUSTIN: Come here, Muriel. Why are you leaving?

MURIEL: Leaving! Oh, I did intend to leave, but I've decided to stay.

AUSTIN *(very serious)*: Why did you change your mind?

MURIEL: Oh, I didn't think I was being perfectly truthful with my parents in not letting them know that—that the school was not being perfectly well managed; but I didn't think of my duty to my school—my school at which I have been so many years, and which has taught me all I know—

SALLY: Not such a heap after all, Muriel.

AUSTIN *(to SALLY—taps on the desk)*: Just a moment, young lady.

MURIEL *(to SALLY)*: I do believe in being loyal. *(To AUSTIN)* And so—so I have decided to stay. Loyalty is so important. *(AUSTIN motions her away.)*

AUSTIN: And this young lady?

MISS CURTIS: Ah, this is Alix.

AUSTIN: Are you leaving?

ALIX: Yes sir! No sir! I am, I was, I had—

MISS CURTIS: Parlez le Francais, Alix.

ALIX: Enfin oui, monsieur le professeur, il est vrai j'avais l'intention de quitter l'école mais appe's yavoip re'fle chi, bien clo me j'ai change d'avi. Bien zut. *(AUSTIN doesn't understand a word.)*

MISS CURTIS: Of course, you understand French, Mr. Bevans?

AUSTIN: Was that French?

SALLY: Sit down, Alix, he doesn't get you.

MISS CURTIS: This is Sally Boyd.

AUSTIN: George Boyd's sister; you are leaving us, too, Sally?

SALLY: Well, Mr. Bevans, I did think it was everyone's duty to keep in good physical health. I have been brought up by my parents to believe that.

AUSTIN: You look as if you had acted on your belief, Sally.

SALLY: And when I found I wasn't getting enough to support life, I thought it was my duty to go home. But on thinking it over—*(She stops.)*

AUSTIN: Yes, on thinking it over?

SALLY: I see, Mr. Bevans, that the mind is more important than the body, and that, if my mind is fed, I shall be quite content here.

AUSTIN: Your mind needs to be fed, Sally—forcibly fed. *(Motions her away. SALLY goes to piano.)* And this young lady?

MISS CURTIS: This is Ethel—

ETHEL *(Simping and ready to cry—for effect—wringing her hands)*: Oh, I—I thought I couldn't stay. I loved your dear aunt so much—that when—she died—But now I see that the best way of paying a tribute to her dear memory is to stay on and do the best I can for the school.

MISS CURTIS: Oh, Mr. Bevans, isn't that a beautiful thought?

AUSTIN: There is great power of invention in the senior class, Miss Curtis.

MISS CURTIS: Oh, I know you don't mean it, but you are giving the girls the impression that you don't believe what they say. Shall I dismiss them to their study now?

AUSTIN: No, I want to say a word to them first. Young ladies—

GIRLS: Yes, sir!

AUSTIN: Let me give you a piece of advice that you will find very useful in future life. When you want people to believe anything that isn't true. *(GIRLS—smother—"Oh")* don't be too terribly sincere about it; and, above all, don't be so infernally glib. Every one of you ought to take a course in listening to an office boy trying to get away to a baseball game. There's a look of almost divine innocence that comes over his face—it's been on everyone of your faces for the last ten minutes.

MURIEL: Mr. Bevans, I hope you don't mean that you don't believe us?

AUSTIN: Muriel, thank heavens, I have some common sense, and I know quite well that there isn't a word of truth—not one—in all you have been saying.

MURIEL: Oh, Mr. Bevans!

AUSTIN: Muriel, I don't know what you've really been up to—why you wanted to go—or why you mean to stay. But it's all right. You're going to stay.

Headed by Elise, the girls grow more and more infatuated with the new principal. Meanwhile he has made David, George, Jim and Tim instructors in the school, to the great satisfaction of the girls. In the course of a fortnight, how-



THEY ALL FALL IN LOVE WITH THE PRINCIPAL OF THEIR SCHOOL

But before doing so, the senior class president, Elise Benedotti (Marie Carroll), led her fair classmates in a revolt against the masculine invasion of the Fairview School for Girls.

ever, Austin learns that one of the instructors has violated his orders by taking one of the girls to the movies. He is lecturing them:

JIM: I can explain it, Austin.

AUSTIN: Explain it then.

JIM: Well, I feel that the movies are one of the great modern methods of education, and when I found one of my pupils had never been to the movies—

GEORGE: Oh, go on! Where would you find a girl nowadays that hadn't been to the movies?

AUSTIN: George—

JIM: I thought it was my duty to have her go.

TIM: Same here. I didn't think a clever girl like Sally ought to grow up—

JIM: Sally! Was Sally the girl you took to the movies?

GEORGE: What! Did she tell you she'd never been? (*Laughs.*) Pretty good! She's been going regularly ever since she was born.

AUSTIN: I should think you fellows could see that it isn't square to me. It's so cheap to behave like that. That's just what everyone would say would happen. Turn five men loose in a girl's school and they'd all be making love to the pupils.

JIM and TIM: Yes; but, Austin—

AUSTIN: Oh, I know you did not mean any harm, but that sort of thing must not happen. And by heaven it sha'n't.

Elise, with whom George is hopelessly in love, has secured Austin's permission to write him a letter daily in order, as she ingeniously argues, to improve her composition and spelling. This brings about an unexpected complication:

MISS CURTIS: Excuse me for interrupting, Mr. Bevans. This is Elsie's letter.

AUSTIN: Put it on the desk, please.

MISS CURTIS: Her daily letter. She's so punctual about it, dear child. Every morn-

ing at nine it's always, "Will you give this to Mr. Bevans, Miss Curtis?" She never misses.

AUSTIN: That will be all, Miss Curtis. (*She exits.*)

GEORGE: No personal communication with your pupils, oh, oh, no!

AUSTIN: This is an exercise in English composition.

DAVID: Yes, I can tell from her history papers that her writing, spelling and punctuation are very defective.

GEORGE: Are they indeed? Well, I never found them so. I think her letters are perfect. Only she hardly ever writes to me, but to you she writes every day—every day—at nine o'clock.

AUSTIN: George, you don't mean you doubt my word when I tell you that this letter is merely an English exercise?

GEORGE: Of course I doubt it.

AUSTIN: Read it, Dave. (*DAVID starts to read it to himself.*)

AUSTIN: Read it aloud.

DAVID: Now, George, you'll be sorry for what you said. (*Reading*): "Dear Mr. Bevans: Did you see the moon last night?"

GEORGE: Huh!

DAVID: "It came out suddenly from a black cloud with silver edges." Now that's prettily put.

GEORGE: Yer-r—

DAVID (*reading*): "And it must have shown in at your window. I watched it a very long time, and hoped that you were not missing such a very lovely sight."

AUSTIN: She uses "very" too much.

DAVID (*reading*): "You can't imagine how my love of poetry has increased in the last few weeks. We are reading Shelley now, and some of his lines ring in my head day and night. 'I never thought before my death to see youth's vision thus made perfect.'"

GEORGE: Gu!

DAVID: "I say that over and over to myself. Respectfully yours, Elise."

GEORGE: *Elise!*

DAVID: Now, I call that a very good letter—tho she should not spell "hoped" with two p's.

AUSTIN: Make a note of it, will you?

GEORGE: Why, it's a love letter!

DAVID: Why, man, you're crazy. There isn't a word of love in it.

GEORGE: There is, there is, too. Don't you see when she says "Youth's vision made perfect" she means Austin?

AUSTIN: Me? Why, George, don't be absurd.

GEORGE: And what about the moon, too—

MISS CURTIS (*re-entering*): Oh, excuse me for interrupting you again, Mr. Bevans, but

Professor McKenzie's course in constitutional history has been waiting fifteen minutes, and they're getting so impatient.

DAVID: I'd better be going, Austin.

MISS CURTIS: And Professor Boyd's class in bookkeeping— (*GEORGE glares at AUSTIN, then goes out after DAVID.*)

Questioned by Austin as to where George conducts his class in bookkeeping, Miss Curtis informs him "in my little office" and "one girl at a time for ten minutes." Whereupon Austin dispatches her to find him and "tell him to finish the hour here." Elise enters. Austin reproves her for thus seeking him alone, against his command.

ELISE: But, Mr. Bevans, I want to speak to you about my letter.

AUSTIN: Your letter?

ELISE: Didn't you receive my letter this morning?

AUSTIN: Oh, yes, I believe I did.

ELISE: Perhaps you put it in your pocket.

AUSTIN: Oh, perhaps I did. (*Goes through all but his breast pocket, and at last reluctantly takes the letter out and reads it.* ELISE watches him out of the corner of her eye.)

ELISE: You see, I spelled a word wrong. Oh, Mr. Bevans—Don't you think that is a wonderful line? "I never thought before my death to see youth's vision thus made perfect."

AUSTIN: It's all right now, Elise, run along.

ELISE: Do you mind very much if I sit here? (*Sits on the sofa, AUSTIN stands reading the letter.*)

ELISE: Do you suppose that's the way everybody feels when they fall in love?

AUSTIN: Go to your class.

ELISE: Just one moment, Mr. Bevans. Don't you think Shelley is a wonderful poet?

AUSTIN: Leave this room.

ELISE: Just a moment—just a moment, please.

AUSTIN: Elise, you must go.

ELISE: Well, you can't exactly put me out, can you?

AUSTIN: Why can't I? I will, too, if you don't go yourself.

ELISE: Well, I'm not going myself, am I?

AUSTIN: All right, then. (*Puts his hands on her shoulders to shove her out when the door opens quickly, pushing ELISE into AUSTIN's arms. He catches her to save her from falling. GEORGE hurries in and sees ELISE in AUSTIN's arms. Stands glaring at them.*)

AUSTIN (*unconsciously still keeps his arms about ELISE, not holding her to him, but his arms are rather awkwardly outstretched*): What, what do you mean by coming into a room like that?

GEORGE: I'm very sorry; but, of course, I thought you were alone.

AUSTIN: Why the deuce should you think I was alone?

GEORGE: Because, because you said—because, because, I understood—because it's against the rules to see pupils alone—

AUSTIN: You don't seem to understand that you nearly knocked this young lady down—bursting open the door like that.

ELISE: Oh, I didn't mind what happened.

George, in a *tete-a-tete* with Elise a few minutes later, jealously declares that Austin Bevans is in love with her. Whereupon:

ELISE: Oh, George, what makes you think so?

GEORGE: I don't think, I know. If you'd seen his face just now when you were in his arms—

ELISE: Oh, I wasn't in his arms, George. It was because you opened the door so roughly.

GEORGE: The point is, he liked it, he loved it.

ELISE: Are you sure?

GEORGE: Of course I'm sure. I've known Austin a long time. I tell you he's in love with you—wildly in love. That's why he makes you write to him every day.

ELISE: Oh, no, George, that's to improve my handwriting.

GEORGE: That's what he tells you, darling; but it's really because he's in love with you. Why, you should have seen his face light up when Miss Curtis brought in your letter this morning.

ELISE: Did it, George, did it light up?

GEORGE: Yes, it did. He ought to be ashamed of himself. Why, he's practically engaged to Susie Rolles.

ELISE: Practically engaged—what kind of an engagement do you call that?

GEORGE: Well, I heard him tell your uncle that the only reason he took the school was to make enough money to get married. He's all wrapped up in her.

ELISE: But how can he be all wrapped up in her, George, if he's in love with me?

GEORGE: What do you mean—he's in love with you?

ELISE: You said he was.

GEORGE: I mean he was wrapped up in her and he would be still if you'd let him alone.

ELISE: Let him alone! Why, George! You don't think I'd do anything—

GEORGE: Oh, no, no, dear, I didn't mean that. I know you are too timid to give him the least encouragement. But, if you wouldn't stir him up.

ELISE: *Stir him up?*

GEORGE: If you'd just avoid him for a little while.

ELISE: Oh, I might do just one thing and then the other, first stir him up and then avoid him. That sometimes works wonderfully.

GEORGE: No, no, dear. Just avoid him, just avoid him. Then he'd forget you.

ELISE (*laughs*): That's what I do with you—and look at the result. You never give me back a balance sheet without writing "I Love You" all over it.

Miss Hays, the assistant principal, has grown more and more hostile to the masculine invasion of the Fairview School and, secretly exulting, informs Austin one day that two of the laundresses have left.

AUSTIN: Is that all? I thought it was something serious.

MISS HAYS: You may find it so when you try to replace them.

AUSTIN: I try to replace them. Surely that is *your* part of the work, Miss Hays.

MISS HAYS: No, Mr. Bevans. It was my part when the girls wore the sort of simple plain dress that could be easily washed. But these costumes that you allow them to wear—no laundress could do the work, and I, for one, shall not ask them to.

AUSTIN: You don't approve of the new clothes?

MISS HAYS: I think they are the most absurd furbelows I ever saw.

AUSTIN: Now, I'm sorry you feel like that, Miss Hays, because I was just going to speak to you on the subject of clothes. You know I don't approve of the tailor-made as an ideal for women. And admirable and practical as your dresses are—

MISS HAYS: Are you criticizing my clothes, Mr. Bevans?

AUSTIN (*embarrassed but brave*): Not as clothes, Miss Hays, but as clothes for the head teacher of the Charm School. If you would introduce a little softness—a little—

MISS HAYS: Well, I will not. Do you expect me to imitate these ridiculous flowered garments that poor Miss Curtis has adopted?

AUSTIN: Miss Curtis' dresses show at least a desire to meet my views.

MISS HAYS: I cannot show what I haven't got. I don't wish to meet your views. I think you are ruining this school.

AUSTIN: Ruining it? Why, you're quite wrong. I'll make a great success of it. Look at the waiting list. My aunt never had a waiting list like that. The parents are satisfied, and the girls are certainly satisfied. And look at the improvement in them—in their

appearance, in their manners, in their voices, in their dress—do you deny that?

MISS HAYS: No, I don't deny that some of your ideas are good, and have proved more practical than I expected.

AUSTIN: What do you object to, then?

MISS HAYS: To you, to you and these other boys. Do you know how easy it is to kill a school? One breath of scandal—

AUSTIN (*shocked*): Of scandal?

MISS HAYS: What parents call scandal. I dare say you don't know half of what is going on in the school. Do you know that those twins—Simpkins, what is their name?—send Sally flowers every day! That George Boyd follows Elise about like a little dog? That every girl in school is taking snapshots of you—and that a good photograph of you can command any price—

AUSTIN: I'll confiscate every kodak in the school. It will be forbidden to take a picture.

MISS HAYS: It's too late—they all have them on their dressing tables in silver frames.

Finally Elise passionately declares her love to Austin, who tries vainly to calm her. She draws from him the admission that he is not "exactly" engaged to marry anybody, but that she is behaving absurdly. As a climax the girl disappears from the school, merely leaving word that she has gone to stay with an old nurse of her family in a city some fifty miles distant. It is night. Austin motors after her, finds her and is bringing her back when his engine goes "dead." He hires a horse and buggy and during their all-night drive back to the Charm School she is curious to know why they had not stayed at a hotel. "Was it that you didn't think it was a good hotel, Mr. Bevans?" she asks.

AUSTIN: Excellent, Elise—the kind all your friends stay at.

ELISE: They do? Then I must say I don't see why you didn't.

AUSTIN: Because, my dear child, hotels—respectable hotels—don't take in stray couples without luggage, especially if they are not married.

ELISE: But why not, Mr. Bevans?

AUSTIN: Because—because—they think they ought to stay at home.

ELISE: But, Mr. Bevans, stray couples are just the people who need to be taken in most.

AUSTIN: Are they indeed?

ELISE: Couples like us, I mean. Do you mean to say a hotel would turn us away just because we're not married?

AUSTIN: Yes, I do.

ELISE: Oh, Mr. Bevans, I think that's cruel. I think the law ought to compel a hotel to take people in.

AUSTIN: Well, it doesn't.

ELISE: But in our case, Mr. Bevans, it would have been all right, because, don't you remember, the hotel man thought we were married? He said: "Wouldn't your wife like a cup of tea?"

AUSTIN: I didn't hear him.

ELISE: I hate tea, but I took it, because he had made such a beautiful mistake.

AUSTIN: A very stupid mistake.

ELISE: Mr. Bevans, don't you think there's going to be a thunder storm.

AUSTIN: Why?

ELISE: It seems to me as if there is a funny feeling—like electricity in the air.

GEORGE: Elise, I must speak seriously to you.

ELISE: I love it—when you speak seriously.

AUSTIN: You make a great mistake to go about talking to men as you do to me. You are safe with me, of course, but another man might misunderstand you—

ELISE: But I wouldn't talk to any other man as I talk to you.

AUSTIN: I hope not.

ELISE: I wouldn't.

AUSTIN: You might.

ELISE: No, no.

AUSTIN: I'm not a conventional man—in my ideas about the position of women; but I assure you reserve is a charm in a woman—if she waits for the man to make the first advances—

ELISE: But suppose she does wait and he doesn't make them?

AUSTIN: Then she ought to wait a little longer. It's all right as far as you and I are concerned. I'm the head of your school and you are a mere child, and I understand it all perfectly; but as you grow older and meet older men and learn how to talk to them, you will see that it is much more charming— (*He stops as she falls asleep on his shoulder. The storm breaks. He gives her the laprobe to wrap around her. She won't wake up, so that he has to wrap her up and drive at the same time. She isn't really asleep at all.*)

As a result of this escapade, Homer Johns is summoned to the school and in the final scene dismisses Austin in favor of Miss Hays, who, it transpires, is his divorced wife. He offers Austin a high-salaried position in a corporation in which he is a large stockholder, the offer being inspired by Elise. Austin is kissing Elise as the curtain falls.

ARE THE MOVIES A MENACE OR A BOON TO MANKIND?

SOMETHING always seems to be radically wrong with the movies, but just what it is the critics apparently are unable to agree upon. Walter Prichard Eaton raises a cry, in the *North American Review*, over the fact that the invasion of Broadway by the film magnates seeking to control the production of spoken dramas is fraught with grave menace to dramatic art. On the other hand, Jesse L. Lasky, the motion picture producer mentioned most prominently in the indictment, maintains that "the screen can borrow very little from the stage" because, "altho we hear a great deal about the high ideals of our drama, as a whole its standards are too low for the motion picture to accept." Mr. Eaton views with apprehension the purchase of the theatrical business of the late Charles Frohman, which includes control of the Empire Theater, by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. He reminds us that Frohman always reserved the Empire stage for his most accomplished actors—Drew, Gillette, Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams—and asks, "what will become of those high dramatic standards when the new standard of ultimate fitness for movie production begins to operate at its full?" For, of course, "as soon as a movie producer begins to select plays for the spoken stage, he will choose, as between two claimants, the one which seems to him the better adapted for subsequent use on the screen." In support of his apprehension, the writer points to the fact that a movie company financed the production of Eugene O'Neill's grim naturalistic tragedy, "Beyond the Horizon," and Arnold Bennett's "Sacred and Profane Love." Furthermore, "a movie company has publicly announced that it will back any producer who wishes to put on a play, provided it seems to them a play ultimately adaptable to the screen." What will be the effect?

"Any thoughtful person who has attended a half-dozen ordinary motion picture programs knows the fatal restrictions of the medium, knows the complete absence from the average drama of intellectual body and balance, the complete absence, in fact, of everything which

makes the spoken drama, at its best, so noble a thing, except the quick emotional appeal which can be roused by physical action, by pantomime and the expression of the human face—in short, by those elements of drama which can be photographed. Since a profound weakness of our native drama has always been its dependence on physical action, and it has only in comparatively recent years been painfully winning its way to higher things, the imposition upon it of motion-picture standards is most decidedly a step backward, even if all screen dramas strove for the utmost advance in artistic suggestion of which they are capable. Alas, however, very few of them do this. The vast majority are content with the trite, the obvious, the trashy and lurid, with slapstick farce and ridiculous melodrama; they are false to life, turgid, sentimental, the twentieth century substitute for dime novels and rickel shockers. When once our theaters begin to produce dramas not with an eye single to dramatic effectiveness but rather to subsequent screen popularity, the serious dramatist, the ambitious actor, the artist in stagecraft, will be out of a job."

This is what Gilbert K. Chesterton characterizes, in the *Illustrated London News*, as "the careless cant of idealism." Mr. Chesterton would by no means give the motion picture a clean bill of health, but he hands down a much broader indictment against "the whole of our modern mechanical and urban civilization composed of people who cannot enjoy themselves." That is, he goes on to say, they cannot amuse themselves, just as they do not govern themselves, because they are not free men and do not own themselves. They have to enjoy something that does not come from themselves but from a class of men richer or more cunning or more scientific than themselves. So in the decline of Rome the semi-servile rabble cried to the Emperor for circuses as well as for bread. Men will not be truly free, argues Chesterton, so long as they depend even on the most magic machine for the emotion of seeing other people falling off precipices or rescuing brides from burning houses. Freedom will mean a citizen's interest in his own wife, in his own hearth, or his own house on fire; and a free man will fall off his own private precipice.

This English critic is of the paradoxical opinion that only inferior romances should be filmed, as a matter of moral benefit, because "certain stories of a rowdy or romantic sort will be well exhibited, and will do good; while others, of a subtle and intellectual sort, will be badly exhibited and will do harm." A healthy murder story, a fine farcical burglary, a chase full of antics and surprises, even a drama of detection, if it depend on dramatic exits and entrances, are, in his opinion, the things that this form of art can really do artistically.

"As for the people who say that murder stories incite to murder, one is tempted merely to the reckless reply that their criticisms of

murder stories really might. But it will be enough for most of us to know that the temptations to crime are in life and not in literature or any other art; and, if a man does not steal because he is too poor to afford food, he will hardly do it merely because he is sufficiently rich to afford cinemas. We also know that any attempt to exclude murder stories would not be an attack on the lowest literature but on the highest literature. 'Hamlet' is a murder story; 'Macbeth' and 'Othello' are murder stories. Dante deals with murderers, as well as with all the other crimes that are and are not printed in the police news. In the Bible the story of mankind begins with a murder, and ends with the most awful of all possible murders. . . . Lord knows from what lunatic asylums our laws may come nowadays; but this would appear to be sufficiently absurd even for its own absurd object of preventing a child from becoming an assassin. I do not know what else the object of arbitrary cinema censorship could be, unless it were to prevent mankind from discovering the existence of death."

Meanwhile the spokesman in defense of the movies, Jesse L. Lasky, boldly asserts in the *North American Review*, that it is because the motion picture has filled a place that the stage cannot fill that the drama is dying, while the motion picture is growing greater. Perhaps, he admits, the film is a menace to the drama; but "it is the sort of menace the drama needs. It will make the speaking stage clean up; it will make it impossible for Number 4 companies to get two dollars a seat in Keokuk; it will kill the profit in the road companies that played Broadway failures in one-night stands and got away with the money because nobody knew how bad the show was until after it had gone."

Meanwhile there seem to be more important things happening in the film industry than most theatrical managers and dramatic critics imagine. William A. Johnston, editor of *Motion Picture News*, is quoted in the *New York Globe* as saying that eighty per cent of the thirteen thousand motion picture theaters in this country are in a bad way because "the producers and distributors of good films are asking too high a rental from the small houses and getting too little from the big ones. They are letting the 'first run' houses have films at much less than these large and prosperous theaters can afford to pay. This is



Photo by Paul Thompson

A NEW DRAMATIC DIVINITY

Ida Rubinstein is a young Russian actress who has risen to great heights on the Paris stage. Sarah Bernhardt passes on to her the title "divine" long held by herself.

partly because the producers are so anxious to establish the reputation of their films by exhibition in these leading theaters that they will take much less than

the film ought to bring. I even know of a case in which a producer tried to bribe a manager to let his production into a 'first run' house."

THE "DIVINE SARAH" YIELDS HER MANTLE TO THE "DIVINE IDA"

WITH a generosity characteristic of herself but rarely encountered in stageland, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, writing in *Courrier d'Etats-Unis*, nominates a young Russian actress, Ida Rubinstein, as her successor on the European stage and surrenders to her her own familiar title "the divine." Recounting their somewhat recent meeting through the offices of a mutual friend, Mme. Bernhardt writes enthusiastically of the new "divinity" that "her love of art, her sincerity, her independence and her inflexible purpose to attain the ends she had set for herself completely conquered me. I gave her some friendly advice, based on my long experience, which she took in good part and utilized, yet without abating in any way her own personality." Shortly afterward, at a gala representation of "La Nuit de Mai," Mlle. Rubinstein spoke the part of The Muse and achieved a triumph. Her bearing is described by Mme. Bernhardt as ethereal, aglow with feeling. She there and then prepared the Paris public for an admirable translation of "Antony and Cleopatra" now in her repertoire and in which she appears with De

Max as Antony. Mme. Bernhardt writes:

"This young artist has not been intoxicated by her success. She has promised herself to give the Parisians other artistic fêtes, for one thing which the public ought to know and remember is that all these sumptuous spectacles are a gift of this young woman, who conse-



Photo by Paul Thompson

MLLE. RUBINSTEIN AS CLEOPATRA

Paris has been captivated by the charm of this new star of magnitude, who made her debut with De Max in "Antony and Cleopatra."

crates her fortune to a quest of the beautiful. Isn't it refreshing in this age of lucre to see a young artist spend her wealth (however little it may be) for the sole purpose of offering the public real masterpieces—masterpieces presented by artists of the first rank, in an incomparable atmosphere of art—and then for only five or six performances?

"While Paris was adopting the Russian artist she was working indomitably to eliminate her Russian accent. When she appeared in 'Helen of Sparta' I remember Edmond Rostand, who took supper with me, saying: 'My wife and I have just come from the first performance of "Helen of Sparta." Ida Rubinstein was amazing. She has almost lost her accent. You are right; she would be an adorable Mélisande in "La Princesse Lointaine."' That was in 1912. After 'Helen of Sparta' Ida Rubinstein created the 'Salomé' of Oscar

Wilde. Then, in 1913, she created the 'Pisanelle' of her great admirer, d'Annunzio. All these rôles were prodigiously successful. But the young woman still labored to overcome the last roughnesses of an accent now become almost imperceptible."

It was her creation of Scheherazade at the Opera that evoked the admiration of Gabriele d'Annunzio and caused him to write for her his "Saint Sebastian." To see her, records Mme. Bernhardt, mount her Calvary under the weight of an imaginary cross is a noble as well as most painful spectacle. In this play, "Ida Rubinstein is, as the poet had foreseen in creating the part for her, youth in its purest form, aureoled by a mystic faith, implacable, as everything is which is beautiful, great and true."

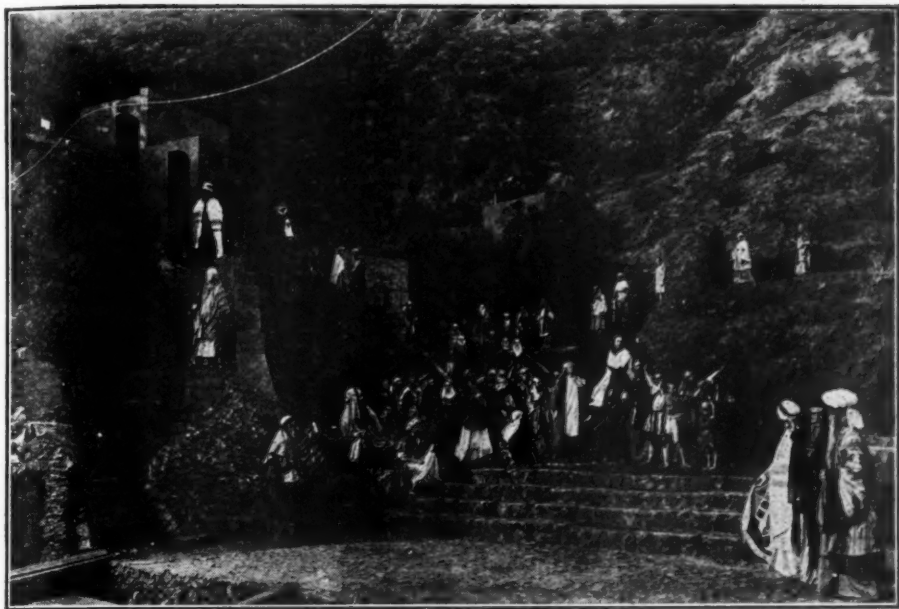
THE HIGHER THE MUSIC THE LOWER THE TAXES OF A COUNTRY

A COMPETENT symphony orchestra and an opera house maintained at public expense in every big city and little town—in other words, the municipalization of music—would result in reducing taxes very materially and in raising the moral standard of the youth of the Anglo-Saxon world. So, at least, maintains G. Bernard Shaw, who, in the *London Morning Post*, is reported as saying that "if young men have music and pictures to interest them, to engage and satisfy many of their impulses, and to enliven their days, they will not go to the low pleasures of the streets; they will have an alternative and will be too fastidious to do so. If the tendency is in the direction of a state of barbarism and Philistinism, then the profit will go to the people who exploit the vices of the streets. That is one of the things too seldom mentioned in this country. Vice leads to drunkenness and degradation of character, and it is not only a loss to the community but it contributes materially to the keeping up of the rates. If that is explained in detail, I think even the most parsimonious payers of rates would be persuaded that in the long run it would make the towns healthier and better and keep the rates lower if they have an

abundant and a generous provision for art."

Commenting on which, the *New York Times* declares that "the happy thoughts of Bernard Shaw would perhaps be more persuasive if he could forbear the attempt to show us that they must result in the saving of sundry pounds, shillings and pence." At the same time, we are reminded, the critical period in determining character is not middle age, but adolescence and the decade following it. That, according to all statistics, is the period during which vicious and criminal habits are mainly formed. Few go hopelessly wrong after thirty. And it is almost equally manifest, tho exact statistics are lacking, that very few achieve the love of beauty in any of its expressions after the self-same period. The *Times* adds, editorially:

"The impulses that result in vice and crime have often much in common with those that find expression in music and drama. This was once a paradox, but modern psychology gives it abundant proof. Both are expressions of the vital impulse in revolt from the humdrum routine life. The young folk who thrill to the passions of Romeo and Juliet, the heroics of the 'Nibelungen Lied,' will be less likely to be beguiled by the lures of the streets, the exploits of the juvenile gangster. And, vice and



CHRIST'S ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM AS SHOWN IN THE NEW NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE PLAY

In the hills of Hollywood, near Los Angeles, California, during the last ten weeks has been presented what is called the National Pilgrimage Play, which, says the *Los Angeles Times*, is to be made an annual event and which ministers of many denominations believe will be greater than the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The committee of direction is headed by Bishop Rhinelander, of Pennsylvania; and other members are George Arliss, Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, Edward Bok, Clayton Hamilton, Rev. Dr. Edward Yates Hill, Bishop Joseph H. Johnson, of Los Angeles, Miss Violet Oakley and Mrs. W. Yorke Stevenson. Mrs. Otis Skinner is the treasurer. The play, we read, is a dramatic presentation of a literal transcription of the Gospel. The Oberammergau play presents only the last week of Christ's life, whereas this one presents the whole story of His life and contains every word He spoke on earth as preserved in the Bible. It has fourteen scenes, divided into a prolog, two acts and an epilog. The prophecy of Christ's coming, Herod's fear and proclamation, the angel-heralded nativity and the coming of the Wise Men are presented in the prolog. The first act depicts the baptism of Christ by John the Baptist, His temptation and teachings, the transfiguration, miracles and episodes in His life, including those with Lazarus and Mary Magdalene. The second act includes the entrance into Jerusalem, the Last Supper, Gethsemane and the trial before Pilate, the epilog showing the death, resurrection and ascension. There are no "stars" in the cast.

crime being thus summarily eliminated, is it not obvious that the tax-rate would be lowered?

"Unfortunately, not all of those who accept the worse are capable of the better part; and there are some whose humanity is so capacious that they can accommodate art and vice in the same earthly vessel. Life is seldom as simple as the economy of the Socialists. Beneath Mr. Shaw's extravagance, however, there is a great truth—and one which is by no means as novel as it appears in his statement. Settlement house and recreation center, with their

music, drama, and dancing, college athletics, and all the myriad forms of the outdoor movement, are founded upon it. After centuries of Puritanism the world is realizing that the worst thing for the morals of the young is to suppress their vital impulses; that the best thing is to give them a normal, wholesome and, if possible, a beautiful expression. This gleam of sanity was the inspiration of the war-camp recreation movement, and it resulted in a vast moral betterment—and doubtless in no little economic gain."

WHEN IT IS BETTER TO MUDDLE THROUGH THAN TO BE EFFICIENT

NO other misconception of the nature of man's nervous system is so egregious as that which leads to so much censure of what is called "muddling through." The critics who condemn administrators for muddling through do not understand the nature of efficiency. There are certain things that must necessarily be done with the highest efficiency. These things are often merely automatic processes. Other things are muddled through because of human individuality, and individuality is the most important single endowment of man. For example, newborn mammals usually execute the first few respiratory movements in essentially the same way, using essentially the same motor nerves and muscles as adults. The first swallowing movements are also biologically adequate, resulting in the entrance of food into the stomach. There are features of this type of movements, declares Professor F. H. Pike, the eminent physiologist of Columbia University, in *The Scientific Monthly*, which are worthy of remark. The first is their high degree of efficiency. In the higher organisms the movements of respiration go on for hour after hour, year after year, always keeping oxygen in the blood and removing carbon dioxide from it as long as life lasts. Few mistakes are made.

"The young necturus or the young fish soon leaves the confines of home and shifts for itself. Since its reactions are essentially the same as those of an older fish or an older mud puppy, it catches its food and seeks shelter in the way of all its tribe. And if the young fish does make a mistake, there are plenty more from the same home or other similar homes to make up for the ones that fall into error. Learning, while possible in many of these forms, does not fundamentally change their general behavior. Reactions of this type possess the merit of that form of efficiency which always gets things done in the same unchanging way, and which results from a high degree of organization."

When we compare the movements of respiration and swallowing with the movements of the hand, certain deficiencies of the former type may be brought out. The

child can not use its hands in early life with as great precision as it can swallow or breathe. Long periods of instruction and some years of growth are required before it can acquire facility in writing or brick-laying or in using a typewriter or a piano. Probably the time never comes when it can do any of these things with as few mistakes as it makes in breathing or swallowing. But while these reactions must be learned, and never become as efficient as breathing or swallowing, they offer an avenue of escape from the monotony of the life of the fish and the mud puppy, or the mere occupations of breathing and swallowing. A profound student of the nervous system, Hughlings Jackson, called attention to the fact that the nervous mechanisms for the control of the movements of the hand are not as highly organized as the mechanism for the control of swallowing and respiration, and arise later in the course of organic evolution; and he remarked that, if all parts of the nervous system were as highly organized as the mechanism for the control of respiration, there would be little hope of the acquisition of new attainments.

The acquisition of new attainments is the possibility that separates man from his inferiors in the order of animated nature. The horses of our time seem to have acquired no attainments unknown to the horses of the age of Augustus. Neither has the beaver nor the ant. They are just where they always were, altho no doubt they all reveal the highest efficiency in such things as they can achieve. Here is indicated a truth that ought to be pondered deeply by those who are insisting that the great hope of humanity resides in a higher degree of organization and efficiency:

"Nature did not stop with the production of highly efficient nervous systems, but went on to other higher types. And, disconcerting as the discovery may be to the apostles of a high degree of organization, there is scarcely any fact in nature better established than the fact that the evolution of the higher forms has led to the production of a nervous system some of whose mechanisms are not as highly organized

as are those of lower animals, but which permit of new attainments by the method of 'muddling through' to proficiency if proficiency is ever attained. Man's nervous system permits of muddling through to proficiency in more directions and in more reactions than that of any

other animal. And since it is the common observation of many that not all men can muddle through to equal proficiency in all directions, but that one man can do some things better than he can others, we have the existence of those variations which constitute individuality."

COMEDY OF THE KING PENGUIN'S EGG

A LITTLE king penguin chick was hatched out from an egg in the Edinburgh gardens last October and at last accounts was doing as well as could be expected. The record of this egg, according to Doctor T. H. Gillespie, writing in London *Nature*, is unique. It is the first authenticated instance of the king penguin breeding outside those islands of the Antarctic seas on which it has its home. The experience gained in this affair sustains the view that the breeding of the king penguin is a series of tragedies to the egg. The king penguin, like its near relative, the emperor penguin, makes no nest. It carries the single egg on its feet, where it is held in place and covered for warmth and protection by a fold of the skin and feathers of the abdomen, which, being furnished with a constricting muscle, grips the egg tightly. The brooding penguin can not only travel about with the egg in position but even scratch its head with one foot while holding the egg securely. Both sexes share in the work of incubation. The parental instinct is very strong not only in mated but in unattached birds as well.

The floor of the enclosure at the Edinburgh garden consists of shelving rock. To reduce the risk of breaking the egg, a large bed of sand was laid down. When the first egg appeared, the group consisted of five birds. There was an obvious conflict of desire on the part of the male and female for possession of the egg, and either this or the presenee of the other birds was the cause of the breaking of the egg after about two weeks. The next incident was again disappointing for while an egg was laid it disappeared and no trace of it could be detected. Some six weeks later a female was discovered to have an egg:

"The other three birds were at once removed from the enclosure so that they should not

interfere, and for two days all went well, the male bird taking the egg at night and the hen during the day. On the third day, however, the calling of one of the other birds—the third of the three originally imported—seemed to disturb the male, and he left his wife, refused to have anything more to do with the egg, and spent the day (and probably the night) in calling to the third bird and trying to get to it. After some days, as the female seemed to be suffering from the unrelieved care of the egg, and neither bird would feed, it was decided to put the third bird back. When this was done they all settled down together, and the male resumed his share in the labor, the third bird usually standing near."

The time during which each bird had the egg varied from a day to a week or more. The female when she had the egg always remained in the same place, where she made a slight hollow in the sand, but when the male had it he occasionally went for a walk round the enclosure, shuffling along with the egg on his feet. He even descended from one ledge of rock to another by turning round and working himself down backwards—a performance which led to several narrow escapes for the egg. As the period of incubation elapsed the result was awaited with some anxiety and it was in no small degree gratifying to find that the egg was chipped and the chick inside alive. Not until two days later was this chick clear of the shell. The chick when hatched was comparatively small and the skin was bare; but in a few days it had grown considerably. The young bird, like the egg, is kept between the feet of the parent and covered by the fold of skin. It is fed at frequent intervals with half digested fish disgorged by the parent. The chick places its head in the parent's mouth and takes the food from the gullet. No other feathered creature known to man is so interesting in its family life.

IS THE PRESENT IDEA OF THE CELL TOO ELUSIVE?

A GOOD many years have elapsed since the cell theory was clearly formulated for the first time. It was rather a doctrine than a theory, observes Doctor J. Arthur Thomson, the distinguished authority on heredity, for it stated the induction that all living creatures are built up of cells and modifications of cells. Every ordinary multicellular creature, from sponge to man, from the sea-wrack to the cedar of Lebanon, usually begins its individual life as a single cell—a fertilized egg-cell, which divides and re-divides to form an embryo, which grows and differentiates to form a body. Many a cell, we now find, is joined by living bridges to its neighbors. Many a cell has no precise boundary. Many a cell, like one of our red corpuscles, has, when fully formed, no demonstrable nucleus, but only, at the most, diffuse nuclear dust. Professor J. Arthur Thomson proceeds in *The New Statesman* (London):

"We learned in our youth that the Protozoa are 'single cells,' but many of them are microscopic bundles of intricate minutiae, and we feel sure that Prof. Clifford Dobell, one of the leaders in modern protistology, is right when he insists that they are to be regarded as non-cellular creatures, on a line of evolution different in idea from that of all multicellular animals. We also learned that egg-cells are single cells, but while this is true in a way, it is apt to lead to a false idea. For the egg-cell has a complexity beyond imagining; it is the heir of the ages; it is an implicit organism; it is an intricate inheritance; it is a creature telescoped down into a phase of being which we find it difficult to understand."

Another modern change is that we no longer find it easy to think of the multicellular organism as a colony or as a regiment of cells. It has become clearer in recent years that the cellular structure is in part a device for the better working of that division of labor which the intricacy of vital processes demands:

"There is some truth, of course, in the colony idea, for we recall, for instance, that with the exception of threadworms and lancelets, all multicellular animals, from sponge to man,

have a bodyguard of wandering amoeboid cells (the phagocytes) which move actively from one part of the body to another, now serving as sappers and miners, and again as reconstructors, and again as engulfers of intruding microbes. There are many other instances of body-cells that retain a certain independence or autonomy. In some pathological processes, indeed, certain cells become anarchic and work the destruction of the organism to which they belong. But we have, at any rate, need to supplement the old colony idea with that of an organism whose specific living substance segregates for practical purposes into cells."

Another change is that the modern picture of the cell has become extraordinarily complex. The old image of a little drop of living matter with a kernel and sometimes with an enclosing wall has become obsolete.

"We have to think of a more or less unified area of great chemical heterogeneity, a variety of colloidal protein substances suspended in a fluid along with other materials of less complexity which are in part the reserve-products and the waste-products of living. In the center of this whirlpool, with its diverse flotsam, there floats the nucleus, a little world in itself. Inside its membrane, through which materials are ever permeating out and in, there are the readily stainable chromosomes, usually definite in number for each species. Beside these, there is often a nucleolus, or there may be two or more nucleoli, and these are frequently of different kinds, for one nucleolus may be a 'karyosome' of chromatin, and another a 'plasmosome' of plastin; and bathing the chromosomes and the nucleoli there is a complex nuclear sap or karyolymph. But this is not nearly all. Outside the nucleus in the cell-substance or cytoplasm there are in many cells definitely formed granules or rods (mitochondria) which appear to have to do with the formation of particular protoplasmic products, and besides these there are the strands or rods of the 'Golgi apparatus' which is a very frequent, if not a general constituent of cells. Of the significance of 'Golgi's apparatus' we know almost nothing, and the same must be said of the 'chromidia' which occur in many cells and are regarded by some authorities as migrations of chromatin from the nucleus, attempts, as it were, to colonize the cell-substance. This at least we are safe in saying, that the life of the cell depends in great part

on give and take between the kernel and the cell-substance, the nucleus and the cytoplasm. In some cells the volumetric ratio between nucleus and cytoplasm appears to be of great vital importance, and there are some cytologists who declare that the division of the cell is conditioned by strained relations between the two."

Another modern change of fundamental importance affords a glimpse into the in-

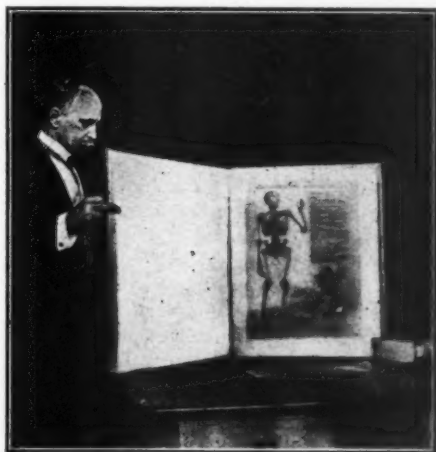
creasing precision of contemporary work. In some cases it is possible to tell from visible peculiarities in the chromosomes of a fertilized egg whether it would have developed into a male or a female. Far from the cell being the biological unit, as so many of us were taught, it begins to look as if the unit were an inconceivably smaller thing. It is all a part of the riddle of the determination of sex.

THE CURSE OF BIG WORDS IN SCIENCE

A NUMBER of years ago it occurred to the engineers of the world that a reform was essential in the vocabulary of electrification. That was before the world grew so familiar with "ohms" and "amperes" and "watts," to give but a few of the terms defined and fixed. The simplification of terms has led to prodigious advances not only in efficiency but in the initiation of technical reforms. The example set by the electricians was not followed in other departments of science, and this fact was lamented by the late Sir William Osler.* One of his latest utterances took the form of a protest against the current literature of many special fields in science. There is a curse of big words in science, he affirmed more than once, and the curse is exemplified in the failure to spread the new knowledge. There is reason to believe that the vocabulary of science in some fields acts as a curtain over the truth. The laity are the worst sufferers. Half the time it is impossible to get an idea of what a new discovery means because it is conveyed in a language that has little resemblance to any modern tongue, altho it is supposed to be English.

Men of science, affirmed Osler, pay homage, as do no others, to the god of words. Turn the pages of a dictionary of chemical terms and the layman meets in close-set columns countless names unknown a decade ago. These strange terms are unknown not only to the layman but to the specialist in another field unless he happens to be familiar with Greek. The terms by themselves are as meaningless as the

Arabic jargon in such medieval collections as the "Synonyma," altho the poor layman mistakes such words for real knowledge. The process of mitosis alone has developed not only a special literature but a special language. Dealing not alone with the problems of heredity and sex but with the very dynamics of life, the mitotic complex is much more than a simple physiological process, and in the action or interaction of physical forces the cytologist hopes to find the key to the secret of life itself. What a Grecian he has become! Listen to this account, urges Osler, which Aristotle would understand much better than most of us:



SICK OF THE SESQUIPEDALIAN

Sir William Osler eschewed whatever in the vocabulary suggested the portentous and ponderous, imploring his pupils to abbreviate not only the number but the length of their parts of speech.

*The Old Humanities and the New Science. By Sir William Osler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The karyogranulomes, not the idiogranulomes or microsomenstratum in the protoplasm of the spermatogonia, unite into the idiospherosome, acrosoma of Lenhossék, a protean phase, as the idiospherosome differentiates into an idiocryptosome and an idio-calyptosome, both surrounded by the idiosphærotheca, the archoplasmic vesicle; but the idioectosome disappears in the metamorphosis of the spermatid into a sphere, the idiophtharosome. The separation of the calyptosome from the cryptosome antedates the transformation of the idiosphærotheca into the spermio-calyptrotheca."

Here is another instance, which has the merit, to Sir William Osler at least, of dealing with a more practical subject:

"In our precious cabbage-patches the holometabolous insecta are the hosts of parasitic polyembryonic hymenoptera, upon the prevalence of which rests the psychic and somatic stamina of our fellow countrymen; for the larvæ of *Pieris brassica*, vulgarly cabbage butterfly, are parasitised by the *Apanteles glomeratus*, which in turn has a hyperparasite, the *Mesochorus pallidus*. It is tragic to think that the fate of a plant, the dietetic and pharmaceutical virtues of which have been so extolled by Cato, and upon which two of my Plinian colleagues of uncertain date, Chrysippus and Dieuches, wrote monographs—it fills one with terror to think that a crop so dear to Hodge (*et veris cymata*! the Brussels sprouts of Columella) should depend on the deposition in the ovum of the *Pieris* of another polyembryonic egg. The cytoplasm or oöplasm of this forms a trophoamnion."

MODERN BIOLOGY AS THE ENEMY OF DEMOCRACY

THE rising imperialism of our time is a system of aristocracy based upon the teachings of August Weismann, the famed German who protested that acquired characters could not be inherited. It was a biological statement of the familiar aristocratic proverb that "blood will tell." A general acceptance of Weismann's theory of heredity has led biology from the democratic conception of life to the aristocratic one. If a man is not well born, there is no hope for him. Galton lent aid to the idea by his well known ideas on the subject of heredity. It is easy to infer from all this that mankind must be ruled by superior persons.

The facts in the case, according to Doctor Robert H. Lowie, in the New York *Freeman*, are by no means established, whatever be the assumptions. Many biologists, he says, make a shibboleth of the denial of the inheritance of acquired traits, as tho such inheritance were not merely improbable and unproved but veritably a contradiction of all laws of thought.

"Applied to the human species, Weismann's theory means that the effects of special training are *nil* so far as any initial advantage of later generations is concerned. 'From a bad stock

can come only bad offspring, and if a member of such stock is, owing to special training and education, an exception to his family, his offspring will still be born with the old taint.' Hence follows the demand for checking the increase of inferior stocks and promoting the multiplication of good stocks. Thus legislation affecting the weal and woe of thousands may be the direct outcome of Weismann's views. But this theory is, after all, built on probability rather than on certainty.

"Though Weismann's historic importance for both biology and sociology lies in his attack on the Lamarckian principle, the salient features of his mental make-up appear more clearly in that conception of heredity and variability, with which his scepticism was indissolubly linked. To unfold that intricate scheme is impossible within the limits of a single article. Suffice it to say that, consistently with his rejection of the transmission of inherited characters, Weismann assumes that the germ-cells are radically distinct from the remainder of the body. The body does not produce the 'germ-plasm,' it is the germ-cells that produce the body and produce other germ-cells."

When the fertilized egg prepares for the creation of a new organism, a certain part of its germ plasm is not used up in the process of individual development because it is segregated from the start to form the germ plasm of the new individual.

When one of these cells in turn becomes active in reproduction the resulting individual must resemble his parent because both are merely products of the different parts of the same original plasm. Weismann peopled the germinal substance with a throng of living units far beyond the power of the strongest microscopes. The smallest of these minute particles are grouped together into determinants, which are not, indeed, miniature replicas of the corresponding parts of the adult organism, yet definitely determine them. As physicists have explained the facts of the universe by a dance of atoms, Weismann and since his time biologists in general came to conceive variability as the consequence of competition among his minute molecular messmates. In contemplating Weismann's scheme one is tempted to say: "It's pretty, but is it science?" There are capital points absolutely crushing all opposition as far as they go:

"Yet it would be going too far to assert that Weismann has given a rigid demonstration establishing the impossibility of the transmission of individual experience to later generations. What he may fairly be credited with having accomplished is to rule out definitely a vast number of cases for which the Lamarckian factors had lightly been assumed. By so doing he whetted the critical sense of students and raised the standards of evidence exacted for the reality of these principles. In consequence the majority of living biologists reject as inadequate all the proofs hitherto adduced for the inheritance of acquired characters. But this position should not degenerate into an attitude of dogmatic scepticism. When the pupa of certain butterflies is subjected to abnormal cold the adult displays unusual coloration that often reappears in the descendants, tho these are raised under normal temperature. With his customary resourcefulness Weismann explains the phenomenon in consonance with his general theory. This is not inheritance of the acquired coloring, he contends; the cold has not produced a primary effect on the body of the pupa, which was reflected on the germ-cells and led to a corresponding change in the offspring, but the cold simultaneously affected both the pupa and the germ-substance embedded in it. This, we must admit, is a very neat dialectic thrust, but it is not a proof. How does Weismann *know* that the germ-cells have been directly affected by the abnormal cold? What can be legitimately conceded

is the possibility of squaring the facts with his system; but that is very different from saying that his theory has been definitely established for all cases, to the exclusion of all rival assumptions."

Now, it has become a commonplace that the most abstruse researches may be a sudden twist acquire an eminently practical bearing. The actuary of an insurance company bases his computations on the calculus of probability. The X-ray specialist avails himself of a physicist's discovery made without thought of useful application. An up-to-date farmer is dependent upon chemistry:

"Notable as such influences on life have been, they appear even in their totality almost trivial as compared with the influences, real and potential, exerted since half a century ago by the course of biological thinking. The applications of physics and chemistry have indeed assuaged suffering and added enormously to human comfort. But they have not revolutionized the world-view of the educated laity after the manner of Darwin's doctrine, nor do they imply a complete abandonment of old ethical conceptions and novel schemes for the rearrangement of society as radical as Plato's, such as were hatched or at least prefigured by Darwin's successors. Two of these stand pre-eminent in their influence on modern sociological theory—Weismann and Galton. It may be safely asserted that the whole of neo-aristocratic philosophy, so far as it has not a purely temperamental basis, rests on the pillars of Weismann's and Galton's views on heredity and of Galton's conception of individual variability. Not that the 'scientific' neo-aristocrat has founded his principles on an objective study of biological facts. Quite the contrary. His biologizing is an afterthought, a 'rationalization,' as the Freudians would say, by which he seeks to justify personal predilection and prejudice."

Science has been influenced unwittingly by the temperament of the men who have taken her cause in the spirit of the pioneer without realizing the need for detachment. Science knows nothing of social position. Men of science are just like the rest of us—subject to prejudices of which they may be unaware. They twist the pioneer discoveries into arguments. Such has been the fate of the theory with which the name of Weissman is connected—it is a bulwark of reaction.

SURGICAL MYSTERIES OF THE GREAT SINGER'S THROAT

WHENEVER a great singer experiences an accident affecting the vocal cords, there is a mystery in connection with it. There is a general impression in the inner circles of art and surgery that an authentic tale of any affair involving the vocal pathology of a great singer is unobtainable. For instance, is it true that Patti's tonsils were removed? There is a wealth of positive statement to the effect that they were removed. One of her physicians said so. Another eminent authority on vocal pathology, Doctor Richard B. Faulkner, got a written statement from Patti to the effect that one half of her right tonsil had been removed. She did not know whether the other one had been touched. The reluctance of great singers to enter into details on such a point is explained by Doctor Frank E. Miller "as due to a dread that if any weakness were disclosed it would injure their careers. Then artists have a fear that an examination

might be made for the purpose of enabling the management to get rid of them."*

The fact of the visit to the specialist is concealed very often. The question of surgical interference is, consequently, the most delicate the voice physician, the vocal pathologist, has to decide. The great singer is often the supreme victim of the alleged discovery of new methods and operations in the region of the throat:

"Take, for example, the matter of tonsils. Recent research, with its wonderful enrichment of our knowledge of vocal mechanism, has set an obdurate face against what our ablest investigators have branded as the 'startling onslaught upon the tonsils.' Tonsils be it understood, include the faucial pair, and the pharyngeal tonsils generally called adenoids. Adenoids are not, as commonly stated, pathological; they are as much a part of the normal structure as are the teeth and eyes. . . .

"Yet the swollen condition that marks the normal functioning of the adenoid is sometimes mistaken for unnatural enlargement, and treated accordingly by the crassly ignorant, with results always disastrous, too often fatal. To quote Dr. R. B. Faulkner, the recognized authority on the subject, operations for the removal of adenoids have been followed by 'the most appalling list of accidents in the history of surgery.' Normal faucial tonsils, no less than the pharyngeal, are necessary anatomical presences. They lubricate the adjoining muscles and offer mechanical compensation and invaluable support to phonation in modifying and balancing the three supra-laryngeal cavities. The tonsils also act as safety-valves for undue secretions developed by the digestive tract. Are such sentinels of the vocal penetralia, such acoustic agents, to be removed without due consideration?"

Every change in the passage through which the voice travels occasions a corresponding change in the quality of the voice—a most important truth pointed out by Alexander Graham Bell. One instance of many which may be cited is that of a child with a permanent monotone, due to an operation for tonsillotomy in which the surgeon, disconcerted by the effect of the ether given, cut off the entire posterior



THE VOCAL LABYRINTH

The singer's voice is affected by any modification of the cords upon which he has to depend for his effects and these cords must harmonize with the melody of the strings in a violin.

*Vocal Art-Science. By Frank E. Miller, M.D. New York: G. Schirmer.

pillar. In time the patient recovered a fair speaking voice but without phonetic values, the voice being confined to a single pitch. This episode emphasizes the fact that tonsillotomy—calling for the master's hand—is often entrusted to a journeyman

and the result is the ruin of a vocal career. The great singer has heard of such catastrophes not only to the obscure singer but to the most renowned, and that causes the whole profession to involve in deeper mystery the thing that is its supreme terror.

THE INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY OF CRIMINALS

A PREVALENT error makes it appear that the difference between the average individual and the average criminal is a difference unfavorable to the criminal. The truth, declares Professor Carl Murchison, the eminent educator and psychologist, is otherwise. On the basis of the facts, he declares, as reported in *School and Society*, one might even be justified in assuming that the same characteristics making for worldly success in business or professional life also make for success in crime.

"It is not lack of intelligence that makes one a criminal; neither is it a possession of intelligence that causes one to become a college student. The most intelligent college man I have ever tested is now in the Illinois state prison serving a sentence for forgery. Here at Miami and at Ohio State University students have been registered during the past year having an intelligence far below the average of the five thousand criminals I have examined. Too often there has been pictured for our information the poor degraded felon, sullenly crouching in his iron cage grinding his ill-formed teeth with his deformed jaws, glaring out from his close-set eyes, while his poor brain attempts in vain to perform its function within the close confines of the low receding forehead."

On the basis of the so-called alpha intelligence test—a scale offering a range of 0 to 212—the median intelligence of the white members of the recent American army, including officers, was 62. According to the same scale, the 3,328 white criminals professor Murchison has tested also have a median intelligence grade of 62. In other words:

"If the American army was fairly representative of the intelligence of the American people, and there is no reason to suppose otherwise, the inmates of our penitentiaries are equally representative quantitatively of that same intelligence.

"Using the same scale or its equivalent, the median intelligence of the negroes in the American army is expressed as 23. The 582 male negro criminals that I have examined have a median intelligence grade of 25. That is, the negroes in the various prisons are a more intelligent group than the negroes outside the prisons.

"It has been found here at Miami and at Ohio State that college women measure about six points lower on the average than college men do. That should hold true for white women in general. In other words, the white women of the country should have a median intelligence of approximately 56. The 104 white women that I examined in the Marysville prison had a median intelligence grade of 35, or 21 points below the average for women.

"If the same difference in males and females holds in the case of negroes, we should expect negro women to have a median intelligence grade of about 20. The 40 negro women that I examined in the Marysville prison had a median intelligence grade of 30, or 10 points above the average for negro women in general."

Many other facts of this kind could be cited in support of the view that, whatever the difference between the honest man and the criminal, it is a difference reflecting credit upon the intellect of the male criminal, speaking generally. The explanation is simple enough if we look at the individual rather than at the masses of men. If a man of excellent ability is working as a day laborer, it matters not if he is earning his living and supporting his family, he will be restless, unhappy and an easy prey for the agents of disturbance. The happy and contented man is he whose behavior is calling into play all the possibilities of his intelligence. A brilliant college man encountered by Professor Murchison had the wonderful psychological rating of 205 but was earning his living as a common sales-

man. If that young man had been talked to concerning the possibilities of his intelligence and had been advised to enter one of the learned professions he would not have embarked upon a career of crime. The intellectually superior criminal may be defined as the type that is derived through

adverse circumstance of all opportunity for the exercise of unusual gifts in a legitimate manner. Until the difficulty indicated here is obviated, there will always be reason to note the intellectual superiority of criminals as a class, whatever individual expectations we may observe.

LEARNING TO FLY

TO A man as to a bird flight appears very difficult to learn in the beginning and very easy when once it is learned, observes Professor Edward P. Warner, an expert among experts. In the process of learning, he writes in *The Yale Review*, the human being has a great advantage over his feathered rival. The bird must launch forth on his own wings. Parents pipe encouragement but they can be of no practical assistance once the bird has left its perch. When a man seeks to qualify as an air pilot his initiation is gained by easy stages. Starting with a vicarious aviation, as a passenger with an experienced pilot, the novice progresses gradually but continuously until the instructor steps aside and lets him fly alone.

"There has been a widespread feeling that there must be something difficult about flying, that aviation is a sport only for supermen possessed of a miraculous agility, that keeping an airplane on a level keel is a feat akin to walking a tight-rope; and this feeling has been one of the greatest obstacles that practical flying has had to face. It is an obstacle which has now been largely overcome, thanks to the missionary work of the many young men who have returned to their homes after having learned to fly and having served as air pilots in the army or navy during the war; but the delusion was deliberately fostered for a long time by many aviators who devoted their time to giving exhibitions at county fairs, and whose very livelihood depended on their ability to convince the public that flying was an accomplishment out of the ordinary, only to be mastered by trick bicycle riders and acrobats.

"Flying was not difficult then, it is still less difficult now. It is far easier to learn to fly (aside from landing), to learn to keep an airplane approximately on an even keel and following a reasonably straight course, than it is to learn to ride a bicycle. Any active man or woman with normal eyesight can learn to fly

well enough to go up alone in a machine, manœuvre it in the air, and bring it safely to the ground with not more than ten hours' instruction."

The pupil's aerial instruction has not been completed by any means when he has gained the ability to take an airplane into the air and land it again without crashing—indeed there is always something new to learn. At the risk of dispelling some illusions, it must be said that straight flying in "good air" entails no fresh sensations and no new emotions, that going up in an airplane does not feel like anything whatever. The chief sensation is one of monotony.

"The plane does not demand nearly such constant vigilance from its pilot as does an automobile from its driver; the roar of the engine, prohibiting conversation, is unceasing and unchanging in its tone; and any interest which may have been excited by flying *per se*, by the mere fact of bidding seeming defiance to the law of gravitation and extending one's movements into a third dimension, soon disappears. Flight, however, is not by any means without its alleviations and special interests.

"But there is no monotony about flying except in still or steadily moving air. When there exists gusts or rising and falling currents, making the air, as aviators say, 'bumpy,' the airplane may be tossed about as a feather or scrap of paper is tossed by the eddying winds of a city street, and the passenger will feel some of the sensations experienced in more violent form when 'stunting'—sensations which to the beginner are vivid and often distinctly uncomfortable. . . .

"During a 'loop,' for example, the ground seems to be rotating about a stationary airplane, disappearing at the rear, coming into sight again overhead, dropping down in front of the nose of the machine, and so finally returning to its normal position. The occupants of the seats feel nothing, during a properly executed loop, except an increase in their

apparent weight and in the pressure against the seats—which is analogous to the feeling of increased weight when a descending elevator is brought suddenly to rest."

Landing is the most difficult thing the pilot has to learn. The novice nearly always misjudges the distance to the ground and either "levels off" too soon, gliding horizontally a few feet above the ground until the airplane's momentum is exhausted, and then dropping with a bump, or he fails to level off at all, hitting the ground while still descending fairly steeply. The first error, unless pushed to an extreme, merely results in a rough and uncomfortable landing, but the second is likely to be disastrous.

The self-centeredness of the occupants of an airplane, their feeling that the airplane is fixed and everything else is moving sometimes leads to danger:

"Another odd thing about flying—speaking not particularly of my personal experience but of that which, I am satisfied, is almost universal—is the absence of any sense of fear in the aviator during flight. He may feel qualms before leaving the ground, but, once in the air, nervousness falls magically away from him,

and the very idea of an accident seems incredible. Even when rushing earthward at the end of the flight—in what seems to be an almost vertical drop but is really very unlikely to be a descent at an angle of more than twenty degrees to the horizontal—he is conscious only of a vaguely detached curiosity as to whether or not the pilot will flatten out before he strikes the ground, which seems to be rushing upwards so rapidly. Grassy meadows and green trees look very soft from above, and it is difficult to imagine being bruised and maimed by contact with them. The earth conceals a hand of steel within a velvet glove—a hand whose hardness is never appreciated until you have been through a crash or seen one at close range—seen how the wood and steel and fabric which formed so trim a structure a few seconds before can be buckled and crushed and torn, piling up into a heterogeneous mass whose outward form does not even remotely suggest an airplane.

"So great is the aviator's feeling of security, so steady and unchangeable does the motion of an airplane seem, that he will have great difficulty in persuading himself that any danger exists or can exist. In automobiling there is nothing like this feeling of security. There is nothing like it in any other mode of high-speed transit that I have ever experienced, and I believe that it is largely responsible for the recklessness to which many pilots sooner or later yield and to which many of them have sacrificed their lives."

THE MISTAKEN IDEA THAT BEES ARE COLOR BLIND

EVERY observer of nature has seen with pleasure how the bees hasten from corolla to corolla, gathering from them either honey or pollen. A certain affinity in the bee for bright flowers first led to the hint that color is a factor in this activity. The subject is of practical importance and out of it has sprung the animated controversy over the capacity of the bee to tell one color from another. The most interesting recent contribution to the topic is that of the renowned Swiss botanist, Professor K. von Frisch, who writes in the *Neue Züricher Zeitung* that present impressions that the bee is color blind have been based upon errors of observation.

When the bees at the bottom of the calyxes pump up the nectar of which they

make their provender, the labor blesses both the insects and the plants. The insects bear the pollen of one flower to the stigma of another flower and make fructification possible. It has hence been conceded for some time that the big petals, like signs outside inn doors, attract the bees from afar by advertising the good things to be had. The booty and the fecundation become more assured than if the flowers were not so flamboyant. In the case of some plants, the transfer of pollen is made by the wind. These plants do not depend upon insects. The fact that such plants have rather small and less conspicuous flowers speaks in favor of the idea that the flashy hue of others is related in some way to the preference of the bees for them.

This idea seemed refuted lately when an expert on the subject of the eye affirmed that insects are totally color blind. Experiments ingeniously conducted persuaded him that certain colors have upon the eyes of insects a chromatic effect altogether different from that exerted upon the normal eye of a human being. Thus red seems to the insect eye like a dark shade, not quite so bright as blue. The effect upon the insect eye accords with what is observed in men known as "color blind." Complete color blindness (or "Daltonism," as they call it in Europe) is rare in man. A color blind person in the true sense sees a landscape very much as a person with a normal eye sees an ordinary photograph. All the objects seem to the color blind person to be gray, the difference in clarity being brought about by varying shades. Certain colors, like red, are seen by the color blind as quite dark. Others, like blue, seem to him to be clear gray. That is why even color blind people possess to a certain extent the ability to distinguish colors. They are not likely to confuse red with blue. They are not so ready to distinguish blue from gray, which are to a color blind eye of equal clarity.

In the bees the color capacity is on the same ocular basis. In time past some observers found that a bee to which they presented honey on red paper, but not on blue, sought out the honey. These observers concluded that the bees have a sense of color. Nevertheless, the bees might have been totally color blind and yet have distinguished between the two papers on the basis of their respective shades. No doubt the facts accumulated on this subject hitherto may be accounted for upon a theory that bees are color blind, but this is not by any means the only explanation possible. It became necessary to ascertain if by other experiments on different lines a precise result could be arrived at regarding the alleged color blindness of the bee.

Professor von Frisch placed on a table in the open air, not far from a hive, a sheet of paper coated with honey. It was soon discovered by the bees. They set about gathering the honey and repaired to the hive to get other bees, whom they seemed actually to invite to the precious feast. They all dis-

burdened themselves at the hive and came back in haste.

He removed the honeyed sheet of paper which afforded the first bait and substituted for it a sheet of blue paper, in the middle of which he placed a tiny shell full of honey or sugared water. At one side he placed a number of sheets of paper of different shades of gray on which he placed shells that were empty. The whole arrangement was like that of a chess board. So that the bees—which have an excellent memory for places—should not get accustomed to looking for the full shell by noting its position, he displaced it on the blue sheet of paper, sometimes putting the blue sheet with the shell in the center of the chess board design, sometimes at the left, again at the right, in front or in the rear. The variations were such that the returning bee never found the blue sheet where it was when he left it. Having nourished the bees for some hours on the blue sheet of paper, Professor von Frisch made his decisive experiment. He took the gray sheets of paper, on which were marked the finest gradations of hue from black to white through the whole series of gray, and arranged them not according to their shades but arbitrarily. Among the lot was a sheet of blue paper. On each sheet of paper he put a watch glass—such a curved crystal as covers the face—exquisitely clean. Not one of these sheets of paper and not one of the watch crystals had been in contact with either honey or bees. Not one, thus, the blue any more than the others could attract the bees by its odor.

If the bees were wholly color blind, they should have seen the blue as a gray of a certain brightness. But of what degree of brightness? The professor did not know. As all the graduated shades of gray were marked in his arrangement, there must have been among them a gray which, to bees wholly color blind, was identical with blue. The bees all rushed at once upon the blue paper and upon the blue paper only, persisting in seeking in the empty shell upon it their accustomed nourishment. Thus did they afford the eminent savant a proof that they saw blue as blue. He adds:

"It would be an error to infer from this that the sense of color in bees is as fully developed

as it is in normal man. Many experiments convince us that they see scarlet red not as a color but as a very deep gray, and they see a certain bluish green as if it were a gray (clear). The eye of the bee distinguishes the other colors very well, but only in two tones which may be designated as blue and as yellow. All we can say now is that the bee sees blue as blue. Violet and reddish purple look blue to the eye of the bee but it sees yellow as yellow. Orange yellow looks yellow to the eye of the bee and so does orange red. Yellowish green is yellow to the bee's eye also. Just how these colors are seen by the eye of the insect we do not know exactly, but they are distinguished as colors."

The idea that the brightness and the hues of the flowers have their effect in determin-

ing the visits of the bees is, therefore, a sound one, whatever the champions of the theory of color blindness in insects may have to say. Botanists have indeed observed that among flowers which depend upon insects for fertilization, scarlet red appears rarely. In certain tropical plants, in which pollination is effected not by bees but by birds, this same scarlet red is very common. We understand this coincidence now. Red in the true sense is not obvious as a color to insects and that is why it is not observed as a "sign" in the plants they visit. Whatever the part played by color in flowers, the secret of their myriad hues baffles us, although the insects afford a clue.

A NEW WEAPON FOR FIGHTING DISEASE

ALL life processes, in the words of a high authority, take place in a colloidal system. The assertion has misled not only the laity, whose ideas of colloids are hazy, but also physicians, who risk experiment with remedies still too new to have been fully tested. Colloidal substances, unless prepared with consummate skill and meticulous accuracy, lack stability and are prone to precipitation when brought into contact with the electrolytes normally present in the body tissues and fluids. Nevertheless, a brilliant future lies before drugs in the colloidal form, and the whole topic has been taken up by Doctor Alfred B. Searle in a new work.*

When Thomas Graham a generation or so ago found that certain solutions would pass through a membrane, he little realized how great a discovery he had made. Neither, for that matter, do the physicians of our day, with a few exceptions realize it. Graham had found a state of matter of which little or nothing was appreciated at the time, altho many industries and life itself are dependent on it. Graham's chief discovery was that substances may enter into solution in such a manner that they exhibit characteristics quite different from those of a true solution. To this inter-

mediate state he gave the name "colloidal," from *kolla*, meaning glue, glue, gelatin and allied substances being most readily recognized by him as being in the colloidal state.

In a colloidal solution—which, not being a true solution, Dr. Searle prefers to term a *sol*—the dispersed substance is able to react in a manner quite different from that ordinarily anticipated. The dispersed or suspended particles are not merely so minute that the effect of gravity on them is counterbalanced by other forces which keep them in suspension (they are often only one-thousandth part of the size of average bacteria), but they are in a state of unordered oscillation, which gives rise to the well-known Brownian movement. They behave in a liquid in a manner very similar to the molecules and atoms of a gas, and are in constant movement, travelling at a high velocity and repeatedly colliding with each other. There is no group of substances which are invariably colloids.

It is comparatively easy to prepare *sols* which will meet the ordinary requirements of the chemical lecturer, but such crude preparations are usually too unstable for medical purposes, or their stabilizing agent or other constituents bring about undesirable complications in the patient. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that the colloids used by physicians should be prepared with special skill and care.

*The Use of Colloids in Health and Disease. By Alfred B. Searle. Foreword by Sir Malcolm Morris. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

THE DELUSION OF THOSE WHO FORGET THE HERTZIAN WAVES

FOR some years past, in fact, since the very beginning of "wireless," some able scientists—notably Popoff in Russia, Tommasine in Switzerland, and Fenyi in Austria—have registered Hertzian waves sent forth by the storms of our atmosphere. These experts used only the most ordinary wireless telegraphy installations. The electrical discharges of our atmosphere are energetic generators of electrical waves. As such waves are perceptible for a considerable distance, they make it possible to announce the existence of a remote storm, at a remote distance, and to learn if the storm is coming or going, is increasing or moderating. The fact has been taken advantage of recently by the meteorologists. Their ideas were much influenced by the discoveries of the eminent Professor Charles Nordmann, whose study of the subject we copy from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Professor Nordmann insists that the sun must be a source of Hertzian waves, which it emits with great intensity, in addition to the familiar heat and light waves. This results from the very nature of the Hertzian waves themselves, he affirms. If the undulating luminous waves act on the retina of the eye in a manner contrary to the others, the fact is but a "physiological accident," to use the words of the late Henri Poincaré. For the physicist, the infra-red differs no more from the red than does the red from the green. It is only the wave length that is greater. The difference is only one of degree.

There is thus no philosophical basis for a physical distinction between a luminous ray and a Hertzian wave emanating from the sun. Observed facts lead irresistibly to the inference that the sun is a gigantic radiator of electrical waves. The atmosphere surrounding the earth's crust is strongly electrified in such a way that the earth is, with reference to the air, negatively charged. Strong electrical discharges are produced in the air each time violent perturbations—cyclones, volcanic eruptions and so on—upset the equilibrium. These discharges tend naturally to restore this disturbed equilibrium, to equalize the

potentials. Such discharges produce intense Hertzian waves.

Photographs of the sun show that its surface is made up of photospheric clouds or faculae of which each has an area greater than that of all France and which are subject to movement so rapid that the aspect of the photographic plate can not remain the same from one minute to another. The most terrific earthly cyclones have a trivial motion in comparison. Correspondingly, the whole lower portion of the solar atmosphere, as the spectro-scope shows, is subject to constant and violent eruption. All these activities of the solar gases must generate electrical discharges similar to those of our storms, but incomparably more intense, and starting from powerful Hertzian waves. The fact that the earth receives Hertzian waves of cosmic origin is in no sense amazing, considering the present state of physics. The amazing thing is that it should be overlooked by those who would have us believe that the earth has been receiving signals from Mars, signals transmitted through the wireless installations over which the too imaginative genius of Marconi presides.

Before ascribing Hertzian signals coming without question from celestial space to an interplanetary conversationist, it would be simpler and easier to give the credit to natural causes. This is what Professor Nordmann essays in his study for the great French periodical. Time enough has now elapsed, he says, to take the merely sensational element out of the subject and to verify his inference by slow and cautious experiment, which has been done. As for the professors at universities who have been telling the credulous that there is the slightest basis for the idea that somebody on another planet has signalled—it is all, he says, part of a system of popularizing false science that can not be too strongly condemned. The French savant scolds the American professors for their blunders about the signals from Mars. They look like fools now, he fears—perhaps they are. Their delusions are born of their forgetfulness regarding the Hertzian waves.

IS FREUDISM DESTINED TO LIVE?

WHATEVER value the thinking world may ultimately set on that method of treating nervous disorders originated by Dr. Sigmund Freud, of Vienna, and known as psychoanalysis, it is indisputable that, at the present time, the Freudian theories are showing extraordinary vitality. Freud has disciples in almost all the European countries, as well as in America. One can hardly pick up a newspaper or a magazine without finding psychoanalytic terms. The "conflicts" from which we all suffer; the "ambivalent" attitude which we feel toward so many people and things; the "suppressed desires" which poison our lives, are becoming subjects of daily conversation. The "consciousness of the unconscious and of the mechanism of compensation for repressions," Edmund Wilson, Jr., a writer in *Vanity Fair* (New York), declares, "have come to color so profoundly the thought of the twentieth century, from psychiatry and mythology to the paintings of the Independents' Exhibition and Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's extraordinary study of Mark Twain," that we are almost willing to accept Dr. Freud's judgment when, in the following dramatic passage, he enthrones the discovery of the sub-conscious with the revelations of Copernicus and of Darwin:

"Humanity, in the course of time, has had to endure from the hands of science two great outrages against its naive self-love. The first was when humanity discovered that our earth was not the center of the universe but only a tiny speck in a world system hardly conceivable in its magnitude. This is associated in our minds with the name 'Copernicus' altho Alexandrian science had taught much the same thing. The second occurred when biological research robbed man of his apparent superiority under special creation, and rebuked him with his descent from the animal kingdom, and his ineradicable animal nature. This re-valuation, under the influence of Charles Darwin, Wallace and their predecessors, was not accomplished without the most violent opposition of their contemporaries. But the third and most irritating insult is flung at the human mania of greatness by present-day psychological research, which wants to prove to the 'I' that it is not even master in

its own house, but is dependent upon the most scanty information concerning all that goes on unconsciously in its psychic life. We psychoanalysts were neither the first nor the only ones to announce this admonition to look within ourselves. It appears that we are fated to represent it most insistently and to confirm it by means of empirical data which is of importance to every single person. This is the reason for the widespread revolt against our science, the omission of all considerations of academic urbanity, and emancipation of the opposition from all restraints of impartial logic. We were compelled to disturb the peace of the world."

The above passage is part of the latest of Freud's works to be translated into English, "A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis" (Boni and Liveright). The "Introduction" appears with a preface by G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University. It consists of twenty-eight lectures, and is divided into three parts: The Psychology of Errors; The Dream; and General Theory of the Neuroses.

Taking up, first of all, Dr. Freud's well-known theory that we make errors because (sub-consciously) we wish to make them—that "mistakes are psychic acts and arise through the mutual interference of two intentions"—we find him justifying what may seem an insignificant approach to the central problems of psychoanalysis by saying:

"Are there not very important things which, under certain circumstances and at certain times, can betray themselves only by very faint signs? I could easily cite a great many instances of this kind. From what vague signs, for instance, do the young gentlemen of this audience conclude that they have won the favor of a lady? Do you await an explicit declaration, an ardent embrace, or does not a glance, scarcely perceptible to others, a fleeting gesture, the prolonging of a hand-shake by one second, suffice? And if you are a criminal lawyer, and engaged in the investigation of a murder, do you actually expect the murderer to leave his photograph and address on the scene of the crime, or would you, of necessity, content yourself with fainter and less certain traces of that individual? Therefore, let us not undervalue small signs; perhaps by means of them we will succeed in getting on the track of greater things."



Courtesy of E. L. Bernays.

**THE JEWISH PHYSICIAN WHO IS REVOLUTIONIZING
PSYCHOLOGY**

Sigmund Freud, in his "Introduction to the Study of Psychoanalysis," compares his discoveries with those of Copernicus and Darwin.

Passing on to speak of the dream as the most important instrument discovered by psychoanalysis for probing the sub-conscious mind, Dr. Freud tries to show that every dream represents the fulfilment of a wish. We can see wish-fulfilment clearly exemplified in the case of a child who anticipates toys, visits to the circus, or a country trip. We can see it no less clearly in the dreams of many adults. Otto Nordenskjöld, in his book of Antarctic travel, says that food and drink were most often the pivots about which revolved the dreams of his crew deprived of the diet to which they were accustomed. Mungo Park, who during a trip in Africa was almost exhausted, dreamed without interruption of the fertile valleys and fields of his home. To cite something more familiar: A man who feels great thirst at night after enjoying highly seasoned food for supper, often dreams that he is drinking. In like manner, under the influence of sexual stimuli, the dream brings about satisfaction that shows noteworthy peculiarities. Dr. Freud stresses what he calls "dream-censorship." According to

his understanding, dreams are frequently the expression of personal desires which have been relegated, from considerations of propriety, morality or fear, to the sub-conscious life. They are impulses from the sub-conscious speaking the language of the conscious. They assume masks. They utilize symbols. They conceal their real character, which is often sexual and often gross and repulsive.

Thwarted desires, in Freud's view, are working in us most of the time, however unconscious we may be of the fact. Thus, a lady about thirty years old has the impulse, every day at a certain hour, to run from her room to an adjoining one, where she rings for her maid, gives her a trivial errand to do, or dismisses her without ado, and runs back again. It is found that the lady is trying to compensate herself, in this indirect and grotesque

fashion, for the frustration of a perfectly natural desire. Or a nineteen-year-old girl develops a "sleep ritual" which she has to perform every night before going to bed and which necessitates the stopping of clocks and watches, the rearrangement of flower pots and vases, the disposition of her pillow in a certain way. This girl is discovered to be expressing a scarcely realized jealousy of her father's affection for her mother.

Dr. Freud's method, in all such cases, is to find what is really behind the symptoms, to reveal it to the patient, and to allow the emotional knot to untie itself. He states that psychoanalysis can succeed with only two types of nervous disorder: hysteria and "neuroses" motivated by compulsion (as in the case of the lady just cited) or by fear. He offers the following explanation of his idea of the "unconscious" and "fore-conscious" parts of our nature:

"We will compare the system of the unconscious to a large ante-chamber, in which the psychic impulses rub elbows with one another, as separate beings. There opens out of this ante-chamber another, a smaller room, a sort

of parlor, which consciousness occupies. But on the threshold between the two rooms there stands a watchman; he passes on the individual psychic impulses, censors them, and will not let them into the parlor if they do not meet with his approval. You see at once that it makes little difference whether the watchman brushes a single impulse away from the threshold, or whether he drives it out again after it has already entered the parlor. It is a question here only of the extent of his watchfulness, and of the timeliness of his judgment.

"Still working with this simile, we proceed to a further elaboration of our nomenclature. The impulses in the ante-chamber of the unconscious cannot be seen by the conscious, which is in the other room; therefore for the time being they must remain unconscious. When they have succeeded in pressing forward to the threshold, and have been sent back by the watchman, then they are unsuitable for consciousness and we call them *suppressed*. Those impulses, however, which the watchman has permitted to cross the threshold have not necessarily become conscious; for this can happen only if they have been successful in attracting to themselves the glance of the conscious. We therefore justifiably call this second room the system of the *fore-conscious*.

"In this way the process of becoming conscious retains its purely descriptive sense. Suppression then, for any individual impulse, consists in not being able to get past the watchman from the system of the unconscious to that of the fore-conscious."

If Freud is not as highly appreciated as he deserves to be, says G. Stanley Hall in his preface to this book, it is largely because of the "*odium sexicum*, far more formidable in our day than the *odium theologicum*." Speaking for himself, Dr. Hall has no hesitation in setting a very high value on the Freudian theories. He finds them attracting great and growing

attention from students of literature, history, biography, sociology, morals, aesthetics, anthropology, education, religion; and he continues:

"They have given the world a new conception of both infancy and adolescence, and shed much new light upon characterology; given us a new and clearer view of sleep, dreams, reveries, and revealed hitherto unknown mental mechanisms common to normal and pathological states and processes, showing that the law of causation extends to the most incoherent acts and even verberations in insanity; gone far to clear up the *terra incognita* of hysteria; taught us to recognize morbid symptoms, often neurotic and psychotic in their germ; revealed the operations of the primitive mind so overlaid and repressed that we had almost lost sight of them; fashioned and used the key of symbolism to unlock many mysticisms of the past; and in addition to all this, affected thousands of cures, established a new prophylaxis, and suggested new tests for character, disposition, and ability, in all combining the practical and theoretic to a degree salutary as it is rare."

On the other hand, Frederick Peterson, M. D., in an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, is distrustful of psychoanalysis as a whole, and particularly skeptical in regard to Freud's dream-theories. Naturally, he says, our dreams, which are "a sort of ungoverned replica of waking thought, but with a wider horizon of memories," reflect in a moonshine kind of way the thinking processes of our day. But it is absurd, he holds, to regard every dream as a wish-fulfilment. Sometimes our dreams are pleasant; sometimes anxious and apprehensive. That Freud himself recognizes this is evidenced by his invention of an elaborate technique for the purpose of



From *Vanity Fair*

EXORCIZED!

A group of Freudian complexes, who have just been dismissed by a psychoanalyst, departing quietly by the back door.

"twisting around easily explicable dreams" to fit his theory.

Dr. Peterson prophesies that the Freudian movement will be shortlived:

"The theories of Freud and Jung are to psychology what cubism is to art—new, sensational and rather interesting. If they were not so pernicious in their application, as well as untrue in psychology, I should say nothing of them, but let them take their place in our historical medical museum along with all the other curiosities which the centuries have accumulated. In a few years they will be cataloged in that museum.

"I doubt if any persons have been benefited by this treatment. It requires months or years of work over each case, and it is very expensive. I have, on the other hand, seen very bad results from the psychoanalysis of young women and men, permanent insanity, even suicide; and if it were not destined to be so shortlived I should advocate a law to pre-

vent its employment in the treatment of young people. . . .

"The Freudians will talk to you much about an elaborate symbolism which is wholly their invention. There are no symbols in anybody's dream life which were not first present in their conscious life. The Freudian makes the claim that all the arts and, in fact, all our civilization had its origin in one drive, the sublimation of the sexual. The reader will remember that Rabelais had Pantagruel meet one Gaster in his travels who claimed that all the arts, powers, accomplishments of our civilization were the sublimation of the desire of the stomach. One theory is as good as the other. They are both Rabelaisian. If one reads the analyses made by the psychoanalysts, one will find a complete revelation there of the type of mind of the analyst himself, his intelligence, his logic, his symbolism, his character; indeed, one will learn much more of him in this way than one will of the unfortunate patient the analyst thinks he is studying."

HOW THE CZARINA'S SUPERSTITIONS HELPED TO BRING ON THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

A TERRIFIC indictment of autocracy and of the divine right of kings can be read between the lines of a series of letters written by the Empress of Russia to the Czar Nicholas in 1915, and analyzed by Arthur Ransome in the *Manchester Guardian*. These letters mark, for the *London Nation*, "the end of a superstition." They elicit from the *British Weekly* the comment: "The terrible thing is that a hysterical woman, whose weakness was almost a madness, should have had such power over not only the destinies of the Russian race but of the human race." We can follow here, if we will, the rapid disintegration of a Royal House soon to be engulfed by revolution. We can also see how the Czarina unwittingly brought the revolution nearer.

It is inevitable that the Czarina and her consort should be compared with the equally tragic Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI, of France. As a matter of fact, these royal couples had much in common. In each case the woman dominated the man. In each case the monarch resisted representative government. The letters of 1915

show us the Czarina urging the Czar to abolish the Duma, just as Marie Antoinette urged Louis XVI to shake himself free by any means of the encumbrance of the Assembly. She thought, like Marie Antoinette, that a ruler showed his power by doing as he liked, and that it was better to do the wrong thing of one's own accord than to do the right thing if the latter course was dictated by fear of public opinion. She had nothing for her husband's guidance, but she saw the Empire in danger when he left her side. Just because she had not enough sense to come to terms with Liberals, she brought Russia to the point where more dangerous forces were able to make a revolution.

One figure, however, dominates the Russian scene who has no counterpart in the earlier France. It is Gregory Rasputin. The familiar picture of this dissolute monk—a big Siberian peasant, totally illiterate, dirty and evil-smelling—is confirmed in the letters. Yet Rasputin is referred to throughout as "our Friend," or "the Man of God." He is always given a capital letter before "His"

or "Him," as if he were indeed divine. It is clear that whatever he said had for the Empress the authority of Heaven.

The history of this strange triumvirate can be traced, step by step, through the fateful year 1915. The letters were mostly written to the Czar on his visits to Sevastopol, and other military posts. Affection for her husband, fear of exposure for Rasputin, hate of the Duma and of all the more or less democratic Russia which that institution very imperfectly represented, and wild jealousy of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaevitch, who, until Rasputin had him removed, was commander-in-chief of the Russian armies—these are the main threads that run through the letters. Mr. Ransome tells us:

"When the Czar was out of the Czarina's immediate influence he did not even continue the line of policy she had dictated. He was rudderless and ready to fall at once under the influence of someone else. Nothing else could explain some of the ministerial appointments (notably that of Samarin as Procurator General of the Synod), which, while suiting the book of the Grand Duke, who wished to destroy Rasputin, were directly contrary to the desires of the Czarina. At headquarters the Czar was in a very different atmosphere from that of Tsarskoe Selo, tho even there the Empress and Rasputin had their outposts in certain members of his personal suite. And in these letters, written from one camp to the other, the Autocrat of All the Russias presents the figure of a little boy gone from a molly-coddling home to a public school, and followed by letter after letter full of nervousness as to his possible escapades, and warning him against this or that companion who may undo or weaken the influence less of an equal than of a parent."

The Empress was extremely religious and had the profoundest conviction that the duty and use of the church was to support and protect the autocracy. She was in many things as superstitious as a peasant. We find her, for instance, writing to her husband: "Remember to comb your hair before all difficult talks and decisions; the little comb will bring its help." The monk Ilidor had given her a magical image with a bell, the ringing of which was to warn her against evil. She gave "prayer-belts" to officers going to the war. "I am told that those soldiers who wore

them in the last war were not killed." She sent huge quantities of ikons (sacred images or pictures) to the front, to generals as well as to soldiers.

But her main belief was in autocracy and divine right. God Himself, as she conceived Him, was an Autocrat in heaven, with a special care for smaller autocrats on earth. She thought the destruction of Serbia was "probably a punishment for the country for having murdered their King and Queen." She regarded the preservation of the Autocracy intact as a sacred duty, and any yielding in the direction of constitutional reform as something very like a sin. "Am so glad you declined seeing those creatures [a deputation of public men]. They don't dare use the word Constitution, but they go sneaking round it—verily it would be the ruin of Russia, and against your coronation oath, it seems to me, as you are a *Samoderzhets* [Autocrat], thank God."

The advance of democracy disgusted her. She said: "The Petrograd Town Duma needs smacking." "I have no patience with these meddlesome chatter-boxes." She resented the opposition to Rasputin. She never had a moment's peace while the Duma was sitting. In one letter she appealed to her husband: "Won't the Duma be shut at last—why need you be here for that?" In another she wrote: "Only shut the Duma *quickly* before these questions come out." Again: "Now the *Dmutzi* [men of the Duma] want to meet in Moscow. One ought energetically to forbid it, it will only bring great *smuty* [disorders]. If they do that, one ought to say that the Duma will not then be opened till much later—threaten them as they try to [threaten] the Ministers and the Government."

She quarreled with the church, partly on account of Rasputin, partly because she resented what she regarded as its encroachments on the rights of the Autocracy. She defended Rasputin's tools, and attacked any churchman, such as Samarin, who had the temerity to revolt. "You must set your broom working and clear out the dirt that has accumulated at the Synod," she wrote to her husband at a time when Rasputin's domination seemed to be threatened.

Thus it came to pass that everything was ready for the revolution. Mr. Ransome says:

"It is probable that a revolution never begins until the arrival of a moment when every party in the State is dissatisfied with things as they are. When the Russian Revolution began, every bulwark of the Autocracy had already been mined or destroyed. The nobility and the blood relations of the Czar had been estranged by the scandal which the Rasputin affair brought upon their order and their family, the church had been similarly alienated, the army was profoundly convinced that treachery found shelter above, the pro-Germans were dissatisfied with the prolongation of the war, the pro-Allies were dissatisfied with the unsuccess with which the war was waged, and the populace as a whole was deeply stirred by forces that were eventually to make an end of the whole machine.

"The writer of these letters did her full share in hastening the moment when all these mutually opposed interests should be united at least in the belief that continuance without some sort of change was no longer to be borne. The pistol that shot Rasputin gave the signal that this moment was at hand. The Empress had thwarted every move that might have led to concessions, to a Constitution, to any lessen-

ing of the tension between the Autocracy and the nation. Thanks largely to her, there was hardly a man who was willing to risk his life in defence of a regime so obviously rotten at the core."

The one consolation that the letters provide is the definite hope that autocracy, of the Russian kind, will never rear its head again. As the *London Nation* points the moral:

"Autocracy means evidently not merely the corruption of the often feeble and sometimes abnormal persons who exercise it or guide it, but the paralysis and cretinization of the society which submits to it. These letters, we imagine, have painted the last scenes in the life of a superstition. We can conceive of a momentary revival of a military monarchy in Hungary, in Germany, and even perhaps in Russia. But it will be headed by some man of capacity and will, who has fought his way back to power, and it will hardly outlive his lifetime, if it lasts so long. The last scene is not pleasing or even romantic. It will exceed even the audacity of Burke to make us weep for the plumage on this 'dying bird' of Russian society. The graces and the elegances of Versailles are absent. The salon has degenerated into a dirty and unsavory madhouse."

STEEL STRIKERS FAVORED BY THE INTERCHURCH REPORT

THE "collapse" of the Interchurch World Movement is said to have been materially hastened by the fact that it indorsed and ordered the publication of an investigation into the causes of the recent strike which favors the strikers. This report contains 90,000 words and was written by a commission of which the chairman was Bishop Francis J. McConnell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the vice-chairman Dr. Daniel A. Polig, United Evangelical, Associate President of the World's Christian Endeavor Union and President of the National Temperance Council. Other members of the commission were: George W. Coleman, President of the Open Forum National Council; Dr. Alva W. Taylor; Dr. John McDowell, Chairman of the Social Service

Commission of the Presbyterian Church; Dr. Nicholas Van der Pyl, Chairman of the Social Service Commission of Congregational Churches; Mrs. Fred Bennett, President of the Women's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church and of the Council of Women for Home Missions. Two advisory members, who also signed the report, were Bishop William Melvin Bell and Bishop Charles D. Williams.

Not since the publication of the government report of the inquiry into the mining and other industries conducted by Frank P. Walsh, in 1915, has so sensational a social document been drawn up by responsible men. "There can be no doubt," Dr. Polig admits, "that the report will be regarded by the public as strongly favoring the laboring man's side of the case," and

that "such impression corresponds wholly with the facts discovered." The commission indicts the United States Steel Company for its refusal to accept the principle of peaceful arbitration. It recommends an eight-hour day, a "minimum comfort wage," the recognition of the right of collective bargaining and an extension of home building for the benefit of labor. It states further: "All the conditions that caused the steel strike continue to exist. We feel that unless changes are made approximating in some degree the findings here presented, further unrest is inevitable and another strike must come."

The report makes it clear that 69,000 employees of the United States Steel Corporation are still working the twelve-hour day. The number of those receiving the common labor or lowest rate of pay is 70,000. This means that approximately 350,000 men, women and children are living under conditions determined by a corporation which fixes pay and hours without conference with the labor force. And "since this corporation controls about half the industry, it is therefore a reasonably conservative estimate that the working conditions of three-quarters of a million of the nation's population have their lives determined arbitrarily by the twelve-hour day or by the lowest pay in the steel industry."

The annual earnings of over one-third of all productive iron and steel workers were found to be below the level set by government experts as the minimum of subsistence standard for families of five. Thus 38.1 per cent of the Steel Corporation received less than \$1,466 a year, and 31.5 per cent received less than \$1,952. The government figures set \$1,575 as a minimum subsistence level for a family of five and \$2,024 as necessary for the maintenance of an American standard of living. Nearly three-fourths of the steel workers could not earn enough for the American standard.

The commission says that "black lists were used, workmen were discharged for union affiliation, 'under-cover men' and 'labor detectives' were employed. In western Pennsylvania the civil rights of free speech and assembly were abrogated without just cause. Personal rights of

strikers were violated by the State Constabulary and Sheriff's deputies." It repudiates the idea that "Bolshevism or industrial radicalism" were responsible for the recent strike. It also says that "espionage replaced collective bargaining or cooperative service," and continues:

"Espionage was of two general classes: spies directly in the employ of the steel companies; and spies hired from professional 'labor detective' agencies. The Steel Corporation plants have their own detective forces; one case of hiring outside agencies by a corporation subsidiary became public during the strike.

"Espionage was of two general characters: spies pure and simple who merely furnished information; and spies who also acted as propagandist strikebreakers, mingling with the strikers and whispering that the strike was failing, that the men in other towns had gone back, that the union leaders were crooks, etc. The Monessen 'labor file' contained some six hundred daily reports by 'under-cover' spies of both characters, mere detectives and strike-breaking propagandists.

"These company systems carry right through into the United States Government.

"Federal immigration authorities testified to the commission that raids and arrests for 'radicalism,' etc., were made especially in the Pittsburg district on the denunciations and secret reports of steel company 'under-cover' men, and the prisoners turned over to the Department of Justice.

"The Monessen 'labor file' enabled the student to follow one such paper through to the government. It is given here as offering light upon the question why many workingmen, especially steel workers, have come to suspect that the Government, as Government, has taken sides in industrial warfare; has taken sides against workingmen."

All this has aroused nation-wide interest. It continues, as the New York *Nation* puts it, the line of important American studies of great corporations begun by Henry Demarest Lloyd, Ida M. Tarbell and Paul U. Kellogg. The *Nation* comments:

"Let the churches take heed. From the point of view of the Steel Corporation, the elimination of the twelve-hour day and of the seven-day week and the raising of wage rates to a level permitting a decent American standard of living, or even to a level permitting a workman's wife and children to subsist, is none of the churches' business, and if they persist in

interesting themselves in such matters the funds for their missionary propaganda will be cut off."

The New York Socialist daily, *The Call*, lays great emphasis on the importance of the new revelations. It declares:

"The report of the commission of the Interchurch World Movement on the steel strike is likely to mark an era in the relations between the church and capitalism in this country. It marks a beginning of a division in the religious world on modern wage-slavery. The church faced a similar question in the days of black chatteldom. It split the church into two factions, pro-slavery and anti-slavery. With the inexorable power of a natural law the monstrous capitalist oligarchy of steel is forcing the same division today."

The New York *World*, on the other hand, finds "surprisingly little that is new" in the report.

"Years before the Interchurch World Movement was dreamed of, this newspaper had criticized the working conditions in the Steel Trust's mills and urged the need of abolishing the twelve-hour day and seven-day week. Many times it had called for the redress of grievances among the steel workers, to which Mr. Gary was deaf. There is surprisingly little that is new in the report of the Commission of Inquiry. What gives it special value is that it is the voice of the churches as an organized body that is appealing for a juster and more intelligent policy toward labor on the part of the Steel Trust, and that coupled with the appeal is a very plain warning of trouble in the future."

The United States Steel Corporation has not made any specific reply to the criticisms contained in the report. But *The Iron Age*, perhaps the most influential trade journal of its kind in the country, comments indignantly on what it regards as a complete lack of judicial temper on the part of the Interchurch investigators. Speaking, first of all, of the way in which the report was gathered, it says:

"From what is given out on the conduct of the inquiry, the commission had little active participation in the investigation apart from some 'open hearings' at Pittsburgh at which strike leaders were the principal witnesses. The commission 'met' at Chicago in December, 'and at different times individual members carried on investigations.' The real work was done by a number of employees of the

commission, some formerly connected with newspapers and magazines, and several of them known to entertain 'radical' opinions on the existing industrial order. Such a personnel explains what is not long held back in the report—that the investigators set out to get material for an indictment of the steel manufacturers of the country and did not permit themselves to come back without what they went to get. That it was not a judicial investigation is made plain on page after page by innuendo, invective and the unrestrained bitterness of a hired prosecutor."

The Iron Age goes on to speak of other limitations in connection with the report:

"The assertion that engineers have found that the steel industry is 'being run for the making of profit and not primarily for the making of steel, favors spells of idleness, during which the country and the steel workers pay for the maintenance of idle machinery, and later spurts of long-hour, high-speed labor' is so false and reckless and so like the product of an envenomed mind that one marvels how the editor of the report could have allowed it to remain. That might well have been penned by Foster, the syndicalist.

"There is nowhere in the report any appreciation of the efforts that have been made by leading steel companies to establish employee representation and cooperation on a fair and permanent basis.

"While the report recommends that the investigation of shop committees be continued, it gives the leaders in the industry no credit for what they have done; in fact, the whole record of advance in labor betterment at steel works which for the last twenty years constitutes one of the brightest chapters in the history of the industry is passed by as tho it had no existence.

"It is hard to conceive how the churchmen responsible for this product of the Interchurch World Movement could think of it as aiding in the solution of the labor problem of the steel industry or as contributing to peace and conciliation in the relations of employers and employed. Leaders of the industry, many of whom came up through the mills in days when the average working hours were longer than they are today, admit that the eight-hour day is a goal to be attained and they are working toward that goal. Conditions during the war did not permit of a general shortening of working time; conditions since the war have been scarcely more favorable. But labor betterment at iron and steel works will go on, and even the ill-judged attempt of the Interchurch Movement to deliver the industry into the hands of a labor union autocracy will not stop."

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM OF THE BOLSHEVIKS, AS REVEALED BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

AT the very moment, practically, when the "recognition" of the Soviet government by Great Britain has been granted, there is evident a growing disillusion among England's revolutionary intellectuals concerning the spiritual value of Bolshevism. Henri Barbusse, the French leader of the Clarte group (also in sympathy with the Soviets) wrote: "Let us have the boldness of truth, let us have the courage to burn, if it is necessary, that which we once adored." Hon. Bertrand Russell, who recently "went Bolshevik," and then visited Russia with—tho not a member of—the British Labor Mission, is now evidently following this advice of his French confrere. In a series of impartial and arresting articles in the *London Nation*, the distinguished English philosopher gives a straightforward account of his impressions of Bolshevik Russia. His report is enough to dampen the ardor of the most impartial defender of Bolshevism in Western Europe or America.

It is not the industrial basis of the Soviets that is criticized by Bertrand Russell. It is rather the lack of "psychological imagination", since Bolshevism attributes everything in politics to purely material causes. Life in modern Russia, he says, is in many ways contrary to instinct. If the Bolsheviks ultimately fall, it will be "because there comes a point at which men feel that amusement and ease are worth more than all other goods put together."

Bertrand Russell's conclusions are the result, not merely of observation and investigation of life under Bolshevik dictatorship, but of meeting and questioning Lenin and Trotzky, Sverdlov, and other leaders, including Maxim Gorky. Of the typical Communist or Bolshevik Mr. Russell writes:

"He is not pursuing personal ends, but aiming at the creation of a new social order. The same motives, however, which make him austere make him also ruthless. Marx has taught that Communism is fatally predestined to come about; this fits in with the Oriental traits

in the Russian character, and produces a state of mind not unlike that of the early successors of Mahomet. Opposition is crushed without mercy, and without shrinking from the methods of the Tsarist police, many of whom are still employed at their old work. Since all evils are due to private property, the evils of the Bolshevik régime while it has to fight private property will automatically cease as soon as it has succeeded.

"These views are the familiar consequences of fanatical belief. To an English mind they reinforce the conviction upon which English life has been based ever since 1688, that kindness and tolerance are worth all the creeds in the world—a view which, it is true, we do not apply to other nations or to subject races."

The most typical example of this new Marxian fanaticism Bertrand Russell found in Lenin himself. Lenin laughed a great deal—"at first his laugh seems merely friendly and jolly, but gradually I came to feel it rather grim." The materialist conception of history, Mr. Russell felt, is Lenin's life-blood. "He resembles a professor in his desire to have the theory understood and in his fury with those who misunderstand or disagree, as also in his love of expounding. I got the impression that he despises a great many people and is an intellectual aristocrat." Lenin, to this impartial and even sympathetic observer, was the true type of religious fanatic, "too opinionated and narrowly orthodox."

"His strength comes, I imagine, from his honesty, courage, and unwavering faith—religious faith in the Marxian gospel, which takes the place of the Christian martyr's hopes of Paradise, except that it is less egotistical. He has as little love of liberty as the Christians who suffered under Diocletian, and retaliated when they acquired power. Perhaps love of liberty is incompatible with wholehearted belief in a panacea for all human ills. If so, I cannot but rejoice in the skeptical temper of the Western world. I went to Russia believing myself a Communist; but contact with those who have no doubts has intensified a thousandfold my own doubts, not only of Communism, but of every creed so firmly held that for its sake men are willing to inflict widespread misery."

Trotsky made a more favorable impression on the great English philosopher, from the point of view of intelligence and personality, tho not of character. This may have been because "his vanity was even greater than his love of power." In striking contrast to the Bolshevik leaders was the tragic figure of Maxim Gorky, with whom Bertrand Russell had a short interview in Petrograd:

"He was in bed, apparently dying and obviously heartbroken. He begged me, in anything I might say about Russia, always to emphasize what Russia has suffered. He supports the Government—as I should do, if I were a Russian—not because he thinks it faultless but because the possible alternatives are worse. One felt in him a love of the Russian people which makes their present martyrdom almost unbearable, and prevents the fanatical faith by which the pure Marxians are upheld. I felt him the most lovable, and to me the most sympathetic, of all the Russians I saw. I wished for more knowledge of his outlook, but he spoke with difficulty and was constantly interrupted by terrible fits of coughing, so I could not stay. All the intellectuals whom I met—a class who have suffered terribly—expressed their gratitude to him for what he has done on their behalf. The materialistic conception of history is all very well, but some care for the higher things of civilization is a relief. The Bolsheviks are sometimes said to have done great things for art, but I could not discover that they had done more than preserve something of what existed before. When I questioned one of them on the subject, he grew impatient, and said: 'We haven't time for a new art, any more than for a new religion.' Unavoidably, the atmosphere is one in which art cannot flourish, because art is anarchic and resistant to organization. Gorky has done all that one man could to preserve the intellectual and artistic life of Russia. But he is dying, and perhaps it is dying too."

These spiritual evils are in no sense due, in the opinion of Mr. Russell, to the blockade against Soviet Russia. He admits the whole of the Bolshevik indictment of *bourgeois* capitalism. He was a convinced Communist before he went to Russia, where he was a guest of honor, and made "to feel like the Prince of Wales." But, after carefully weighing the Bolshevik beliefs, he finds himself definitely and strongly opposed to them:

"My objection is not that capitalism is less bad than the Bolsheviks believe, but that Socialism is less good, at any rate in the form which can be brought about by war. The evils of war, especially of civil war, are certain and very great; the gains to be achieved by victory are problematical. In the course of a desperate struggle, the heritage of civilization is likely to be lost, while hatred, suspicion and cruelty become normal in the relations of human beings. In order to succeed in war, a concentration of power is necessary, and from concentration of power the very same evils flow as from the capitalist concentration of wealth. For these reasons chiefly, I cannot support any movement which aims at world revolution. The damage to civilization done by revolution in one country may be repaired by the influence of another in which there has been no revolution; but in a universal cataclysm civilization might go under for a thousand years. But while I cannot advocate world revolution, I cannot escape from the conclusion that the governments of the leading capitalist countries are doing everything to bring it about. Abuse of our power against Germany, Russia, and India (to say nothing of any other countries) may well bring about our downfall and produce those very evils which the enemies of Bolshevism most dread. . . .

"Experience of power is inevitably altering communist theories, and men who control a vast governmental machine can hardly have quite the same outlook on life as they had when they were hunted fugitives. If the Bolsheviks remain in power, it may be assumed that their communism will fade, and that they will increasingly resemble any other Asiatic government—for example, our own government in India."

These conclusions, however, were not in agreement with most of the members of the British Labor Mission, who went to Russia as ardent Marxians and returned as such. At an overcrowded meeting held in the Albert Hall, London, under the auspices of George Lansbury's *Daily Herald*, the prevailing sentiment was almost fanatically Bolshevistic. It is worthy of note, however, that through the mission a message was sent to the British workers from Prince Kropotkin, in which that veteran revolutionist not merely protested against foreign interference in Russia but also criticized "the attempt to build up a Communist Republic on the lines of strongly centralized State Communism, under the iron rule of the dictatorship of a party."

AMERICAN UNITY THREATENED AS A RESULT OF THE WAR

THE motto of America is *E pluribus unum*, but the ideal which these words embody seems very remote at the present time. America, like all the nations that participated in the war, has had to pay the price. "The War and the Peace," as Stephen Graham, an English writer who has lately visited this country, points out in the *Fortnightly Review*, "have struck her a strange blow and perverted her life also."

Seven years ago, Mr. Graham continues, America was the most promising nation of the West. She "counterbalanced with her progressive materialism the static idealism of Russia in the East." America led like a great ship on the sea, with all the tides of the Atlantic following her. She was the workingman's dream country—the El Dorado of every proletarian of Europe. The young poet Bynner, on the threshold of his life, could write:

As immigrants come toward America
On their continual ships out of the past
So on my ship America, have I, by birth
Come forth at last
From all the bitter corners of the earth.

One went to America *pour reprendre la foi*. "When America declared war in 1917," Mr. Graham says, "how natural it was for all of us to say that the New World had been called in to redress the balance of the Old." America "presented the spectacle of the choir-dance of the races, the mingling of every ethnological element in mazes of life and color; human beings danced as the molecules and atoms may be imagined to dance in the mystery of chemical change." Her faith was that "all could be absorbed and that One could be found—an eventual new unity, more fit for life, more glorious to God."

In those days the Germans were greeted with open arms; the Jew celebrated the "Melting Pot," and Mary Antin hailed America for her Polish-Jewish compatriots as "The Promised Land," which was as much as to call Europe Egypt and to give up Zion. The Irish then were not "For

Themselves Alone." Into the great open arms of the Hudson every unhappy seeker of new life came happily, as it were, to the very bosom of the Statue of Liberty.

The change began in August, 1914, when the first bugles of war sounded. Belgium was overrun, and did America sleep? Germany was seeking world-empire, and was it nought to America? "It was the hour of evil chance, as in a fairy tale." Transatlantic civilization had been reared on the Monroe Doctrine and the assumption that "Hands off America" meant "Hands off Europe." America, however, soon realized that even tho she might refuse, officially, to enter the European quarrel, she



AUSTRALIA'S STORMY PETREL

Archbishop Mannix, whose recent speeches in America in behalf of Irish Freedom were cheered to the echo, is denounced by Premier William Morris Hughes as a trouble-maker, and has been forbidden by Premier Lloyd George to enter Ireland.

could not hold her constituent races neutral.

Intense partisanship raged up and down the land. Germans, Jews and Irishmen took sides violently. Many were arrested after America entered the war. Some effaced themselves. The pliable affected patriotism and subscribed to war loans. The stubborn were hushed by sympathetic friends or subterraneanized their activities. The young men were drafted. All were waiting until the end of the war to express their real temper. "The quarrel," as Mr. Graham puts it, "searched the hearts of Americans and showed them where their true allegiance lay. The Peace Treaty and the general development of European politics have strengthened the new allegiances."

Thus the Poles of America, who "only believed in the resurrection of Poland as one believes in the immortality of the soul," could hardly have expected that in this day and generation they would regain their Fatherland. Yet, having regained it, what is more natural than that they should relate themselves to Poland rather than to America?

The Czechs and the Slovaks could hardly have expected the rebirth of Bohemia, but now they are all agog with dreams of the new Republic of Czecho-Slovakia.

The Slovenes and the Croats are equally eager to give their allegiance to the new State of Jugo-Slavia.

The Russian Jews see arising a new commonwealth in Russia, largely ruled and inspired by Jews. Mr. Graham asserts:

"The political exiles of Russia, to whom America in the past has afforded such unqualified protection, are no longer dead to their native land, but regard it with astonishing enthusiasm. Indeed, they have transferred most of their political hatred to the institutions and Government of the United States, which they freely compare with those of Tsardom. At their meetings they stand to sing the Russian revolutionary anthem and cheer it with the utmost zest, but they only sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in the most perfunctory way. There is more antagonism between the old Americans and their Russian millions than between any other races. 'Deport the lot,' is the common cry. 'Send them all back to Russia.' But it is not generally realized that that is what a great number of

the Russians would like. They look forward to a return home whenever a favorable opportunity occurs. Meanwhile most of them are proud of Lenin and Trotzky, and are fomenting revolution in the industrial circles to which they belong."

Then the Irish have taken advantage of the watchword "self-determination" to agitate their cause with new vigor.

"They have raised the idea of a separate Ireland to a great height. All Catholic Irish now think it realizable. The streets of New York and Boston are placarded with maps of Ireland and an appeal to Americans to help Ireland win that independence which America won in 1783. 'President' Valera is given the freedom of New York. An Irish reservation to the Peace Treaty is scheduled. The exchequer of the Irish Republic is filled with the money, not only of the Irish, but of thousands of those anti-Ally Americans who hate England and think that it was her cunning that contrived America's entry into the war and their consequent persecution. Irish Liberty Loan has been readily subscribed, and it is a war chest for fighting America's greatest potential friend—Great Britain."

No one is likely to claim that Germans in the United States at present are particularly in love with American ideals. Other peoples, such as the Italian, are rebelling against prohibition. Then, as if these disaffections were not sufficient, there looms up another, perhaps more menacing and troublesome than all the rest—the ferment of the Negroes.

"There are said to be some fifteen millions of colored people in the United States—the ex-slaves and their children. The war has affected these black masses in a profound way. America does not advertize her Negro populations and her Negro problem; she has kept the Negro in the background of her composite national life. And the Negro has felt himself to be in the background. He has not been in vital touch with Europe as the white man has been. It was therefore a dumbfounding moment when the United States began to take the Negro young men and drill them and draft them into its vast new conscript army. It would not have been so strange but that the Negro in the South is deprived socially of the status of man, and for the Southerner ranks with the animals. He is denied his legal rights at every turn, and languishes in a state of

peonage which in some respects is every whit as bad as the slavery from which he escaped in 1863. The lynching and burning of Negroes has not disappeared, but has become a sport, beginning generally with a man-hunt with bloodhounds. When the Negro was told that he had to go to Germany and stop the Germans committing atrocities he was surprized, and, well, his native humor came to the rescue of his mind, and he chuckled, and said to his neighbor in the ranks: 'Brother, we's going to make the world safe for democracy,' which he seemed to regard as one of the greatest of jokes.

"The Southern white man had two points of view about the Negro in the army; one was that he ought not to be taken at all, as he was not worthy of dying for his country; the other was that it was a good thing to send the Negro to France, as a large number would then be killed, and it would be a blessing to be rid of them. The story of the consequent treatment of the Negro units is too large to be described detailedly. Suffice it that it was very unworthy. . . . Race-rioting broke out in the North, at Chicago, even at Washington. The Negroes fought the white mob at Chicago, and, indeed, fought the riot till it ceased. The colored people have been forced to organize themselves to resist intolerance. The legend

of the love of the Southerner for the Negro and of the Negro for the Southerner has at last been dissipated. Mothers now teach their children that the white man is their enemy. Afro-American racial pride is fostered at every Negro school and by every Negro society; but the idea of the merging of the two races in one has been stopped, the blacks have accepted the impossibility of a general blending, and now demand the means of equal *parallel* and *distinct* development."

The argument is sometimes heard that America is so rich and prosperous that she is bound to overcome her inner disunity. To this Mr. Graham replies: "America's personal equation diminishes as the coefficient of her wealth increases." He adds: "The war broke President Wilson as it broke Imperial Russia and Germany, and as it has broken the America of 1914. It is the fashion in Europe to envy America for her wealth, but I fancy that America would give all her present prosperity to regain the steady pulse and the calm and the spirit and the radiant faith which were hers seven years ago."

THE NEW TRIUMPH OF H. G. WELLS AS HISTORIAN OF "THIS LITTLE PLANET"

FROM glowing tributes paid by eminent English critics to the first volume of "The Outlines of History" (London: Newnes), we may conclude that H. G. Wells's only attempt as a historian is one of the best things he has ever done. Here, in something less than 400 pages, Mr. Wells outlines the story of "this little planet from the cooling of its elements out of a nebula to the time when some of them, having got strangely mixed, developed into small points of intelligent consciousness which (at the end of Volume I) are considering whether the Trinity is one or three gods."

It's no good hemming and hawing, exclaims E. M. Forster in the *Athenæum*. "A great book; a possession forever, for the ever of one's tiny life." H. G. Wells "may have been unconvincing as a Samurai or a bishop; he has come through as a historian." From a very different point of view, Gilbert

K. Chesterton, who disagrees with Wells's "dogmatic Darwinism," nevertheless speaks, in the *London Times*, of the book's "astonishing scope and its admirable proportion." "There is something like good stage-management, and more like grand strategy, in the way in which the pageants of archaic empires and alien religions wheel into position or pass into order." Mr. Chesterton thus generously expresses his admiration for this new history as a great achievement in imaginative literature:

"We are all incurably unjust to Mr. Wells because he really cares for what really matters. With an imagination that can juggle with the sun and stars he has deliberately turned all that unearthly energy into an earthly energy. In the first volume of his history he has begun with the prehistoric, because he realizes that the first men on the earth matter more than the first men in the moon. With a humor

and human insight that would equip a hundred realists, he has deliberately disturbed his realistic novels with God and with Utopia; because these ideals are more real than realism. He is always coming nearer to the nerve of reality; and his touch is always so nearly right that we start and cry out when it is wrong. We are forced to criticize him because it is impossible to appreciate him; out of masses of vivid and valuable matter one error will always emerge most vividly of all."

To an anonymous critic in the *Times Literary Supplement* this work, in its endless fertility, recalls those giant frescoes of Renaissance art. "From the first epoch to the last there is scarcely a sign of fatigue or blunting of the edge." This immense vitality, this richness and vividness, is well illustrated in the passage that closes the third book:

"One might paint a thousand scenes from those ages: of some hawker merchant in Egypt spreading his stock of Babylonish garments before the eyes of some pretty, rich lady; of a miscellaneous crowd swarming between the pylons to some temple festival at Thebes; of an excited, dark-eyed audience of Cretans, like the Spaniards of to-day, watching a bull-fight, with the bull-fighters in trousers and tightly girded, exactly like any contemporary bull-fighter; of children learning their cuneiform signs. . . . Or perhaps it is a wild Greek, skin-clad and armed with a bronze axe, standing motionless on some Illyrian mountain crest struck with amazement at his first vision of a many-oared Cretan galley crawling, like some great insect, across the amethystine mirror of the Adriatic Sea. He went home to tell his folk a strange story of a monster, Briareus with his hundred arms. Of millions of such stitches in each of these 200 generations is the fabric of this history woven."

The animating formula of this great work is according to Mr. Wells, "that men form one universal brotherhood, that they spring from one common origin, that their individual lives, their nations and races, interbreed and blend and go on to merge again at last in one common human destiny upon this little planet amidst the stars."

From the literary point of view, suggests H. M. Tomlinson in the *London Nation*, only a novelist could have done this work, and only Mr. Wells among the novelists. "If he had given us nothing but

these 'outlines,' he would have been one of our genuine benefactors." You not only are engrossed in the book, says Mr. Tomlinson—"you want then to read all the reviews of it. As it is evident that you are a character in this dramatic yarn—it was impossible to keep you out—it is natural that you should want to know what the critics think of you and your luck in this world.

"Some, unaware till they read it of our long and involved life story, are cast down by the thought of their antiquity, and of their tremendous experiences through Paleozoic seas (in the character of heaven knows what), through reptiles, in Eocene tree-tops as something else, and along Miocene sea-beaches where perhaps they learned to walk upright, till they had got through a preliminary apprenticeship, as Man, of about 50,000 years; and then evolved, as the perfect flower of all the knowledge they had gained, a 'Save the Children Fund.' It gives them the sensation of the worthy fellow who through a long life deposited his savings in a hole in the ground, and when he went to draw on the fund of his accumulated virtue found he had been using a bottomless drain-pipe. Mr. Wells's quite legitimate argument that civilized man is, after all, only a youngster of about 4,000 years, and may be usefully encouraged to give up eating soap and playing with knives, heartens them not at all. Mr. Wells says man has had little time yet, since he began deliberately to control his affairs, to control them to the best advantage. The disheartened admit it is true, seeing that the dawn of history is as yesterday compared to the time when, according to Kipling, men 'heard the reindeer roar where Paris roars to-night'; but they cannot forget the sound of the maroons. Give him time, urges Mr. Wells, and quite fairly shows that in spite of his painful lapses Man has not done any worse than should have been expected of one who is only just beginning to see that intelligence, as well as being constructive, has its suicidal tendencies."

E. M. Forster praises, in the *Athenæum*, the masterly arrangement, so that there is no confusion as one passes from pre-history to history. Maps and time-charts help in the treatment of synchronous events. Furthermore:

"How masterly and how necessary is the emphasis laid upon the novelty of civilization! It is an episode, the latest in the career of Man, just as Man is only an episode in the career of

the earth. 'Half the duration of human civilization and the keys to all its chief institutions are to be found *before* Sargon I;' yet man is thousands of years older than the earliest institution, and millions of years before man there was life."

Another great merit of the book is its style. There are certain triumphs, as when he speaks of the migrations of the Nomads, who combined a steady advance with a north-and-south movement between winter and summer pasturage. Wells writes: "They moved in annual swings, as the broom of a servant who is sweeping out a passage swishes from side to side as she advances." This may be "journalistic," says E. M. Forster, but hasn't it "got" the Nomads for you?

What are the faults of this unique history? Mr. Chesterton says that the "dead dogma" of Darwinism, "which can no longer be maintained by science," is still relied upon by Mr. Wells, who "simply inherits a habit from much staler and stupider minds."

Much the same criticism comes from E. M. Forster:

"What is it all about, anyhow? What is the meaning of this evolution from igneous gas, through scum and Christianity, to ourselves and mustard gas? De Gourmont had his

answer: 'Evolution n'est pas progrès. L'évolution est un fait, et le progrès un sentiment.' And Dean Inge, tho he adds a proviso in favor of Hope, as a clergyman must, makes the same answer. Wells does not agree. His hand holds a lecturer's castanet, but his heart is Victorian, with a quite Tennysonian trust in the To-be. To him evolution is progress, and tho a few events (e.g. the Punic wars) are condemned as purely toxic, he is on the whole inclined to give a good mark to everything that happens, on the ground that it makes the past a little more like the present. What of the present? He will tell us in Volume II, but we may be sure that he will condone it by pointing to the future. There is no collaring these optimists."

It is in his treatment of the deeper religious experiences of the human race, this critic finds, that Mr. Wells' is most deficient. His world, perhaps, is too external, too materialistic. The new historian either despises or neglects "the experience of mysticism":

"The neglect of mysticism is, from the psychological point of view, the chief defect in the book, for mysticism may be selfish or erroneous, but it dwells permanently in the human mind, whispering, when least we expect it, that education, information, action, and history itself, are an illusion. It can be explained away—part of our original malaise, perhaps; but it cannot be weeded out; it is as ineradicable as death."

MRS. ASQUITH BEGINS TO PUBLISH HER AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BIOGRAPHY is becoming no less entertaining than fiction, and is attracting almost as wide a public. Undoubtedly a great impetus in this direction was given by the publication of "Eminent Victorians" by Lytton Strachey. This biographer, it is said, is now engaged on a life of Queen Victoria that will probably cause as great a dispute as that caused by his last volume. In the meanwhile, in England, lovers of intimate revelations of the famous are reading the two volumes that complete the life of Disraeli, the Oriental Jew whom Victoria made the First Minister of the Crown. But the greatest sensation and "the most eagerly expected book of the year" is the Autobiography of

Mrs. Asquith, wife of the former Prime Minister of Great Britain. This is now being published in the London *Times*, and, if it is not as sensational as some readers might wish, it is, nevertheless, a remarkable and engrossing picture of England's social and political life of the past thirty years, as well as a thoroly convincing self-revelation of the brilliant and striking woman who has attracted world-wide attention. It is remarkable not merely for its clever and witty portraits of the Royalties, statesmen, men of letters, arts and science who have been her friends, but for the trenchant comments on the people and events of the high world in which Mrs. Asquith has lived. Anec-

dotes, reminiscences, fleeting portrait sketches, and an unusual point of view vitalize the chapters of Mrs. Asquith's autobiography. Occasionally she interrupts her narrative to give her opinion on matters of contemporary interest. Altho her father was a business man, she writes, he had a wide understanding and considerable elasticity, and then she adds:

"In connection with business men, the staggering figures published in the official White Book of November last year showed that the result of including them in the Government has been so remarkable that my memoir would be incomplete if I did not allude to them. My father and grandfather were brought up among City people, and I am proud of it; but it is folly to suppose that starting and developing a great business is the same as initiating and conducting a great policy, or running a big Government Department.

"It has been and will remain a puzzle over which intellectual men are perpetually if not permanently groping: How comes it that Mr. Smith or Brown made such a vast fortune? The answer is not easy. Making money requires *flair*, instinct, insight, or whatever you like to call it; but the qualities that go to make a business man are grotesquely unlike those which make a statesman; and when you have pretensions to both, the result is the present comedy and confusion.

"I speak as the daughter of a business man and the wife of a politician, and I know what I am talking about. . . .

"Intellectual men seldom make fortunes, and business men are seldom intellectual."

Mrs. Asquith was Margot Tennant, the daughter of an aristocratic Scotch family. She was born "in the country of Hogg and Scott," in 1864. There were twelve children in this Tennant family, but four died in early childhood. She says she inherited her father's sleeplessness, nerves and impatience; but that she is more passionate than he was, more spiritually perplexed, less self-satisfied. She gives a vivid picture of her childhood in Scotland, sixteen miles from the home of Sir Walter Scott and thirty from Edinburgh. "Glen," the Tennant home, was built in the Scottish baronial style.

"What made Glen really unique was not its architecture but its situation. The road by which you approached it was a *cul-de-sac*, and

led to nothing but moors. This—and the fact of its being ten miles from a railway station—gave it security in its wildness. Great stretches of heather swept down to the garden walls, and, however many heights you climbed, new moors rose in waves in front of you.

"Evan Charteris said that my hair was biography; as it is my only claim to beauty, I would like to think that this is true, but the hills at Glen are my real biography.

"I married late—at the age of thirty—and spent all my early life at Glen. I was a child of the heather, and quite untameable. After my sister, Laura Lyttelton, died, my brother Eddy and I lived alone with my parents for nine years at Glen.

"When he was abroad shooting big game I spent long days out of doors, seldom coming in for lunch. Both my pony and my hack were saddled from 7 A.M. ready for me to ride every day of my life. I wore the shortest of tweed skirts, knickerbockers of the same stuff, top-boots, a cover-coat, and a colored scarf round my head. I was equipped with a book, pencils, cigarets, and food. Every shepherd and poacher knew me; and I have often shared my 'piece' with them, sitting in the heather near the red burns, or sheltered from rain in the cuts and quarries of the open road."

She recalls the violence of family quarrels, the reckless waves of high and low spirits, the quarrels that lasted till the small hours of the morning, "which kept us thin and the household awake."

"We were wild children, and, left to ourselves, had the time of our lives. I rode my pony up the front stairs, and tried to teach my father's high-stepping barouche horses to jump—crashing their knees into the hurdles in the field—and climbed our incredibly dangerous roof, sitting on the sweep's ladder, by moonlight in my nightgown. I had scrambled up every tree, walked on every wall, and knew every turret at Glen. I ran along the narrow ledges of the slates in rubber shoes at terrific heights. This alarmed other people so much that my father sent for me one day to see him in his 'business room,' and made me swear before God that I would give up walking on the roof, and give it up I did, with many tears.

"We had a dancing class at the minister's and an arithmetic class in our schoolroom. I was as good at the Manse as I was bad at my sums, and poor Mr. Menzies, the Traquair schoolmaster, had eventually to beg my mother to withdraw me from the class, as I kept them all back. To my delight I was withdrawn; and from that day to this I have never added a single row of figures.

"I showed a remarkable proficiency in dancing, and could lift both my feet to the level of my eyebrows with disconcerting ease. Mrs. Wallace, the minister's wife, was shocked and said:

"Look at Margot with her Frenchified airs!"

Comparing herself with her sister Laura (Lady Lyttelton), whom Tennyson described as "half-child—half-woman," Mrs. Asquith makes some frank admissions about herself:

"Laura was not so good a judge of character as I was, and took many a goose for a swan; but, in consequence of this, she made people of both sexes, and even all ages, twice as good, clever and delightful as they would otherwise have been.

"I have never succeeded in making anyone the least different from what they were, and, in my efforts to do so, have lost every female friend that I have ever had (with the exception of four). This was the true difference

between us. I have never influenced anybody but my own two children, Elizabeth and Anthony, but Laura had such an amazing effect upon men and women that for years after she died they told me that she had both changed and made their lives. This is a tremendous saying. When I die, people may turn up and try and make the world believe that I have influenced them, and women may come forward whom I adored, and who have quarrelled with me, and pretend that they always loved me, but I wish to put it on record that they did not, or, if they did, their love is not my kind of love, and I have no use for it.

"There was another difference between Laura and me: she felt sad when she refused the men who proposed to her; I pitied no man who loved me. I told Laura that both her lovers and mine had a very good chance of getting over it, as they invariably declared themselves too soon. We were neither of us very susceptible *au fond*. It was the custom of the house that men should be in love with us, but I can truly say that we gave quite as much as we received."

VACHEL LINDSAY SEES A NEW HEAVEN DESCENDING UPON THE EARTH.

IN a new edition of *The Village Magazine* just published at Springfield, Illinois, Vachel Lindsay, the most primitive and the most sensational of American poets, reaffirms his message of ten years ago and comes before us, once again, as an art revivalist. Incidentally, he defends the idea of a one-number magazine. A magazine, he says, is not necessarily a "periodical." The Standard Dictionary defines a magazine as: "A house, a room or a receptacle in which anything is stored, specifically a strong building for storing gunpowder and other military stores," etc., etc. Let us go back, he urges, to the original meaning of the word magazine.

Mr. Lindsay is particularly anxious to make it clear to his friends that his work as a village evangelist has not been obscured by his fame as a poet. "The assumption that all I am interested in," he writes, "is the vocalization of certain chants, is entirely erroneous. It is a much keener pleasure to have my admired friend, N. M. Naylor, the William Morris of the Jeffersons Printing Company, of Springfield, Illinois, go on

reprinting my more personal editorials and drawings, and thus, through the press, do my repeating for me, for my oldest friends and closest correspondents, while I go exploring the dim Universe for those ideas and pictures, which are the natural successors of the *Village Magazine*."

All this must be read against the background of one of the most picturesque lives of our time. Not since the days of Walt Whitman and Jack London, has America produced a literary figure so democratic and so distinct as that of Vachel Lindsay. When he published his *Village Magazine* in 1910, he was almost unknown. Even after its appearance he made slow progress. It was not until he carried his poems into the highways and byways; read them in farmers' homes, in churches, in universities, before literary societies; inaugurated a new style in the reading, that he came into a great reputation. "This is Homer chanting to the Greeks," Floyd Dell exclaimed, after hearing him. "This is a white negro minstrel show," Amy Lowell declared. Which ever was right, it is undeniable that poems



THE SOUL OF A SPIDER

The thing that eats the rotting stars
On the black sea-beach of shame
Is a giant spider's deathless soul,
And Mammon is its name.

—From Vachel Lindsay's *Village Magazine*

such as "General William Booth Enters into Heaven," "The Congo," "The Chinese Nightingale," "The Santa Fe Trail," and "The Golden Whales of California" strike new notes in our literature. Vachel Lindsay is already hailed in France as the authentic voice of America. He is greeted in England as a refreshing arrival. "Along with Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost and Edgar Lee Masters," observes W. S. Braithwaite, the critic of the *Boston Transcript*, "Mr. Lindsay has definitely engraved his individuality upon the records of American art."

And now, with so many laurels coming his way, Mr. Lindsay intimates that his thought is working not so much on his poems as on the regeneration of village life by faith in beauty. He is still, as he was in the beginning, a preacher and crusader of the "Gospel of Beauty." He inculcates a new social ideal—"blacksmith aristocracy." He recommends a new saint—Johnny Appleseed. He talks of a new revelation—the Golden Book. "One hundred years from the Illinois centennial of 1918, that is, November 1, 2018, the Golden Book of Springfield will come flying to us here, in many forms, from many mystic fires in our

city:—altar fires, torch fires, forge fires—but most of all from the hearth fires of little Springfield cottages."

Blacksmith aristocracy, as Mr. Lindsay defines it, takes the middle way between Karl Marx and Wall Street:

"It is a permanent ideal of the American nation, so thoroly established by the founders of the Constitution that modern mammonites and Marxians rave at it in vain. In a special sense the dream of its triumph in 2018 haunts the cottage hearths of those in Springfield who revere Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Jackson alike as vindicators of the ideal. Many of the State House Politicians and all of the Country Club people utterly abhor this ideal of the self-respecting blacksmith forge, yet they constantly invoke it for certain political and festival reasons. Their bitterest sneer and deepest hate are for those who take the ideal seriously, and all their fruitless devices are to circumvent it.



OUR ONLY ART REVIVALIST

Vachel Lindsay is still, as he was in the beginning, a preacher and crusader in behalf of the Gospel of Beauty. "The assumption that all I am interested in is the vocalization of certain chants is entirely erroneous."

"But those who look into the little cottage hearthfires of Springfield see rising a show of anvils with tremendous wings of fire. These anvils, whose wings will sweep the earth, stand for the craftsman ideal, in no narrow sense. Just as there may be in Switzerland a hereditary family pride in the making of a certain type of Swiss watch, which puts the family utterly beyond the domination of either riches or poverty, and the blood is blue and proud as long as the watch is made well in that house, century after century, so the Springfield craftsmen will hammer out other things than horseshoes on these anvils for the next hundred years."

Johnny Appleseed, in Mr. Lindsay's interpretation, was the great pioneer saint of this continent:

"Like every other path west of the Alleghanies, his trail was on some parallel straight as an arrow toward the Pacific and the setting sun. And this year, rounding Mount Hood, I looked out of the window of the train on Oregon orchards that bloomed like the dawn, and I said in my heart, 'These are the great-grandchildren of orchards planted near Fort Wayne in the Hoosier wilderness, by Johnny Appleseed. His body lies in the Indiana soil, but the children and grandchildren of his trees march straight westward forever.'

"This is not the only reason the birds of Johnny Appleseed fly westward, when they go by in our dreams. We are haunted in our city by the vision of an Apple-Amaranth Vine, the vine and tree of west-blowing beauty, the celestial flower of beauty from the prairie breast. This apple-amaranth vine comes to a perfection after the Golden Book is opened, one hundred years from now. It will bloom in transcendent glory, and climb like Jack's beanstalk and Jacob's ladder, into the high mysteries, and it will bind our city to the sky as it is not now bound, and it will root our city in the secret prairie heart, as it is not rooted to-day, and the city itself will be a whole orchard grove, sowed by Johnny Appleseed.

"The thoughts of Johnny Appleseed come in the form of birds, because he was a singing spirit, no stern judge of man or beast. He had the hardihood of the snow-bird, and lived like an Indian, through ice and storm, and saw as little of the inside of a house as a wild squirrel. He was as brave as Daniel Boone, and was as hardy as a wildcat all his seventy-two years. There yet remains for him the glory of John the Baptist and St. Francis and Prince Siddartha. Of all American saints and sages, he is the mediator between the old world mystics and



CENSERS ARE SWINGING
OVER THE TOWN;
CENSERS ARE SWINGING,
HEAVEN COMES DOWN.

—From Vachel Lindsay's *Village Magazine*.

our frontier. It was for us he made great medicine, alone in the wilderness, while the wilderness made medicine for him."

Mr. Lindsay's final word is of the Golden Book:

"We know the book will come at least to our grandchildren and great-grandchildren, for whom this city is being prepared like a slow growing beautiful orchard. We know that the book will blossom like apple-flowers in a thousand spirit and a thousand world-editions, each differing according to the eyes that read it.

"The book will come to a great host of the people, born from a blacksmith's hearth or forge. The ceiling will disappear, there will be all space above and the book tossed out in an edition of a myriad, printed by the hearth flames, and filling the sky like a cloud of locust, and with escorts of fire-spirits in classic order and stately measure, spirits flying in dance time, and whirling like dervishes, and calling on the Ineffable Name."

PUNCTURING INFLATED LITERARY REPUTATIONS WITH A FOUNTAIN-PEN

ALTHO his own reputation as a poet, novelist and critic has been very slowly built up, and it is only recently that his books have been published in this country (by Thomas Seltzer), Douglas Goldring gives away, in his new volume of critical essays, all the tricks of the literary trade for becoming famous. In "Reputations," this young English author turns over those popular specimens of our modern literary merchandise and attempts to disperse, with the aid of his trusty fountain pen the miasma of name-worship which surrounds our popular idols. He looks upon some of the "great" novelists of modern England as the result of competitive conditions in modern life, efficiency experts in their chosen fields, essentially business men rather than artists. Thus, he characterizes Arnold Bennett as the Gordon Selfridge—or as we would say, the John Wanamaker—of English letters. Mr. Bennett has adapted his talents to supply the demand for his own particular brand of literary merchandise. "To achieve success in the profession of letters, it is necessary today not only to have an enormous output but also to maintain a high general level. . . . The work produced in this competitive commercial manner, tho it may lack depth and charm, nevertheless tends to have qualities of clearness, technical efficiency and force which are by no means to be despised." Arnold Bennett is one of the best examples of the literary "captain of industry:"

"Among the many big business men which the profession of letters has produced in England during the past two decades, Mr. Bennett must in many ways be considered the most successful. He is the best all-round man we have—the Gordon Selfridge of the profession—a veritable universal provider of literary merchandise. When we consider the number and the variety of the things which he has done, and done efficiently, it is impossible to withhold from him the most ungrudging admiration. He is a marvel, a prodigy of organization, energy and driving power. His annual total of words must be prodigious. He pours out plays, novels, little books of homely advice—how to

live on twenty-four hours a day, how to attain success in literature—comments on men and things, political journalism, criticism, even an occasional poem, with inexhaustible profusion.

"As a journalist he is always topical, always in touch with the latest movement but one, and conversant with very nearly the newest idea. And he has mastered words so thoroly that he can make them express almost anything he pleases. As a rule, his pleasure consists in punching his readers hard, in a not too vulnerable spot; and he rarely fails to achieve his end. If the notes in some weekly review strike you so forcibly that you are startled out of your post-prandial nap at your club, ten to one they were dashed off by Mr. Bennett in his bath. (Every moment in the life of a business author must be made productive.) Mr. Bennett's fountain pen is a fountain which never runs dry, and all his literary products are good selling lines, certain to please a high-class public, guaranteed to be of superior quality. With what emotion must the world of publishers regard this man, who never lets them down, who during long years has proved himself the acme of reliability! If some American Dollar Combine had occasion to commission, say, an epic in twelve cantos on 'Liberty' or a concise cyclopedia of literature, to be delivered in a fortnight, to whom could it address itself with more confidence than to Mr. Bennett? If he agreed to their proposal, and accepted their terms, there would not be the smallest doubt that (*force majeure* excepted) the epic or the cyclopedia would be delivered on the appointed day, and would be found a sound and serviceable piece of work."

Mr. Goldring's objection to this type of work is the disappointment it arouses when one remembers Arnold Bennett as the author of such masterpieces as "The Matador of the Five Towns" and "The Old Wives' Tale." "Of writers who have shown themselves capable of so much, more is expected than the mere manufacture of literary merchandize, designed not to satisfy the author's artistic conscience, but to suit his market."

Of the later work of Compton Mackenzie, who started so brilliantly, and, according to Douglas Goldring, has ended so commercially, our critic thinks that it is merely the dime novel glorified, even tho

some of his epithets "glitter like glass emeralds in a desert of fine writing."

"In all his later books Mr. Mackenzie has made a successful effort to leave off writing about priggish undergraduates; and he has covered up his inability to describe the real emotions and experiences of real people by diverting his readers with a series of vivid pictures. Perhaps he has realized that the public is mad about 'the pictures,' and has accordingly decided to compete with the movies on their own ground. He does so successfully, and the general public has responded as it ought to do. I would certainly far rather spend eight-and-sixpence on a new story by Mr. Mackenzie than two-and-four pence on 'Tarzan of the Apes,' or 'The Adventures of Elaine.' The entertainment is of the same genre, but Mr. Mackenzie does it far better. To withhold gratitude from those who afford us harmless amusement is the act of a curmudgeon. Mr. Mackenzie has found himself—not as a serious novelist, but as that very valuable thing, an entertainer. As such the success which he has achieved is thoroly deserved."

Another type of writer to whom Douglas Goldring strenuously objects is the "clever" writer—ladies like Clemence Dane and Rebecca West and a host of others, male and female. The chief defect of these clever novelists, he thinks, is that they cannot appreciate personality, cannot discover it under the masks which nowadays are worn in the same way that animals wear protective covering. Until a generation or two ago, personality was marked in plain enough colors. People were proud of their idiosyncrasies. The flavor of these rich personalities were conveyed to paper by writers who were not themselves necessary men of geniuses. Our "clever" novelists do not realize this:

"How much more vivid, and, from the point of view of psychology, how much more enthralling is many a volume of eighteenth-century memoirs than the average clever novel of to-day! In an age when nearly everybody wears the same kind of hat, and lives in fear of his neighbors, exceptional human beings require discovery. They must be sought for; the masks must be torn from their faces; the varnish must be scratched away. But if we dig down deep enough we can find the same degree of human interest in our contemporaries as in their predecessors. Marat, Gilles de Retz, Casanova, Benvenuto, Jeanne d'Arc, Robes-



THE CHAMPION OF A NEW CRITICISM

Douglas Goldring, author of "The Fortune," "Margot's Progress" and, now, of "Reputations," is described as an Englishman who understands Ireland. The above picture was made from a portrait painted in Dublin.

pierre, Elizabeth Chudleigh, are all present with us could we but recognize them when we meet them in the Tube. The romantic creations of a Gautier or a Mérimée are far truer to life—to life that *is* life—than all the clever little people in the clever little books of Mr. Murry, Miss Wilson and their myriad competitors."

What then, one is tempted to ask after following Douglas Goldring on "popular favorites," are we to expect? "A real book should send the reader back to life refreshed and stimulated." He looks forward to a renaissance of intellectual honesty. For a rebirth of poetry and true fiction in England, there must be "a new criticism to meet it—a savage rasping criticism, speaking with the bitter notes of an idealism which longs passionately for the best and will no longer tolerate shams. Criticism must once again become the task of those who have an uncompromizing standard of values, of those whose love for what is real and sincere will not permit them to deal gently with what is false, empty and ephemeral."

REEDY'S GENIUS AS EDITOR AND CRITIC

"THE greatest human being I have ever known—a man like Shakespeare," is the tribute that Mitchell Kennerley, publisher and director of the Anderson Art Galleries, New York, pays to his friend William Marion Reedy, editor of *Reedy's Mirror*, St. Louis, who died on July 28. "He had a genius for understanding everybody," Mr. Kennerley continues. "No one was more unworldly—and yet he knew more about the world than anyone else. He never said a word about his own writing, but was tireless in praising others."

Mr. Kennerley's is but one of a score of tributes paid, in a recent memorial issue of the *Mirror*, to the many-sided editor who is universally conceded to have been an honor and a glory to his profession. Alexander Harvey speaks of Reedy as "America's supreme master of the intellectual life." He made the intellectual life important and interesting for its own sake to the American people, according to Mr. Harvey. Others celebrate Reedy as man and friend. Charles J. Finger, editor in charge of the *Mirror* at the time of Reedy's death, tells of his "large unselfishness," of his loyal, generous and affectionate nature.

Whatever the angle from which we approach Reedy's unique personality, we are sure to find him rewarding. His *Mirror*, as the New York *Evening Post* puts it, was "a wallet of national gossip that the social historian of the future will find almost indispensable." William Rose Benet speaks of Reedy's encouragement of the young author:

"At various times and in various places I have talked with young writers about Reedy or heard them speak of him in letters. The affection for the man was widespread. I do not believe a young writer ever wrote or met

him who did not derive from him some real light upon the problems of the literary life. He got the best Reedy could give, a friendship and a sympathetic appreciation that strengthened and sustained."

Vincent Starrett emphasizes the way in which Reedy bridged two periods of our literature:

"His was a cathedral heart, and a catholic appreciation. Few men have so well bridged, in understanding, two periods of literature. Of the old school, in many ways, he was among the first to hail and defend the new school. In the columns of the *Mirror* first appeared Lee Masters' 'Spoon River Anthology,' and such poets as Amy Lowell and Carl Sandburg were



Photo by Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

"A HUGE CREATURE OF EXQUISITE SENSIBILITIES, ROMANTIC CURIOSITIES AND HEROIC ARDORS"

Such is Zoe Akins' description of William Marion Reedy. "Even now," she continues, "we can say that the far-spoken, picturesque Westerner who died the other day had something of the sheer intellectual size of Queen Elizabeth's day."

not infrequent contributors. Imagistes, 'vers libertines' and the rest, found a ready champion in Reedy; loving the worthy old, he opened his arms to the worthy new. The authenticity of a writer's art and inspiration was all that concerned him as editor and critic. Not a few of the younger writers first came to prominence through Reedy; and his standards were high. While he aimed at timeliness, he was hospitable to anything that met the requirements of those careful standards, and the *Mirror* was one of too few journals of its kind in which timeliness was not an absolute requisite.

"His own writing style was inimitable. It was schooner-rigged and rakish; a whimsical blend of the old and the new, of classical austerity and American journalese—sonorous, rollicking, often fantastic, always picturesque and decorative. His 'Reflections' were, I suppose, the most popular features of his journal, and their far range of interest was a thing to wonder at and admire. Single-handed, he covered the world, and his comment was, for the most part, that of a wise and benevolent deity."

Zoe Akins, one of the most gifted representatives of the "Mirror School" of literature, and one who, by her own confession, went to Reedy with a first sonnet, writes, in a tribute published in the *New York Nation*:

"I am not of those who regard his attitude toward young talents as one of his foremost literary virtues. 'I'm tired of the rôle of discoverer,' he wrote in a letter only a few months ago; and I believe he was indeed tired in the sense that he knew that many of the people he 'made' were not in the least aware that he was glad to be the railing beside the stream, yet not continually the crutch for their abilities—tho he found a very human satisfaction at times in seeing the vain and the ungrateful stumble when they tried to proceed alone. . . . I find myself resenting the fact that much of the regret which finds its voice to-day for the departure of William Marion Reedy is for the very things that after all, in comparison with his greater gifts, seem trivial. To say only that he was helpful, that he was kind, that he was the best companion and the most engaging talker in the world, is as tho one grieved because he could no longer give his gifts. Those particularly human qualities that had made him something of a sinner's saint had also exhausted to a mood of high-thinking pessimism, or, as he himself put it, to a 'death-damp of cynicism,' a spirit too rarely equipped for treasure-seeking in eerie corners of the

world to be a burden-bearer on the roads that lead in and out of humanity's market-place.

"Born at a time and in a place where the life that crowded about him was the weed-like growth of an unkept garden, this child of Kerry Patch grew strangely into a huge creature of exquisite sensibilities, romantic curiosities, and heroic ardors, a soul so sizable and so true that where there was any benevolence or any beauty he was drawn to it. That he recorded himself, sometimes magnificently, sometimes wearily, but always with something of the valuable vision of a far-seeing and far-seeking intelligence is an achievement that has yet to be truly estimated by the finely critical and mentally eager minds of those who will see the crowded works of this crowded day in the perspective of time. Even now we can say that the far-spoken, picturesque Westerner who died the other day had something of the sheer intellectual size of Queen Elizabeth's stirring age."

The finest tribute ever paid to Reedy is that by Edgar Lee Masters in his "Songs and Satires." We quote the first and the last stanzas:

He sits before you silent as Buddha,
And then you say
This man is Rabelais.
And while you wonder what his stock is,
English or Irish, you behold his eyes
As big and brown as those desirable crockies
With which as boys we used to play.
And then you see the spherical light that lies
Just under the iris coloring,
Before which everything
Becomes as plain as day. . . .

It's not so hard a thing to be wise
In the lore of books.
It's a different thing to be all eyes,
Like a lighthouse which revolves and looks
Over the land and out-to-sea;
And a lighthouse is what he seems to me!
Sitting like Buddha spiritually cool,
Young as the light of the sun is young,
And taking the even with the odd
As a matter of course, and the path he's trod
As a path that was good enough
With a sort of transcendental sense
Whose hatred is less than indifference,
And a gift of wisdom in love.
And who can say, as he classifies
Men and ages with his eyes
With cool detachment: this is dung,
And that poor fellow is just a fool.
And say what you will death is a rod.
But I see a light that shines and shines
And I rather think it's God.

A SCIENTIFIC SCULPTOR OF THE AMERICAN ATHLETE

"**C**HARACTERISTICALLY transatlantic" is the London description of the many-sidedness and energy of Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been exhibiting at the Fine Art Society his statuettes of American athletes. This work has not merely attracted the attention of critics and artists, but of English athletes and scientists as well. Dr. McKenzie's approach to sculpture has, as the catalog of the exhibition informs us, been a unique one. Since 1904 he has held the chair of physical education in the University of Pennsylvania. An athlete himself, a lecturer on anatomy, an authority on the reconstruction of men disabled in the war largely through his ingenious appliances for muscular reeducation, Dr. McKenzie's scientific intimacy with the human figure has at last found esthetic expression in sculpture, especially of ath-

letes in action. Of technical training in sculpture he has had, we infer from the English tributes, very little. Yet his work has been exhibited at the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy in London, as well as in our own country. He is represented in the Metropolitan Museum, the National Gallery in Ottawa, the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and also in many private collections. A large bas-relief, "The Joy of Effort," is encrusted in the wall of the Stockholm Stadium, to commemorate the fifth modern Olympic Games. This work received a special medal from the King of Sweden.

Several of the London art critics were especially struck by the high austerity of these little figures. "The works are small," writes Mr. T. H. Sadler in the *Westminster Gazette*, "but their spirit is large and wonderfully free." The same writer finds something distinctively Greek in this sculpture:



Courtesy of the Chappel Studio, Philadelphia

"THE ONSLAUGHT"

Dr. Tait McKenzie's sculptural study of an American football game has been lately exhibited by the Fine Art Society in London, and is winning, along with his other works, the plaudits of English critics.



Courtesy of the Chappel Studio, Philadelphia

ATHLETES IN ACTION

"The Joy of Effort" is a large bas-relief by Dr. Tait McKenzie encrusted in the wall of the Stockholm Stadium, in commemoration of the fifth modern Olympic Games. This work received a special medal from the King of Sweden.

"There is the true Greek detachment in Dr. Tait McKenzie's studies of young manhood, and among some twenty-five nude figures not one is female. Modern sculpture is as wholly slave to the female nude as is modern painting. The usual reaction from the sensual is to the cubist, the non-representational. But it is a timid austerity that, in fleeing sweetness, takes refuge in symbols. Dr. Tait McKenzie accepts the human form, accepts the traditional modes of representing it, acclaims its beauty—but never once is his admiration or skilled scientific sense hidden or disguised. One might almost say that he makes of his models pagan gods, so removed

are they from the relaxations and miseries and hardships of modern humanity.

"The most interesting section of the exhibition is that based on the sculptor's long experience of the trained athletic body; 'The Supple Juggler' and 'Doorknocker' have rhythmic pattern to a high degree of perfection, and that without the least distortion of accepted form. 'The Sprinter' and 'The Competitor' illustrate, the one the sculptor's power of suggesting tense effort in motionless metal, the other his kinship to the later and more gracious period of Greek art as well as to the classic period of austere simplicity. Perhaps best of all the items shown are the series of

studies of 'Athletes in Action.' It is not easy to select from so restrained and yet so vigorous a group of sketches a better or a worse. Perhaps the most masterly are 'Plunger,' 'Shotputter,' and 'Winded.'

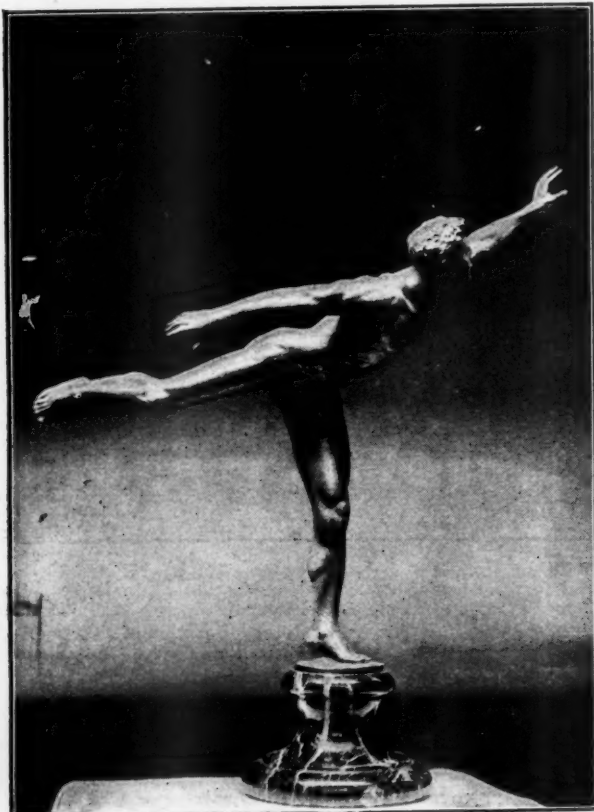
Another critic finds that these small figures are of the utmost significance to young sculptors. They suggest to this authority that the most intimate and scientific knowledge of muscular activity, of the human form in its infinite variety, is an aid instead of a confusion to the sculptor. With the recrudescence of memorial sculpture since the war, there has been a tendency, in Europe at least, to over-rhetorical and sentimental expression. Even in his more traditional and ambitious

works, not based on athletics, Dr. McKenzie is too much the scientist to make the mistake of overstatement. At times he suggests the Greeks, but his interest, thinks Mr. Sadler, is always modern and scientific. He notes further:

"How faithfully are revived in American and Canadian sport the attitudes of Greek athletics! It is such teachers as Dr. Tait McKenzie that keep alive among their pupils the spirit of that classic age; fitting it is therefore that to the same man should be given power to express artistically the neo-Greek realism he has trained to perfection, and in the medium to which in their time turned naturally the great artists that he venerates.

"In one respect Dr. Tait McKenzie experiments along lines considered, according to strict classical standards, degenerate. He admits human weakness to the extent of showing several studies of exhaustion. These, indeed, bridge the gap between the proud divinity of his immortals and the prosaic kindliness of his portrait medallions. But they have a peculiar interest, coming as they do from a man who has seen weariness and pain with a professional eye, who makes no mistakes of over-emphasis, who is guided in his suggestion of facial expression and bodily attitude by knowledge of muscular relaxation and effort, and not by emotionalism.

"Perhaps because they have not the same foundation of scientific study and personal absorption, the portraits, the historical figures, the allegorical designs, and the medallions look oddly trivial beside the masterly studies in naked manhood. Dr. Tait McKenzie is never, of course, guilty of rhetoric or sentiment, but he can bring to a jaded and conventionalized world so much that is strong and true and purely beautiful that one resents, perhaps unreasonably, time spent over statesmen, divines, and elaborate memorials, which have other than purely esthetic or scientific reasons for existence."



Courtesy of the Chappel Studio, Philadelphia

"THE FLYING SPHERE"

"A splendid example of Dr. Tait McKenzie's art. 'One might almost say,' a London critic remarks, 'that he makes of his models pagan gods.'"

WHAT'S LIKELY TO HAPPEN TO STOCKS

PROFESSIONAL prophets of the course of security prices and general business have been playing a game of "hunt the panic" for the past year and a half. First, 1919 was to be like 1873, 1893, 1903, or 1907—whichever happened to suit the fancy of the prognosticators. Then they made ditto marks under 1920. Now the hunt is carried into 1921. Apparently no good reasons can be given why "the panic" hasn't materialized, for those who have so assiduously held the stethoscope to the fluttering heart of the world, with particular attention to the ventricles of commerce and finance, have discerned symptoms aplenty. High commodity prices, high wages, labor unsettlement, usurious rates of interest, reckless spending by the masses and so on have provoked an insistent demand for a "drastic readjustment."

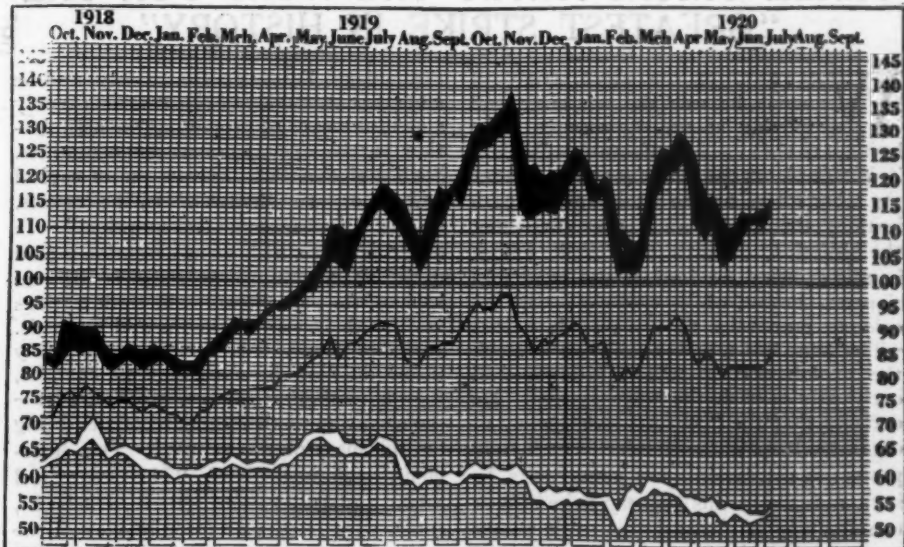
To those who have not studied the chart, it may be surprizing to learn that the course of prices on the New York Stock Exchange since the war ended has followed an identical course with that pursued after the Civil

War ended in 1865. J. G. Donley, Jr., records in *Forbes Magazine* that the general average of prices on the Stock Exchange stood at 117 in March, 1866. From this level it rose until it reached 137¾ in November of that year. This was followed by a decline to 112¾ in April, 1867, from which level there was an irregular recovery to 141½, in January, 1869. This was the high point of the post-bellum market. The general level of prices on the New York Stock Exchange (average price of twenty-five industrial stocks) stood at 85 in March, 1919. From this level it rose until it reached 138 in November of that year. This was followed by a decline to 103 in May, 1920, from which level there has since been an irregular recovery. The parallel between the markets following the Civil War and the markets following the armistice of November, 1918, is best shown in the following tabulation of corresponding years:

1865—War ended.

1866—March, 117; November, 137¾.

1867—April, 112¾.



Courtesy of *The Annalist*

The black line shows the average price of fifty stocks, half industrials and half railroads. The black area shows for each week the highest and lowest daily average price of the twenty-five industrials and the white area the corresponding figures for the twenty-five rails.

1868---Irregular recovery to
 1869---January, 141⅞.
 1918---War ended.
 1919---March, 85; November, 138.
 1920---May, 103; Irregular
 1921---Recovery to
 1922---January?

If, says the writer in *Forbes*, the stock markets of to-day are to continue their close resemblance to the post-bellum markets of Civil War times, the irregular recovery which set in in April and May of this year, as compared with April of 1867, should run on until January, 1922. It will be noted that the high record prices of the markets following the Civil War were reached fully three years after the close of the Civil War. The "panic" did not come until 1873, or about eight years after the fighting was over, and some time after the excitement of the reconstruction period had died down. From January, of 1869, there ensued a series of falling markets, which lasted until October, 1871, when the aver-

age price touched 100⅜, or about 17 points below the level from which the bull market started in 1866. The high point of the recovery from this depression was reached in November, 1872, when the general average rose to 127⅞.

The accompanying chart gives a graphic picture of the course of prices since the ending of the World War. The low point of March, 1919, and the high point of November, 1919, corresponding with the high and low levels of 1866, are plainly shown in the heavy black area representing the average price of twenty-five industrial stocks. The course of railroad stocks has been irregularly downward since the sharp upswing that marked the ending of the war. The lower boundary of the white area, however, has turned upward again, and a move above the line representing an average price of 60 would indicate, we are told, better things for the rails, for the reason that the 60 line appears to have been the "support level" for the rails from September to November of 1919.

TRADE UNIONS AWAIT THE WORD FOR THE "GREATEST STRIKE IN HISTORY"

WRITING of the steel strike, of which he was the organizer and moving spirit, six months after losing it to the steel manufacturers, William Z. Foster places the blame for the defeat of the labor forces on the trade union organizations themselves and, after analyzing the situation, declares that trade unions in this country are fundamentally revolutionary. Foster, whose views naturally are colored, prophesies that the trade unions will develop into a power sufficient to block the exploitation of the capitalists and eventually abolish the wage system. He declares that the "conservative" policy of organized labor in the past has been merely protective coloration. For many years, he says, radicals in this country have almost unanimously maintained that trade unions are non-revolutionary; that they have no real quarrel with capitalism, but are seeking merely to modify its harshness through a policy of mild reform. All of which is

camouflage, Foster goes on to say, and he adds that the policy of conservatism is only a skillful means of protecting the organization in the open against the capitalists. Such a slogan as "the interests of capital and labor are identical" is, he asserts, merely "for foreign consumption." In actual practice, little or no attention is paid to it. "The important thing is the real trend of the movement. The trade unions are, by their very make-up and methods, anti-capitalistic. If they instinctively throw dust in the eyes of their enemies, they have done it for a worthy purpose—the elevation of the standard of well-being for the mass of the people." This statement, made in his book, "The Great Steel Strike and Its Lessons" (B. W. Huebsch), comes with particular force in view of the reported formation of a nation-wide war chest by the great industries of the country to maintain the open shop. Foster expresses confidence that the trade unions

will develop enough power to stop exploitation altogether. If they cannot, he appends, it will be because it does not lie within the realms of possibility for manual labor to produce a sufficiently powerful organization. The author of the steel strike finds entire justification for it, but he does not clearly explain why it failed. Incidentally, he prophesies the greatest strike in history, and pays high tribute to prohibition, which, he claims, worked on the side of organized labor against the steel companies "who would have liked to have had a wet strike." It was responsible, he says, for the almost total lack of violence on the part of the strikers. Prohibition, we are told, helped the steel campaign in several important respects: (1) because, having no saloons to drown their troubles in,

the workers, clear-headed, attended the union meetings and organized more readily; (2) when the strike came they did not waste their few pennies on liquor and then run back to work in the old way; they bought food with them and stayed on strike; (3) being sober, they were the better able to avoid useless violence and to conduct their strike effectively.

In wages lost to the strikers, the cost as tabulated by the strike leader, was \$12,500,000. In the expenses of organization it cost the A. F. of L., \$461,971.29. Of loss to the public, Foster says laconically, "Garyism is an expensive luxury. For the privilege of having an autocracy in the steel industry, the American people not only pay huge dividends but monster special charges that eventually total into the billions."

STANDARD OIL PRESIDENT POINTS THE WAY TO FOREIGN TRADE

A GROWING number of American manufacturers are convinced that export trade holds nothing for them. Since the armistice they have been disillusioned and according to Walter C. Teagle, head of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, it has been the result of their own lack of common business sense. Last year this company, the largest of the Standard Oil group, did an export business of \$250,000,000, and its president has, in the past ten years spent a quarter of his time developing trade in foreign countries. His experience and advice might be made into a text-book of the greatest value to American manufacturers. Writing in *System*, Mr. Teagle reports an illuminating conversation with a manufacturer who was enthusiastic over selling in the Argentine.

"It's a great market," the manufacturer is quoted as saying, "and I'm going to send a man right down. I cannot see why I have neglected the Argentine for so long. I have never done any export business and I cannot understand why I did not take it up earlier."

"How much will your goods cost on the shelves of the Argentine merchant? What will be his resale price and how do your

goods compare in price, quality, and style with the goods now on the market?" he was asked.

"I do not know," he answered in a surprised way. "The Argentine people can figure all that out for themselves. My price is f. o. b. New York. All of the other details are the buyers', not mine."

"How then is the Argentine merchant going to know whether he can purchase or not?" Teagle persisted. "How do you expect your salesman to sell what amounts to a 'pig in a poke'? Your buyer has to make a profit. What you have may be so good that he can sell at any price, but that I doubt."

Discussing Argentine conditions, it transpired that this representative manufacturer did not know the freight rates, nor any thing at all about the customs duties, or the rate of exchange, did not know what similar goods were worth in the South American market, or what they were like, or whether the people had a distinct preference for any certain styles. But he wanted to do business in that field and, though ready to spend money to do it, "he might as well have put the money into a bonfire for all the good it would do him." Without

laying down any hard-and-fast rules for the opening of foreign markets, the training of salesmen and so forth, this great exporter has found that it is the market and what the manufacturer has to sell that must determine the course. Take the question of employing American or native salesmen:

"My company has natives in Europe. I do not recall that we have a single native-born American in direct contact with the trade in any country in Europe. The American sewing machine with the largest sales in Europe is sold exclusively through native agents. And likewise with many of the American specialties. But in South America and in the Orient the oil companies find it preferable to employ Americans in charge of their branch offices, for otherwise it is difficult to obtain the proper accounting and supervision."

Especially in Europe and the Orient, we are told, precedent controls the buyer to a very remarkable degree. Once they have decided upon a particular kind of article they will not again easily take up changing to another kind. For instance:

"For many years there was sold in Korea an oil in a case that was stamped with a brand in the design of which a number of stars appeared. The stars on the brand became worn through the years and on one very large shipment they did not show up at all. The Koreans would not buy that oil except at a discount. They insisted that it was a second grade. Otherwise, why were the stars left off? No amount of argument or demonstration would persuade the Koreans to the contrary."

It is not so necessary, we are told, for a salesman to be a linguist as to have a thorough knowledge of his merchandize and an ability to sell it. But that is not all:

"Let us say that a shoe-maker in Brockton wants to sell in Italy. He has a star salesman, named Bill Jones. This man has been making in America a number of trips a year, over the same territory, is thoroughly good and reliable, and the manufacturer decides that if Bill cannot turn the trick no one else can. He does not recall for the moment that through all his years of selling Bill has been in daily telegraphic touch with the home office and has never had to settle any very serious problems for himself. . . . "Let the manufacturer himself go over, or at least send a high executive

who fully knows the business, and who can proceed on his own responsibility. He should be a man of resource and imagination. The ordinary salesman, no matter how creditable a record he has made, will hardly be of any considerable use if he knows only the selling end of the business. It would probably be better before anyone went over to have an extensive report on the market by a trained and well-paid investigator. A report is a time-saver and a good sum should be paid for it if necessary. It should show how shoes are handled in Italy—who are the big jobbers, and who are the big retailers. It should give the kind and character of the shoes worn in the various parts of Italy, the facts on duties, the methods of handling credits and remittances, and, in fact, a complete analysis of the whole situation. With this in hand the manufacturer could determine his prices and qualities and possibly save himself a trip. If he cannot get a first-class report, then he should accumulate the same facts for himself on the ground before he tries to do business."

As a case in point, we read that when the Standard Oil Company wanted to establish tank-wagon distribution for its product in Egypt, its president went personally to Egypt, where he quickly found that most oil customers in the larger cities were located on streets too narrow for the standard tank wagon to pass. It was necessary to plan for general use a two-wheeled tank cart drawn by a donkey, and in many villages to abandon even the cart and rig up packing cases to be borne by camels.

"One never knows what he is going to run into until he gets on the spot, and one of the reasons that our people so frequently fail in the building of export markets is that they insist on deciding everything ahead of time and on American experience, and then not only want matters to move according to schedule but to move immediately. When they fail they blame the market. They should blame themselves."

Automobiles are doing about twice as much passenger traffic as the railroads.

About 2,700,000, or nearly 3 per cent of the total population of the United States make their living from the automobile business.

Current production is at the rate of about 2,973,800 cars yearly.

The average price is \$745.

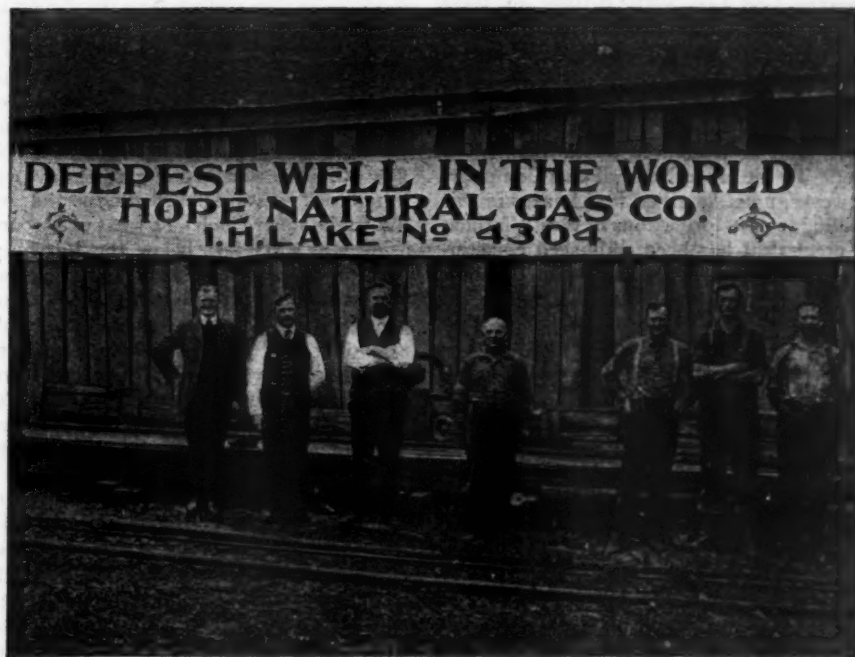
The automobile now requires about 509.2 000 pounds of crude rubber per annum, and 2,011,000,000 gallons of gasoline.

REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE MEN WHO DRILL FOR GAS

A FIELD of operation extensive in possibilities of adventure, rich in rewards, keen in disappointments in the quest for the unknown, has been the drilling for petroleum and natural gas. Recently in West Virginia, we read in *The Lamp*, natural gas has been located at a depth of 4,450 feet below the Pittsburgh coal vein, not in great volume but sufficient to justify marketing. Scientific importance attaches to this achievement in proving that contrary to general belief, what is known as Speechley sand exists and is a storehouse for natural gas, this sand having been found at a depth of three thousand feet below the Pittsburgh vein, with gas in marketable quantities. These discoveries are tempting practical operators to explore still lower depths and thereby confirm the theory of prominent geologists that in certain parts of the country, especially in the

Eastern or Appalachian section, there exists at a depth heretofore undiscovered the "parent" of all formations which in ages past has nurtured and fed the present known gas beds.

In this search, the People's Natural Gas Company, the Reserve Gas Company, and the Hope Natural Gas Company, subsidiaries of Standard Oil, have in the past five years expended a large amount of capital and energy in the endeavor to discover some of these hoped for lower sands. The first named concern has confined its efforts to sinking a well on the Geary farm, twenty miles from Pittsburgh. Starting at a depth of a hundred and thirty feet under the coal vein, mined in the hills above the well, difficulties never before experienced in oil and gas operations have been met and overcome; but at 7,248 feet the physical obstacles proved insurmountable



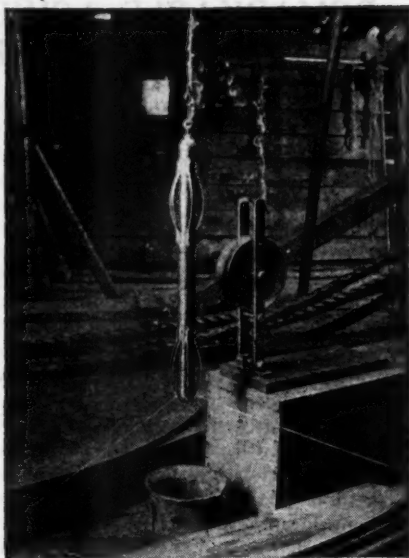
THEY HAVE DRILLED A HOLE NEARLY A MILE AND A HALF DEEP

Field men, drillers and tool dressers who have established a new world record near Clarksburg, West Virginia. At a depth of 7,386 feet no gas was found and the well was abandoned.

and work was discontinued. Gas, we are told, was found in one of the shallow horizons, was cased off and is now being marketed. The same concern has temporarily discontinued drilling another deep well between Latrobe and Ligonier in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. This well has the unique distinction of having probably the longest string of screwed pipe ever inserted into a hole, its length being 6,150 feet, $6\frac{5}{8}$ inches in diameter and weighing about eighty-six tons. Very recently, at a depth of 6,825 feet, gas was discovered in marketable volume. We read that this well having been started some fourteen hundred feet under the coal vein, would show this gas to have been found at an approximate depth of 8,225 feet under the Pittsburgh coal. If it were possible to obtain the rock pressure on this well it is estimated it would be at least three thousand pounds to the square inch. In time a good volume of gas of extended life is expected.

The most notable achievements of the Reserve Gas Company, drilling in West Virginia, are their deep holes in Barbour County, depth 5,012 feet, the Camden well in Lewis County, 4,765 feet, and the Findley well in eastern Barbour County to 4,100 feet, in none of which, however, was gas found at a greater depth than 3,680 feet. To the Hope Natural Gas Company, however, must be given first honors in this drilling to deep formations in West Virginia. A great deal has been published concerning what was until recently the "deepest well in the world" on the Martha Goff farm, eight miles east of Clarksburg. This hole has reached the depth of 7,386 feet, or 38 feet beyond the hole near Czuchow, in Germany, formerly known as the world's deepest well. No gas was found here and on account of difficulty encountered at this great depth the well has been abandoned. Now a still deeper well has been drilled on the Lake farm twelve miles east of Fairmont, capturing the honor formerly held by the Goff well. The Lake No. 1, as this hole is known, is 7,579 feet deep, or 193 feet beyond the Goff record, but with no gas found.

It is debatable whether the expense and effort expended in this deeper drilling have been justified, but several practical results



DEVICES THAT TELL THE TALE OF UNDERGROUND EXPLORATION

Measuring instrument and casing enclosing thermometer used in determining the depth of a well and the temperatures.

have been obtained. Gas has been found at deeper levels than heretofore explored, five deep wells drilled by the Hope Natural Gas Company having a combined open flow of 1,500,000 cu. ft. of gas per day, with initial rock pressure between 1,700 and 1,800 lbs. to the square inch. This gas was secured as deep as 4,450 feet below the Pittsburgh coal, in a formation hitherto unknown.

The benefit accruing to science and geology has not been the least of the results attending this boring. The temperatures of Mother Earth at depths never before recorded have been secured, revealing that temperatures do not increase at the same ratio in all sections at the same depths. The highest temperature discovered was in the Goff well, where 158.3 Fahr. was recorded at 7,310 feet. The drama attending these farthest underground achievements is intangible in character. It is simply a case of keeping certain machinery at work night and day and gauging the subterranean temperature from time to time as the drill sinks slowly toward the core of the earth. Thus far there has never been an accident or fatality attending the work.

INDUSTRY IS CALLING FOR MEN OF FORTY IN PREFERENCE TO YOUNGER MEN

AMONG a number of large manufacturers and employers of labor recently canvassed by the *Iron Age* to determine, if possible, how production can be increased in the metal industries, a Pennsylvania concern which has been in existence since 1867 and never had labor troubles of any kind preceding the war reports that it now prefers to employ men of forty years or older than men under thirty or thirty-five years of age. The reason given is that the older men are more dependable. Explaining its sudden and startling reversal of business policy, the head of this company writes in the *Iron Age*:

"We had made it a rule for a number of years to add to our organization only men under thirty-five years of age, preferably under thirty. The result was that these men were able to earn exceptionally large wages and during the war they would come out early in the morning; but since the war ended the wages have still further increased per hour, and the more you pay the less hours they are willing to work. They no longer come out at the proper time in the morning, but often report very late, sometimes giving the excuse of having overslept, and then again they do not report at all. On account of the scarcity of labor we are obliged to be governed to a large

extent by their wishes in order to get any production at all.

"We find these young men have very decidedly been spoiled by the great increase in the rate of wages. They have no interest in the affairs of the company, as older men have, and they are only interested in the amount of money they can get in the shortest number of hours of work. So to-day at our plants we have established a rule always to give preference to men over thirty-five years of age, preferably over forty, and only use men under thirty-five when it is not possible to get other men. We find the older men are more regular and will produce considerably more than the younger men, for the younger men will not report regularly, and a great deal of their time is spent floating from one plant to another, trying to find out who will pay the highest price for labor."

In this connection, a strong factor in the decrease of building construction throughout the country is reported to be the inefficiency of labor in general. Builders complain that "every man employed in the construction of a building in this country is loafing on the job." They say, for instance, that the bricklayer is not laying half as many bricks in a day as he did a few years ago, while workers at other trades almost as a rule "take two days to complete a job that should be finished in one."

VAST SAVING IN COAL IF ALL THE RAILROADS WERE ELECTRIFIED

IF all the railways that now employ steam locomotives in this country were operated by electricity generated by steam in large power stations, there would be a saving of about 122,500,000 tons of coal annually, according to estimates embodied by Frank M. Kerr in a paper which was read recently before the National Electric Light Association. This engineer told his hearers that only 53,500,000 tons of coal would be needed annually to generate ample electricity to run the roads. The present yearly consumption is 175,000,000 tons. Provided some of the roads were

operated by hydro-electric power, there would of course be an additional saving, but that phase of the matter was not gone into in detail.

The problem of railway electrification is of a very intricate character and directly involves the economic future of the country. If, as the *Boston Transcript* points out, reduction in coal consumption is all that it were necessary to consider, the problem might be readily solved; but there are other factors, and important among them is the question of capital. Any extensive abandonment of steam for elec-

tricity as motive power would, of course, mean an enormous expenditure and, in addition, years would be required for the manufacture and installation of the new machinery and appliances. Nor does it appear that electrical operation would be profitable in all cases. It is pointed out, for instance, that there is a point below which a reduced volume of traffic makes steam operation cost less than operation by electricity. In view of which, adds the *Transcript*, it is clear that there will be no immediate general rebuilding of the railroads in order to save coal.

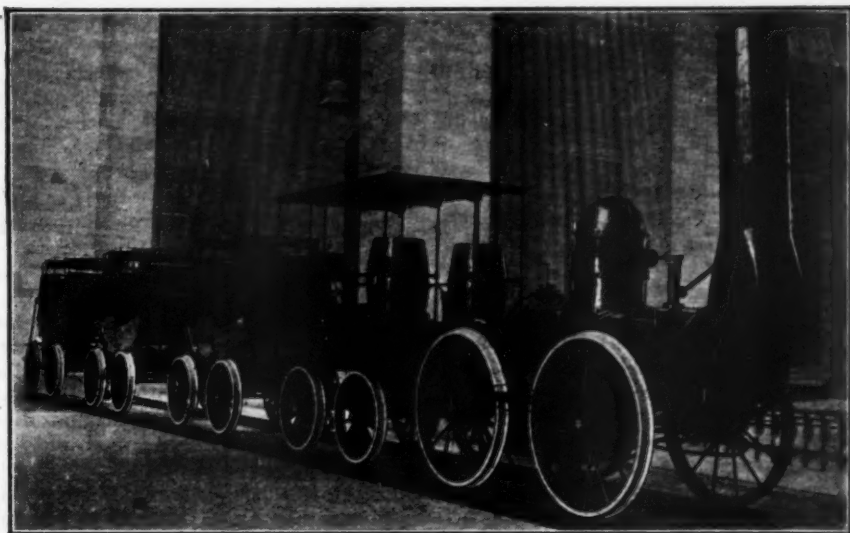
On the other hand, "the rising cost of coal and the constant congestion on the railways, for which it is, in large measure, responsible, as well as many advantages which come from electrical operation in regions of dense traffic, will give impetus to the electrification of many railway systems, on their main lines, at least. It is probable that the time will soon come when electric engines will haul trains in and out of every large city as they handle trains in New York today." The experience of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is regarded as demonstrating the success attendant upon the electrification of a trunk line system. On this road, which has an electrified section of four hundred and forty miles, forty-two electric locomotives have replaced one hundred and twelve

steam engines and are hauling a greater tonnage with reserve capacity for still more. Altho no official figures have yet been published, we read in the *Scientific American* that the reduction in previous steam operating expense is sufficient to show an attractive return upon the \$12,500,000 expended for electrification, without deducting the value of the steam engines released for service elsewhere. In view of the recent great congestion in freight transportation, it is of interest to read that the American railroads, if completely electrified, could have carried one-fifth more revenue-producing freight tonnage with no track congestion or change in present operating expenses. The *Scientific American* states, in conclusion, that the continued use of steam engines "wastes enough fuel to pay interest charges on the cost of completely electrifying all the railways in the United States, fuel which Europe stands in need of and which England and Germany, the pre-war exporting countries, cannot now supply. With railway operating expenses amounting to eighty-two per cent of the revenue, inadequate equipment and congestion of tracks, what is needed in addition to constructive legislation, for the railways, is wise direction of the large sums that must speedily be found to bring them abreast of the times."

A CURIOSITY IN RAILROADING

AS an interesting reminder of the great progress in railroading made in this country during the lifetime of people now living, there was recently placed on exhibition at the Grand Central Terminal of the New York Central the first train that carried passengers in the Empire State. It consists of the *De Witt Clinton*, the third locomotive built in America, its tender and three of the stage coach cars that accommodated the traveling public eighty-nine years ago. The train rests on iron straps or bands which, nailed to beams, served as rails in its early day. In its entirety the train is not so long as a modern locomotive. It has been in storage for many years at the West Albany, N. Y., shops of the road.

The origin and initial trips of this little train, which was one of the wonders of its day, have been the subjects of many curious stories. The engine, named after the New York governor who was one of its first passengers, was built at the West Point foundry for the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad. Its first trial trip from Albany to Schenectady was made on August 3, 1831, when it covered the seventeen miles in one hour and forty-five minutes. The first trip with passengers was made August 9, 1831. On this occasion coal was used for fuel, but engine defects developed and the journey had to be finished with horses drawing the cars. After changes had been made in the engine, the burning of coke was tried, but its use was not successful.



PIONEER AMERICAN TRAIN AND LOCOMOTIVE

The engine is the *De Witt Clinton*, built in 1831 and, together with the tender and stage-coach cars, is being exhibited at the Grand Central Terminal, in New York, exactly as the train first took the rails eighty-nine years ago.

On September 4, 1881, after still more changes had been made in the engine, it was decided to substitute the *Robert Fulton*, later called the *John Bull*, as the locomotive that was to draw the first excursion train, operated on that day, between Albany and Schenectady. The *Robert Fulton*, a heavier engine imported from England, failed to do its work and the *De Witt Clinton* was reinstated and functioned perfectly. The *De Witt Clinton* pulled the train into Schenectady to the music of bands and the roar of cannon. On this trip yellow pine wood was burned as engine fuel. Sparks from the smoke stack deluged the passengers,

burning their clothes and making short work of the umbrellas and parasols with which those on the outside of the stage coaches tried to protect themselves. The return trip was made with five cars in thirty-eight minutes, the last six miles being made in fourteen minutes. At times on the initial trip a speed of thirty miles an hour was attained.

The *De Witt Clinton* without its tender weighs 9,420 pounds; the tender weighs 5,340 and each of the three coaches weighs 3,420 pounds. It is 12 feet 10 inches long and its height, to the top of the steam dome, is 8 feet 5 inches.

WHY THOUSANDS OF SMALL PUBLICATIONS ARE THREATENED WITH RUIN

THE existence of thousands of the smaller newspapers of the country is imperilled by their inability to obtain adequate supplies of news print paper. Charles M. Kelley, writing in *Labor*, declares that this situation has been brought about by the greed of twenty-six large publications. Some very interesting facts

have been developed by a sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Manufactures in its efforts to establish the cause of the paper shortage. Very little of this information has found its way into print, because, according to this writer, the large news distributing agencies are either owned or controlled by the twenty-six papers that

"are slowly but surely crushing out small daily and weekly papers and progressive periodicals that have remained loyal to decent journalism and have kept free of the contaminating propaganda disseminated by large papers under the guise of news." The committee called many witnesses, the majority being publishers or managers of metropolitan newspapers. One of them, Jason Rogers, publisher of *The New York Globe*, admitting that the bulk of the news print tonnage is being consumed by twenty odd publications, stated that the shortage is brought about by reason of "the unbusinesslike methods of the newspaper business." It appears that the papers which are advantageously situated refuse to co-operate in an effort to remedy the situation. The estimated production of news print for this year is placed at approximately 2,200,000 tons, which is an increase of about 35 per cent over 1916, when 1,655,000 tons were marketed. In the meanwhile many hundreds of newspapers have been forced to suspend for one reason or another, others have been consolidated and still others have curtailed consumption. It would seem, under these circumstances, that the increased production would be ample for all requirements.

Unfortunately for the sufferers, this increased output is matched by an increased volume of advertising of nearly a hundred per cent, a considerable portion of which, it is charged, originated in a desire on the part of profiteers to dispose of some of their excess incomes, which otherwise would go to the Government in excess profits tax.

Tables submitted to the committee show that in 1919 the New York newspapers published 137,297 pages of advertising, an increase of 21,383 pages over the preceding year. During the same period they printed 145,879,369 lines of advertizing, an increase of 39,823,747 over the preceding year. A clearer idea of what this means is had when it is known that the increased advertizing in 1919 was more than a third of the total volume of advertizing carried by these newspapers in 1917.

Rogers told the committee that an earnest but unsuccessful effort had been made to persuade these newspapers to regulate their size and adopt sound business methods.

"In the case of these large organizations, profiteers—because that is all they are, gentlemen," he said, "have gone into the market and bought paper at these high prices and by averaging it with their large tonnage bought at contract prices they can produce an average cost which enables them to use it at a profit, whereas a little fellow, who is compelled to take it all at these high prices, cannot break even in newspaper production." He cited a Chicago newspaper as a notorious offender, offering an advertisement which boasted of using between six and seven hundred tons for a single issue, or three times the amount of paper used in the Dominion of Canada in one day. In 1916 the cost of news print was approximately two cents a pound. At this writing the market price is sixteen and a half cents a pound. Manufacturers have testified that small and relatively inefficient mills are to-day making paper at a cost of 2.81 cents a pound.

HOW MUCH PAPER IS IN YOUR SHOES?

IT'S rather hard to believe that a majority of us are wearing shoes that not only cost an excessive price but are largely made of paper; but such is the fact. Authorities agree that more than half of the shoes being manufactured contain paper that the wearers suppose to be leather. This, says a writer in the *Scientific American*, is not only true of the cheaper grade of shoes but of so-called high-grade lines, selling from \$10 a pair upwards. The use of

paper reduces the wearing quality of the shoes, tho, we read, it is probable that all-leather shoes made at the same cost would not wear as well. The saving effected by using paper permits the employment of better leather in the parts most exposed to wear.

Pressed paper is often used for the upper layers of the heel, and shellacked fiber is used for box toes and "counters." Another method of saving is to split the leather inner



CAMOUFLAGE IN SHOE-MAKING

To the right are shown two shoes that sell for the same price and look identical in workmanship and material. Yet one is all leather and the other part paper. The latter torn apart, as in the picture, reveals a very thin inner-sole with canvas back, fiber box toe and counter, paper in undersole and half-paper heel.

sole and line the parts with heavy canvas. Thus two inner soles are made from the leather ordinarily used for one, at only a slight increase in price over one piece. We are told that a shoe so constructed is likely to lose its shape, especially in wet weather, altho if a good quality of leather is used in the sole and uppers, it may give good wear. Makers of all-leather shoes maintain, however, that it is economy to pay a couple of dollars more for footwear in which no paper is used. The substitution of paper for leather is so well done, however, that it is impossible to tell from ordinary observation whether paper is used in the shoe or not. Even experienced shoe-buyers find it difficult to tell and usually rely on the statement of the manufacturer. One shoe-buyer for a chain of large stores has originated the practise of tearing up one shoe of each case lot he buys to see just what material is used. If he finds any paper in the sample selected at random, the whole

shipment is returned. These stores pride themselves on the fact that they sell "all-leather" shoes.

A simple test is usually effective in determining whether or not a shoe is all leather. If paper is used, it is usually in the upper sections of the heel. If the point of a pocket knife is pressed on this part of the shoe, with the width of the blade parallel with the layers, it will readily sink in if the heel is of paper, but leather will resist quite heavy pressure from the knife. If paper is found here, it is good evidence that it has been used elsewhere in the shoe. Another test is to bend the counter inward. If it is of leather, it will at once spring back into shape, but if paper or fiber is used the counter will remain bent. A similar test can be applied to the toe of the shoe. If the box is pressed in, it is so resilient that it will spring back if of leather, but will remain permanently dented if made of paper.

SCIENTIFIC HARNESS PUTS HORSE COLLARS INTO THE DISCARD

A SOUTH AFRICAN farmer, J. C. E. Kohler, who operates a large ranch near Verde, has invented a new type of harness which not only eliminates the cumbersome and galling "horse collar" but, it is claimed, greatly facilitates the pulling ability of an animal. By distributing the load more equably over the horse's body it enables it to pull more weight with much less effort. Obviously, the application of force to one or two points is not so efficient in accomplishing a given result as its

distribution over half a dozen points, and this is what the new harness is said to do. As described in the *Boston Transcript*, there are pads on the chest, on the back above the shoulders, on the back just forward of the tail, and straps grip the animal closely on the belly and on the rump. Thus the efficiency is increased many fold.

In addition to the greater amount of pulling surface utilized, the arrangement of the harness is such that the harder the horse exerts himself the more firmly he



THE LATEST WORD IN HORSE-WORKING EFFICIENCY

Side and top views of the new harness which is said to hold a horse more firmly to the ground the harder he exerts himself.

holds himself to the ground. In other words, the more traction he gets. In the old style, the pull was from the shoulders alone directly to the load, and only the weight of the horse held him on the road. With the new device the pull is divided so that part of it, coming on the back, exerts a downward force on the animal, so that the harder the pull the more firmly are the horse's hind legs held to the pavement, precisely as tho a heavy weight were placed on the rump. Mr. Kohler thinks that a horse will pull more if his hind legs are held to the road by some external force than if he were lifted off his feet by his tail.

The inventor brought his harness to New York recently and began to demonstrate it to various large users of horses. It was approved by the chief veterinarian of the metropolis and was tried by such concerns as Swift and Company, Colgate and Company and the American Express Company. We are told that one of these concerns had a balky horse which not only refused at times to go but, when touched with the whip, would kick. The new harness was put on him for a week, and in that time he did not once balk. Then the old collar harness was substituted and the former trouble returned, disappearing when the Kohler harness was used.

In Boston, says the *Transcript*, the barn superintendent of the American Express Company put a set of Kohler harness on a horse and hitched him to a load weighing

some eight thousand pounds. The horse moved off with the load with perfect ease. In addition, it develops that a horse can back much more easily. The company tried it on teams which visit the fish market, where there are heavy loads and much backing and filling to be done. In every instance the new harness proved superior to the old.

Thomas Lynch, superintendent of stock for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, has also given the harness a trial and likes it. He questions whether there might not be a tendency to galls if the horse had to splash through much mud and water, because some of the points of application come lower on the horse's body than in the old style. On pavements and for city work, however, he thinks the innovation far superior to the old style. The new harness has the tentative indorsement of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, tho he says he would have to see it tried on thin as well as good-conditioned horses, and in hot as well as cold weather, before he would be willing to indorse it unqualifiedly. He believes that the horse gets the full power with the least disadvantage, because he pulls with the weight of his whole body. One advantage which the innovation possesses is that it costs less than the old style. A set costs \$150 against \$175 for No. 1 of the present style, including collars. It is also much lighter in weight.

HOW MANY TEASPOONFULS ARE IN A POUND?

FIVE cubic centimeters is what the Bureau of Standards has set as the theoretical quantity a teaspoon holds, but all spoons do not conform to this. The housekeeper measures with a teaspoon and should fill it "level" not "heaping." How many teaspoons does a pound of baking powder contain? Apparently the number depends on yourself, upon the spoon used, upon the brand of baking powder you buy, upon the can in the lot which you happen to get, and upon a few other factors which tho seemingly inconsequential do enter into the problem.

A pound of baking powder, of course, lasts longer with some cooks than it does with others. In an endeavor to learn where the difference is made the experimental

kitchen in the Office of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture recently conducted a series of experiments. Various types of cooking teaspoons were first experimented with to determine the exact amount held in each case. Both the ordinary teaspoon and those "measuring spoons" which are linked together in sets were tested. A variation of from 126 to 150 teaspoons was found in the same pound can when different teaspoons were used.

The personal equation also enters into the amount which is called a teaspoonful. It was found the differences due to individual manipulation ranged from ten per cent to thirty per cent, a wider range of variation than those due to the different capacities of different teaspoons.



SOLD TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT

This giant airship, R 38, the skeleton interior of which is shown, is nearing completion at Cardington, England. It is said that an American crew of eighteen men, officered by Commander Louis M. Auxfield and Lieut.-Commander V. N. Bigg, U. S. N., will navigate the ship across the Atlantic.

ALMA MATER—A STORY

This story is adjudged one of the best stories that has so far appeared this year in any American periodical, by the O. Henry Memorial Committee appointed by the Society of Arts and Science to select the best stories of the year. It is written by O. F. Lewis and is published in the RED BOOK for June. The hero is a superannuated college professor and it is a tale that touches the heart of the reader.

PROFESSOR HORACE IRVING had taught Latin for nearly forty years at Huntington College. Then he had come back to Stuyvesant Square, in New York. Now he lived in a little hall bedroom, four flights up, overlooking the Square.

Habitually he walked from the Square westward to Fourth Avenue, in the afternoon, when the weather permitted. He had been born only three doors from where he now lived. The house of his birth had gone. It was sixty years since he had been a boy and played in this Square. Now he would pause at the corner of Fourth Avenue in his walks, and remember the Goelet's cow and the big garden and the high iron fence at Nineteenth Street and Broadway. Great buildings now towered there.

South along Fourth Avenue he would walk, a little man, scarcely five feet four in height, even with the silk hat and the Prince Albert coat. His white hair grew long over his collar, and people would notice that almost more than anything else about him. He may have weighed between ninety and a hundred pounds. The coat was worn and shiny, but immaculate. The tall hat was of a certain type and year, but carefully smoothed and still glossy.

He would pause often, between Nineteenth Street and Eighteenth Street, peopling the skyscrapers with ghosts of a former day, when houses and green gardens lined the streets. The passers-by watched him casually, perhaps as much as anyone notices anyone else in New York. He was, in the Fourteenth Street district, a rarer specimen than Hindus or Mexican medicine-men. Through the ten years since he had come, pensioned, from Huntington College, he had become a walking landmark in this region.

He always walked down on the east side of the street, crossing at Fourteenth Street. He was carefully piloted, and saluted, by the traffic policeman. It was a bad crossing. Below Fourteenth Street things looked much more as they had looked when he was young.

The bookstores were an unceasing hobby to the old man. The secondhand dealers never made any objection to his reading books upon the shelves. His purchases were perhaps two books a week, at ten or even five cents each. Now and again he would find one of his own "Irving's Latin Prose Composition" texts in

the five-cent pile. Opening the book, he usually would discover strange penciled pictures drawn scrawlingly over many of the pages. His "Latin Composition" wasn't published after 1882, the year the firm failed. It might have been different for him, with a different publisher.

LATE one afternoon in April, Professor Irving stood in his customary niche at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street, watching the traffic from a sheltered spot against the wall of the building. He was becoming exceedingly anxious about the approaching storm. It had come up since he left Stuyvesant Square, and he had no umbrella. He must not get his silk hat wet. His thin overcoat was protecting him but feebly from the wind, which with the disappearance of the sun had grown sharp and biting. It was rapidly becoming dark. Lights were flashing in the windows up and down the Avenue.

The Professor decided to stand in a doorway till the shower had passed over. The chimes in the Metropolitan Tower struck the first quarter after four, the sounds welling in gusts to the old man's ears. A little man came to stand in the doorway beside the Professor. The latter saw that the little man had a big umbrella. Silk hats were so fearfully expensive in these days!

The heavy drops beat against the pavement in torrents. The first flash of lightning of the year was followed by a deep roll of thunder.

"I got to go!" said the little man. "Keep the umbrella! I got another where I work. I'm only fifty-five. You're older than me, a lot. You better start home. You'll get soaked, standing here!" And the little man was gone before the Professor could reply.

"An exceedingly kindly, simple man," thought the old Professor. He had planned, while standing with his unknown benefactor, that he would go into some store and wait. But now he would chance it, and cross the street. He saw a lull in the traffic. He started, and was nearly swept off his feet. He got to the middle of the street. The umbrella grew unwieldy, swinging this way and that, as if tugged by unseen hands. It turned inside out. Blaring noises from the passing cars confused the Professor.

The shaft of the umbrella swung violently around and knocked the silk hat from Professor Irving's head. His white hair was caught by the wind. Lashed in another direction, the shaft now struck the Professor's glasses, and they flew away. Now he could see little or nothing. He became bewildered.

Great glaring headlights broke upon him, passed him, and then immediately other glaring lights flared up toward him out of the sheets of water. He couldn't see because of his lost glasses and because of the stinging rain. He rushed between two cars. He slipped. . . .

The chimes on the Metropolitan Tower rang out, in wails of wild sound, the half-hour after four.

THE attendance that evening at the annual banquet of the New York alumni of Huntington College exceeded all previous records. The drive for two million five hundred thousand dollars was on. It was a small college, but, as Daniel Webster said of Dartmouth, there were those who loved it.

The east ballroom of the hotel was well filled with diners. Recollections of college days were shouted across tables and over intervening aisles. There was a million still to raise; but old Huntington would put it across! They'd gotten out more of the older men, the men with money, than had ever been seen before at an alumni dinner.

The income on one million would go into better salaries for the professors and other teachers. They'd been shamefully underpaid—men who'd been on the faculty twenty to thirty years getting two thousand! Well, Huntington College had now a new president, one of the boys of twenty years ago. Yes sir, things were different. It was in the air.

In the midst of the dinner course, the toastmaster rapped loudly with the gavel for attention. It was hard to obtain quiet.

"Men," said the toastmaster, and there was a curious note in his voice, "I ask your absolute silence. Middleton, whom you all know is one of the editorial staff of the *Sphere*, has just come in. He can stay only a few minutes. He came especially to tell you something."

A man standing behind the toastmaster stepped into the toastmaster's place. He was in business clothes, a sharp contrast to the rest of the diners. He was loudly applauded. He raised his right hand and shook his head.

"Boys," he said, "I've got a tragic piece of news for you—for those of you who were in college any time up to ten years ago." He paused and looked the diners over.

"Four-fifths of you men who are here tonight knew old Hoddy Irving, our 'prof' in

Latin. He served old Huntington College for forty years, the longest term any professor ever served. He made no demands—ever. He took us freshmen under his wing. I used to walk now and then with him, miles around the college, when it wasn't so built up as it now is. He loved the fields and the animals and the trees. He taught me a lot of things besides Latin. Don't you remember the funny little walk he had, sort of a hop forward? Don't you remember the way he'd come up to the college dormitories nights, sometimes, from his house down on the Row, and knock timidly at our doors, and come in and visit? Don't you remember that we used to clear some of those tables mighty quickly, of the chips and the bottles?"

There were titters, and some one shouted: "You said it!"

"And then, don't you remember that some ten years ago they turned the old man off, with a pension—so-called—of half his salary. But what was his salary? Two thousand dollars—two thousand dollars at the end of forty years! You and I, and old Huntington College, turned old Hoddy out to pasture, this pasture, on a thousand a year! And tonight, right now, he's lying in Bellevue, both legs broken, skull fractured, and not a damn cent in the world except insurance enough to bury him. And tomorrow he'll be ours to bury, boys—old Hoddy Irving!"

A CONFUSION of voices rose in the room, and over them all a "No!" from some one who seemed to cry out in pain.

"Yes!" said Middleton as the murmurs ceased. "Our old Hoddy, starving, loaded up with debt, alone, down in a miserable hall bedroom in Stuyvesant Square. How did I come to know about it? One of our reporters, who covers Bellevue, dug up the story in his day's work. They brought in this old, disheveled, unconscious man—and in his pocket was his name. Kenyon, the reporter, went over to the house on the Square and found there another old fellow that old Hoddy chummed some with, and who knew all about the circumstances."

"It seems Hoddy had an invalid old sister—and they hadn't any money except this pension. How the two old souls got along no one will ever know. But she died a while ago, and that put Hoddy into a lot more debt. And this miserable little eighty dollars a month has had to carry him and his debts. And not a whimper that old man utters. Always kindly, Hoddy was, always telling stories from the forty years at Huntington—and we fellows here, a lot of us rotten with money, and not knowing that the old fellow—"

Middleton's voice broke. It was some time before he proceeded.

"This afternoon, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street, just as that tornado broke, he tried to cross the street. He got in a jam of cars, and of course the windshields were all mussed up with rain, and the chauffeurs couldn't see anything ahead—and they don't know whose car it was. The police say it was just four thirty-one when they picked him up.

"Well, that's all, except that—I'm going down to Bellevue, and if one or two of you want to come—perhaps old Hoddy will know us—even this late."

Middleton had finished. From various parts of the room came the words: "I'll go! Let me go." Men were frankly wiping their eyes.

At a distant table arose Martin Delano. He was reputed to be the wealthiest alumnus of Huntington. He was said to have made almost fabulous millions during the war. In the Street he was known as "Merciless Martin." They were planning to strike him this evening for at least one hundred thousand dollars.

Martin Delano stood holding the edge of the table with one hand, the other fingering a spoon on the table. He stood there long. Several times he opened his lips as tho to speak. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his cheeks and forehead. Evidently he was deeply moved.

"Mr. Toastmaster, may I ask the privilege of going down to Bellevue with Mr. Middleton? I would ask that I be allowed to insist on going down. I have sinned, grievously sinned, in forgetting old Hoddy. Now, when it's too late—Thirty years ago, and more, when I was a green, frightened freshman from Vermont, he took me to his heart. He was known as the Freshman's Friend. That's what Hoddy always did—take the green and frightened freshman to his heart. Probably, if he hadn't done that to me, I would have gone back home in my lonesomeness. And then—

"Yes, I have sinned—and it might have been so different. I want to go down there! And I'm coming back here, before you men are through tonight, and I'll tell you more."

AT about half-past ten Martin Delano came back. He walked into the room just as one of the speakers had finished. The toastmaster caught his eye and beckoned to him to come to the speaker's table. Delano stood in front of the crowd. He had walked forward, seeing no one on his way.

"Hoddy—Hoddy has gone, boys!"

Then quickly, silently, the three hundred men arose and stood. After a time they heard Delano say: "Sit down, boys!"

He waited till they were seated. "There's a lot that I might tell, men—terrible things—that I won't tell, for it's all over. Just this—and I suppose you're about through now and breaking up. It was the poor old Prof of ours—shattered, deathly white, a lot older. But will you believe it, the same dear old smile, or almost a smile, on his face! Unconscious, but babbling. And about what? The college—Alma Mater! Those were just the words—Alma Mater! The college that gave him the half pay and forgot him on the very night when we are trying to raise a miserable two million, that things like this sha'n't happen again!

"And, boys, when we bent over him and whispered our names, he seemed after a while to understand that we were there—but in the classroom, the old Number 3 in Holmes Hall! And, fellows, he called on—on me to recite—"

Merciless Martin Delano couldn't go on. Finally he spoke.

"And so, Mr. President, I wish, sir, as a slight token of my appreciation of what that simple great man has done for Huntington College, to give to our Alma Mater—our Alma Mater, sir—the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be used for the erection of a suitable building, for whatever purpose is most necessary, and that building to be called after Horace Irving.

"And, sir, I also desire to give to the fund for properly providing for the salaries of our professors and other teachers the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—those men who teach in our Alma Mater.

"And I ask one word more: I have arranged that Professor Irving is to be buried from my house. If you will permit me, I will leave now."

The alumni of Huntington College were silent. There was no sound, save the occasional pushing of a chair, or the click of a plate or a glass upon the table, as Martin Delano passed from the room.

IT was after one o'clock. Martin Delano was in his library, his arms flung across the table, his face between them.

In the opaque blur of swirling rain, his car had passed the corner of Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street at precisely half-past four that afternoon. He had happened to take out his watch at the moment the Metropolitan clock struck the second quarter.

He would never know whether it had been his car or another!

WHY HE PAINTED THE RICH MRS. BRONSON

This story was published several months ago in the Outlook. Its author is Sarah Redington. We have omitted a few of the first sentences (a superfluous attempt, too common with American story writers, to make everything seem casual). It presents a rich and ostentatious old lady in a new light and—makes you love her.

"TELL me, Anne, why are you so peeved about that portrait? You don't like something about it. What is it?"

"I don't like your having painted it," I said crossly. "Why should you take a client like that—a rich old vulgarian in sables and point lace and diamonds? With your sympathy and insight, you ought to do the kind of old age that is beautiful, that one falls in love with—"

"Whistler's 'Mother'?"

"Exactly, or any other sympathetic study of an elderly woman who isn't a Mrs. Crœsus. That's a cruel portrait, Bob, a covert sneer. What does the poor old soul think of it? She can't really like it."

"He pointed to the masterly brushwork that made the painted necklace wink and glitter in the firelight. 'Well, she thinks the diamonds aren't quite bright enough,' he drawled, looking at me out of a quizzical eye. 'So I've promised to touch 'em up a little. Oh, you needn't put on such a disgusted expression! That's perfectly good criticism from Mamma Bronson's point of view.'"

"Well, if I were a successful portrait painter I'd turn down vulgarians because I didn't like their vulgarity. Other things being equal, I should think you'd prefer to do people with souls, characters, temperaments—oh, you know what I mean! I don't understand you, Bob. You look at that painful portrait as if you had a real affection for it. Have you grown so mercenary that your best work is the work that pays you best—when it isn't a question of a nose you don't like?"

"By way of answer the artist said: 'Take off your coat, why don't you? That's a pretty hot fire since I put on a big log.' And when I looked my surprise at the sudden change of subject, he added: 'I'm going to tell you the story of that portrait, if you don't mind, and you might as well be comfortable while I have the floor.' Then he began his story, his eyes fixed affectionately on the portrait."

"TO begin in the middle (said the artist), I was tickled to death at the commission. As it happened, I'd had a run of sweet subjects—débutantes in their frilly tulle dresses, little

girls in smocked frocks and pink hair ribbons—you can see it from here. So I felt downright savage, and as if I wanted to get my teeth into something hard; if a cave man had come in, I'd have done him for nothing, just for the fun of painting something ugly and brutal and strong, for a change. Well, no cave man applied, but Mrs. Bronson strayed into my studio instead. I don't mean that the poor old soul was either ugly or brutal, but she was a heaven-sent challenge to a piece of stiff work. For I saw right off the bat that here was my chance to get away with an interesting experiment. You know how Sargent can paint a vulgarian, so that the vulgarity simply leaps out at you from the canvas?"

"Well, the moment I saw Mamma Bronson, I said to myself: 'Here's a common old person who measures everything by her money. Go to, I will paint her portrait à la Sargent. It's the chance of a lifetime!' The Bronsons wouldn't see it, not clever enough, but I'd make a big hit with the intelligent public who would recognize the portrait as a covert sneer—the very words you used a little while ago, by the way. Yes, I certainly put it over, if I could make you feel that. But honestly, Anne, it was not easy. It was like taking candy from a child."

"In the first place she was tickled to death at my letting her wear what she liked. She told me naively that she had been afraid I would insist on 'something artistic'; she said her daughters had two friends who dressed affectingly in cheese-cloth and gunny-sacks. 'I prefer velvet and lace,' I said, and you ought to have seen her beam. 'I'll wear my new mauve velvet, then,' she said, joyously, 'and the sable stole poppa gave me last Christmas, and'—here she hesitated and looked embarrassed—"would you mind if I put on lots of jool'ry?"

"All you want, Mrs. Bronson," I assured her, and you'd never guess why the hesitation. It was because—I got this later from her in a burst of confidence—she had been afraid 'jool'ry' would be hard to paint, and she didn't want to ask too much of me. Can you beat it?"

"WELL, at last we got started, with a piece of valuable tapestry behind her expensively undulé-ed gray head, and a carved chair from a Genoese palace for her to sit in. I casually mentioned what I had paid for these spoils of travel, and found that I had struck the right note. When she was talking about the price of things, her whole face lighted up, and then, in a paintable sense, she was at her best. So I worked the game for all it was worth, and the portrait went ahead like a house afire.

"Before she had given me three sittings I knew exactly what she had paid for all her 'jool'ry,' her sables, her limousine, her Pekingese, and the new pipe organ in the Jacobean music-room. Or, to be more accurate, what poppa had paid. Poppa was a little, withered, dried-apple of a man, who looked like anything but an easy spender, but you know what the American woman is—she always knows how to keep the man behind the check-book busy. It was a safe bet that Mrs. Bronson and her daughters had everything they could possibly want—and then some.

"Of course they gave with both hands to well-known charities, and probably were generous enough to their poor relations. I don't mean to imply that they spent all the money on themselves. But the impression that I got from Mrs. Bronson's cheerful babblings, as I painted the high lights in her diamonds or the purplish shadows in her sables, was that wealth to her meant great possessions. Lord, how sick and tired I used to get of the price of sunbursts and limousines!

"Well, I went right ahead with my Sargent stuff, but on the very day that I had fixed for her last sitting we had to call a halt. Appendicitis with complications, and she had a close call, poor soul! However, money talked, as usual, and there were marvelous surgeons and consultants, and the finest suite at the most expensive hospital, and by and by she came back for me to finish the portrait, a little thinner, and rather pale, but otherwise her prosperous, prosaic old self. I knew it was up to me to ask for details about her illness and convalescence, so I began by an inquiry about her surgeon.

"THAT opened the floodgates, and, my Lord! I was nearly drowned. I think I must have lost consciousness, for one minute she was telling me how poppa had said he didn't care how much it would cost to get Dr. Rainey back from the Canadian Rockies, they'd just got to send for him, and then suddenly she was mentioning the price of the wonderful emerald pendant that was rocking

gently up and down on her lace corsage. I raised awed eyebrows, wondering how long I had been asleep, and she droned on:

"And poppa said: 'Well, momma, I guess nothing's too good for you, now we've got you back, and if Mrs. Vanderbilt wants that emerald, I'm sorry, but she's got to choose something else.'" She laughed comfortably at the subtle jest, then said, with naive pride: 'That's poppa all over; he always treats me like I was a queen. And he gave me a new automobile too, because he thought my limousine wasn't upholstered quite as soft as the new model, and I mustn't be jolted after my operation. Ain't that thoughtful of him?' She groped for her lace handkerchief, and wiped her eyes as simply and openly as a child, saying, tremulously, as she finished with a sonorous nose blowing: 'Why, Mr. Eliot, he just wraps me in love every day of my life. I guess people think I talk a lot about my nice things, but the reason I do is because I realize what they mean: a husband who wants me to have the best, whether it's automobiles, or jool'ry, or doctors—or portraits,' she added, as a courteous afterthought. 'That's why we chose you, Mr. Eliot. There were lots of cheaper artists, but poppa said money's no object. And I'm real glad you're doing my picture, for we've got to be such good friends.'

"I answered heartily, 'Indeed we have, Mrs. Bronson,' and laid down my brush. I wanted to watch her face for an expression I had never noticed before. She went on, her lip trembling a little:

"I don't often talk this way about poppa, for he just hates to have me tell people how good and kind and generous he is. But ever since I've been sick, somehow or other, I can't think of anything else. I just feel like I've got to talk about him. Mr. Eliot, we've been married forty-two years next June' (another interlude with the lace handkerchief), 'and he's never given me a cross word. And ever since he made his money nothing's too good for me. Why, you're not painting any more, Mr. Eliot! Did my making an old cry-baby of myself spoil the sitting?'

"I shook my head. 'The light's not very good this afternoon,' I lied; 'and, anyway, I can finish the portrait without you now. You know this was to be the last sitting. Unless you think you ought to have a special one for that new ring you're wearing?' She chuckled appreciatively. 'Yes, do paint that in. Henry—he's my son—he gave it to me last Monday; that was my sixty-fifth birthday.'

SHE stretched out her soft, cushiony old hand towards the light, and looked at the winking ruby with a lovely mother-smile.

'Mr. Eliot, do you think many men remember their old mother's birthdays like that, when they've got their own families to buy rings and brooches for—young lady daughters who love pretty things?

"I tell you, when I hear rich people pretending they was happier when they was poor, I always feel like telling them they've missed the whole point. I'm glad we got our money, not because I want it for myself, but because it makes my husband and my children happy to buy fine things for me, and I love their presents because it shows how much they care for me. You say you aren't going to paint any more this afternoon? Then I'd better not take up any more of your time. I guess I've wasted a lot of it, talking on like this, but, somehow or other, I thought you ought to know how I felt about these things. I guess I'm the luckiest woman alive, I really do.'

"She turned to me with a smile that was half proud, half apologetic. 'Will you help me down, Mr. Eliot? This grand throne-chair is kinder high for an old woman who's just out of the hospital.'

"I gave her an arm, wondering, as I felt her soft old body lean heavily on me, what she would think if I obeyed the wild impulse to kiss her fat beringed hand and beg her pardon for the wrong I had done her. For there was the portrait! I glanced at it, hoping against hope that I had failed in the Sargent trick, but no such luck. It was the 'covert sneer' all right. I really believe in another moment I would have stuck my palette knife through the canvas in sheer remorse and disgust, when I felt a soft touch on my arm and heard the comfortable old voice ask, shyly:

"'Mr. Eliot, do you mind if I ask you to make just one little change?'

"My heart gave a hopeful leap—perhaps he wasn't really satisfied. If I could only paint her again, paint the beautiful soul, this time! But she was saying:

"'It's such a lovely picture that I hate to

say I could find anything to change in it—after you've taken such trouble too! But it's just this: *could you make the diamonds a little brighter?* Poppa gave me that sunburst on my last wedding anniversary, and I do want it to show up real bright. Could you fix it without an awful lot of work?'

"'Of course I could,' I said, heartily. 'Are there any other suggestions, Mrs. Bronson?' She shook her head and gave my arm a little pat of approval. 'No, it's just fine, especially that lace flounce. I'm real glad that came out so well; my eldest daughter brought me that piece of lace from Brussels, just before the war, and it cost a lot. And look at the way you've done that fur; anybody could see it was real sable! I can't thank you enough. It's a beautiful, beautiful portrait—much too good for a homely old woman like me.'

"THE artist stopped abruptly. The studio was full of purple twilight and dancing fire shadows, but the portrait had faded into a mere dark rectangle on a ghostly easel. He switched on a cluster of lights and it leaped into life again, brilliant, unfeeling. We both went up to it and looked at it a long time without speaking. Then, as my husband's car honked imperiously in the street below, I said, thoughtfully:

"'I see now why you looked at it so affectionately—you hate it for itself, but you love it for her.'

"He nodded. 'She likes it, that's all that counts,' he said. 'Any further comments?' I didn't answer at first, for I was still gazing into the eyes of the woman who had great possessions. Finally I said:

"'Don't fail to make those diamonds just as bright as you can, Bob. That's important.' And I smiled at him; but he knew that I meant it seriously, for, somehow or other, my eyes were wet.

"'I always knew you were an understanding kind of woman, Anne,' said the artist approvingly."

IN a new book on Tolstoy, Maxim Gorky tells us that he is not a Tolstoyan, but that, for him, Tolstoy was the greatest man in the world. From the same book it appears that Tolstoy himself was not a Tolstoyan. Thus Tolstoy tried to welcome Tolstoyans, but, when they behaved generically,

"Suddenly, under his peasant's beard, under his democratic, crumpled blouse, there would rise the old Russian baron, the grand aristocrat; then the noses of the simple-minded visitors, educated and all the rest, instantly

became blue with intolerable cold. It was pleasant to see this creature of the purest blood, to watch the noble grace of his gestures, the proud reserve of his speech, to hear the exquisite pointedness of his murderous words."

Once, when one of these Tolstoyans explained eloquently how happy his life had become and how pure his soul after he accepted Tolstoy's teaching, Tolstoy leaned over to Gorky and said quietly, "He's lying all the time, the rogue, but he does it to please me."

Voices of Living Poets

IN an article on "The Folk Poetry of These States," in *Poetry*, Alice Corbin Henderson offers a very inclusive view of folk poetry. It takes in, according to her view, Bret Harte, Charles Godfrey Leland, James Russell Lowell, James Whitcomb Riley, Joel Chandler Harris, and many poems by Vachel Lindsay, Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson and Edgar Lee Masters. The usual conception of folk poetry is of verse whose origin is obscure and which has been handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. Mrs. Henderson thinks the quality of poetry rather than its origin or means of transmission determines its character as folk poetry. "When a folk-poet becomes sufficiently well known," she writes, "to have his own personality established in our minds, we forget the class to which his work belongs and think of his songs in relation to himself." This, she says, is what has happened to Lowell, Riley and other "sophisticated folk poets" named by her.

Mrs. Henderson does not altogether convince us that the "Biglow Papers," the "Pike County Ballads," the "Congo" and "Barbed Wire" are folk poetry. The very word "folk" implies a common use by common folks which none of this poetry has achieved. We would call them indigenous poetry but hardly folk poetry. But, aside from this disputable view, she is very convincing in her effort to show the richness and variety of folk poetry in America. There is, of course, the Anglo-Saxon poetry brought from England and still to be found in isolated regions—Kentucky and Tennessee for instance—inhabited by Anglo-Saxon descendants. There are the native Yankee ballads, of which "Yankee Doodle" is the best known. There are the songs of Western cow-boys, collections of which have been made by Professor Lomax and others. There are the negro "spirituals" and plantation songs

which are "certainly not African." There are the native Creole songs of Louisiana, some of which were translated by Lafcadio Hearn, and the Spanish folk songs of the Southwest, some of which have been translated by Charles F. Lummis. And we have a growing body of native poetry which Constance Lindsay Skinner, Mary Austin, Lew Sarett and others are making known to us. Here are seven distinct types of folk poetry in America, each well worth preserving and each full of human interest and local color. It is a wonderful wealth of literary material for one nation to have and it is well that we should become aware of it. Six of these seven types are indigenous and the Anglo-Saxon folk poetry is more or less modified by American conditions.

In the same number of *Poetry* Mrs. Henderson gives a series of New Mexico folk songs, some of them original and some translated. This is one of them, but whether it is original or translated she does not say:

EL COYOTITO

BY ALICE CORBIN

WHEN I left Hermosillo
My tears fell like rain,
But the little red flower
Consoled my pain.

I am like the coyote
That rolls them and goes
Trotting off side-ways,
And nobody knows.

The green pine has fallen,
Where the doves used to pair;
Now the black one may find on
—returning
Little tow-heads with sandy hair!

The adobe is gone
Where my sword hung suspended;
Why worry—when everything's
At the last ended?

The adobe is gone
Where my mirror was bright,
And the small cedar tree
Is the rabbit's tonight.

The cactus is bare
Where the tunas were sweet;
No longer need you be jealous
Of the women I meet.

Friends, if you see her
In the hills up above,
Don't tell her that I am in prison—
For she is my love.

A series of cow-boy songs also appears in *Poetry* contributed by N. Howard Thorp and Phil Le Noir. None of them is a top-notch. The following is about the best. We omit several stanzas:

SKY HIGH

BY N. HOWARD THORP

THE scream of the outlaw split the air
As we tied him hard and fast
To the snubbing post in the horse corral;
For his turn had come at last

To learn the feel of spurs of steel
As they graze along each side.
En Bugger pulled up his chaps a hole,
For he was the next to ride.

We knew he'd strike, we knew he'd bite,
We knew he'd kick and rear;
So we grabbed his ears en held his head
Till Bugger got up near.

He stepped into the saddle
En hollered, "Let 'im go!"
We jerked the blinder from his eyes,
Then stopped to watch the show.

We asked Red in tones solicitous
If he had made his will—
Had he any girl in Texas?
Who really loved him still?

Was there any parting message
That he would like to send
To some one in his old, old home
Who still might be his friend?

"Mosey, you four-flush punchers,
Don't weep no tears for me!—
I'm a ridin' kid from Texas,
From the old 3 Bar C!

"Go up, you old Cloud-getter,
I can see the Pearly Gate.

We're a-doin' the Grand Ascension—
Loopin' the loops, as sure as fate;

"If I'm a judge of horses,
You're not one, two, three,
With the gentle stock we used to ride
At the old 3-C!"

He whipped old Sky-high till he quit,
He rowelled him up and down.
Old Sky-high had a plenty—
He could hardly turn around.

En we heard old Bugger hummin'
Es he turned the outlaw free,
"I'm a ridin' kid from Texas,
From the old 3-C!"

The Poetry Society award of \$500 for the best volume of verse published by an American poet in the year 1919 has just been made. The jury of award consisted this year of Prof. John L. Lowes, of Harvard, Edwin Arlington Robinson and Alice Corbin Henderson. The result of the voting is a tie for first place between Gladys Cromwell's "Poems" and John G. Neihardt's "Song of Three Friends." Each of the jury gave a first, second and third choice and by the point system the result was as follows:

"Song of Three Friends," by John G. Neihardt, 4 points; "Poems," by Gladys Cromwell, 3 points; "Pictures of the Floating World," by Amy Lowell, 3 points; "The Earth Turns South," by Clement Wood, 3 points; "Starved Rock," by Edgar Lee Masters, 2 points; "A Woman of Thirty," by Marjorie Allen Seifert, 1 point; "Body and Raiment," by Eunice Tietjens, 1 point.

Miss Cromwell's recent death (she and her twin sister, Dorothea, after heroic work in France, overwrought by the strain, leaped overboard from a Channel steamer in January, 1919, on the way home) gives to the award an element of pathos. By agreement among the members of the jury and officers of the Society, while the honor is evenly divided between the two books, the award itself goes to Mr. Neihardt. His book is a narrative poem full of power and beauty. Next to Masfield, he is doing the best narrative work of any of our poets. His book does not readily lend itself to quotation here. Miss Cromwell's work is exclusively lyrical,

of fine, rare quality, with a wistful note in it "that resembles sadness only as the mist resembles rain." We reprint two of her best lyrics:

THE DEEP

BY GLADYS CROMWELL

I MUST have peace, increasing peace;
Oh; not a brave,
A fleeting interval between
Each breaking wave;

Oh, not a treacherous pause between
The gathering gales;
Nor rest in the white fleece of cloud
Cold winter trails;

Oh, not a temporal winter, not
A fitful sleep;
But such a lasting winter as
Dark oceans keep.

Beneath all tides there sleeps a depth
Of cold fecundity,—
A zone that spins and spins a fine
Transparency.

There must be such a wintry zone
For teeming thought,
Where forms the mildest ray would crush
Are slowly wrought;

Where floating shapes of stars and leaves
Are free to dwell,
And feel the quietude of Life's
Eternal spell.

I must have peace, and so in some
Dark peace I trust,
Where thoughts like stars and leafage can
Be spun from dust.

THE EXTRA

BY GLADYS CROMWELL

SHELTERED and safe we sit.
Our chairs are opposite;
We watch the warm fire burn
In the dark. A log I turn.
Across the covered floor
I hear the quiet hush
Of muffled steps; the brush
Of skirts;—then a closing door.
Close to you and me
The clock ticks quietly.

I know that we exist
Two entities in Time.
Our vital wills resist

Enclosing night; our thoughts
Command a Truth above
All fear, in knowing Love.

But a voice in the street draws near;
A wordless blur of sound
Breaks like a flood around:
"Trust not your hopes, for all are vain,
Trust not your happiness and pain,
Trust not your storehouses of grain,
Trust not your strength on land or sea,
Trust not your loves that come and go,
Trust only the hate of the unknown foe,—
War is the one reality."

Are we awake or dreaming?
On the hearth, the ashes are gleaming.

Listen, dear:
The clock ticks on in the quiet room,
It's all a joke, a poor one, too.
Or else I'm mad! This can't be true?
I light the lamp to lift the gloom.
My world's too good for such a doom.
One fact, if nothing else, I know,
I'll die sooner than have it so!

John Masefield, released from the duties imposed on him by the war, is making up for lost time. "Reynard the Fox" is followed closely by "Enslaved"—four narrative poems, a sonnet sequence, and five lyrics. "The Hounds of Hell," one of the longer narrative poems, is as terrible in its power as anything he has done. Even a hardened reviewer may well shiver with dread at the running of the ghostly hounds and breathe a sigh of relief when St. Withiel foils them. "The Passing Strange," which we have already reprinted, is one of the finest lyrics of the present century. Another, fraught with pensive charm is:

ON GROWING OLD

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

BE with me Beauty for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving,
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift
flying
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves; minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander,
Your cornland, nor your hill-land nor your
valleys,

Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where the young knight the broken squadron
rallies.

Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity, for the strong have power
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace
Summer of man its sunlight and its flower
Spring time of man all April in a face.

Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts or loiters or is loud
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,

So, from this glittering world with all its
fashion
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and
passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers
parch.

Give me but these, and though the darkness
close
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

The best things in Marguerite Wilkin-
son's new book of poems, "Bluestone"—
Macmillan—we have already reprinted.
They are "Songs of an Empty House"
(one of the best of them is missing from
the book) and "Bluestone." Her work
has unfailling charm and there is a certain
wholesome quality in it that leaves one
with a sense of satisfaction as after par-
taking of good food not too highly sea-
soned. There is a ring of perfect sincerity
in all her lines, and she is never straining
after effect. It is a book to read and to
keep. Having already printed the best
the book contains we must give now what
is not quite the best, but is well worth
while:

GARMENTS

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

LIFE has taken from us our garments of
pleasure,
Merry colors woven well we have laid aside;
But we have put on again the old robe of
courage,
Wearing what our fathers wore even till
they died.

Lads wear it as the sky wears the flame of
morning;

Women wear it; like the dusk it folds their
spirits in;
And strong men wear it as the grim, gusty
winter
Wears a coat of icy mail in winds screaming
thin.

Life has taken away the quaint motley of the
jester;
Life has stolen pretty pearls and laces from
the queen;
Life has torn the scholar's hood, the veils of
the dreamer,
And many a little cloak of joy that kept
our beauty clean.

But the old generations have given us their
garment
Of the harsh cloth and heavy that man has
often worn;
And we have put on again the old robe of
courage,
And this shall not be taken; and this shall
not be torn!

THE PAGEANT

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

FOREVER is a long road; Forever is a
highway
Whereon go marching through arching nights
and days
Proud Dreams with golden crowns fair upon
their foreheads,
Shining Dreams with haloes and bright
Dreams with bays,
And all along the flowered edge the little
Dreams go dancing,
Singing gay canticles of praise.

Forever is a broad road where have met to-
gether
Brave Deeds in red robes and Deeds of golden
fire,
Grave Deeds in silver gowns, quaint Deeds in
motley,
Quiet Deeds in homely grey that only saints
admire,
Gentle Deeds that love the green raiment of
the summer,
Pure Deeds in very white without the chill of
snow,
Squalid Deeds in dull rags, pitiful and ugly,
Down the broad highway they go.

All the Dreams are living still, all the Deeds
are working,—
White man and yellow man and black man at
last
Will join hands and teach their feet how to
walk together,

Following slowly where their Dreams would
have them follow fast,
Where the Dreams with golden crowns, the
shining Dreams with haloes,
And the Dreams with bays have passed.

All the Dreams will succor them, giving power
and beauty,
Fostering Deeds in red and grey, Deeds in
gold and black,
Helping Deeds in silver gowns to triumph in
their going
Down the everlasting road where is no turn-
ing back.
Speaking out of silences, shining out of
shadows,
Telling what men never tell, showing what
they are,
Though they taste a bitter death, making
them immortal,
Dreams have gone out to travel far.

Forever is a long road; Forever is a highway
Whereon go marching through arching day
and night,
Old Dreams from long ago, carrying their
lanterns,
Young Dreams from yesterday, bearing rosy
light,
And little Dreams not yet come true, pulling
wayside blossoms
To twinkle in their hands, starry white.

Let us turn from the serious and the
pensive to something radiant and sparkling.
It is from *Punch* and it is signed with the
initials of that prince of parodists. Owen
Seaman. This, however, is not a parody:

NATURE AND ART

BY OWEN SEAMAN

*To Betty, who can afford to defy the laws of
symmetry:*

BETTY, I fear you don't conform
Precisely to the female norm
From dainty foot to charming noddle,
But, closely measured, span by span,
Seem built upon a private plan
Not found in Annie Kellerman
Or in the well-known Melos model.

If you compare your width and height—
Arms horizontal, left and right—

With ancient types of pure perfection,
The ratio may not, it's true,
Be as the root of 5 to 2,
But what, my dear, has that to do
With laws of natural selection?

Let Mr. Hambidge to your shape
Apply his T-square and his tape,
And wish that you were more archaic;
Why should I care? I love you best
For what no compasses can test,
For graces not to be expressed
In terms however algebraic.

I love you for the lips and eyes
That none may hope to standardize
On any system known to Hellas;
And what I like about your smile
Has no relation to the style
Of any pyramid of Nile
Figured by mathematic fellahs.

Though your proportions mayn't agree
With Fechner's pedant formulæ,
I don't complain of such disparity;
Too flawless that perfection shows;
For me a larger comfort flows
From human failings (take your nose—
I like its quaint irregularity).

Indeed I love you best of all
By those defects by which you fall
Short of the pattern you should follow;
As I would fain be loved for mine,
Speaking as one whose own design
Lacks something of the perfect line
Affected by the young Apollo.

The two best poems read before the
Poetry Society of America during the
season of 1919-20, as determined by a vote
of the members of the Society, are: "The
Dancer at the Shrine," by Amanda B.
Hall, which receives the highest vote, and
"Two On a Hill," by Leonora Speyer, which
receives the second highest. The National
Arts Club award is divided between them,
the first receiving \$150, the second \$100.
The voting was as follows:

"The Dancer at the Shrine," by Amanda
B. Hall, 33; "Two On a Hill," by Leonora
Speyer, 26; "Death Mask of An Unknown
Soldier," by Hortense Flexner, 21; "Sonnet
to a Plow-Woman of Norway," 17; "Pirate
Treasure," by Abbie Farwell Brown, 13;
"Midsummer Miniatures," by Leonora
Speyer, 12; "The Ladder," by Leonora
Speyer, 11; "To a Passer-By," by Witter
Bynner, 10; "After," by Leonora Speyer,
8; "The Grackle and the Pear Tree," by
Margaret Widdemer, 7; "Recompense," by
Harry Kemp, 7; "Christ," by Clement
Wood, 4.

THE FRENCH SHEPHERD BOY WHO HAS BECOME A GREAT SCULPTOR.

THE National Prize for sculpture in France has lately been awarded by the French Government to a young man of twenty-eight whose life-story is like a fairy tale. Paul Dardé is the name of this man, and he is working at present in a studio in Paris provided by the Government and once used by Auguste Rodin. Not since the days of Rodin has a French sculptor created such a sensation. Great crowds have flocked to the

Salon to see his two masterpieces, "Eternal Pain" and "The Faun." The first named has been bought by the Government for permanent preservation in the Luxemburg Gallery. The second was executed on a private order, but there are rumors afloat that the owner will renounce his rights in honor of the State, and in that case the "Faun" will be placed in the appropriate sylvan setting of Fontainebleau, Versailles or some other national park reservation.

Paul Dardé's "Faun" is a huge creation, twice as big as a man. It is one of those rare productions, Alvan F. Sanborn declares in the *Boston Transcript*, "that first thrills, then haunts, that, once seen, will not out of the memory." He continues:

"It suffices by itself to render its author illustrious. It is a marvelous combination of beauty, force, lyricism and the peerless sort of humor incarnated in Sir John Falstaff. It is at once grotesque and graceful, vehement and temperate, stimulating and yet impassive, immutable and yet rhythmic.

"The figure is of heroic size, and is sculptured directly in creamy stone. Physically, it is part goat and part man, and in it the essential traits of animal nature and of human nature are marvelously blended. The legs, which terminate in cloven hoofs, are those of a goat, exceedingly shaggy as to their outer surfaces, while their inner surfaces are nearly as smooth as the legs of a man. The trunk is human, but the back sports a bushy tail, and the suppleness of the spine suggests the quadruped. The arms, which terminate in enormous hands, corrugated with veins and tendons, are human in shape, but so inordinately long that they are obviously destined to do the work of feet upon occasion. The head has long, pointed, hairy ears, horns all but concealed by a veritable thicket of wavy hair, reminiscent alike of the 'hyacinthine locks' of the Greek gods and of the eighteenth century peruke. And in the capriform face—slanting eyes, flattened nose, thick lips, tapering whisker and deeply furrowed cheek—human and animal features are so strangely commingled that it is impossible to differentiate them. The smile alone (ironical, mocking, lascivious) is unmixedly, unmistakably human.

"The semi-monster is seated, or, rather,



Photo by International

HE HEWS MASTERPIECES WITH A PICKAXE

Paul Dardé, at the age of twenty-eight, has gained the highest honors which it is in the power of France to offer to genius.

crouching, on a vine-covered rock, in an attitude of ruminating, amused expectancy (holding a hoof with one enormous hand and fondling the glinking beard with the other), evidently ready to bound away at the slightest provocation or alarm. Viewed close to or from a distance, from before, from behind or from either side, the figure makes a different but equally strong esthetic and intellectual appeal—uncommon quality indeed in monumental sculpture."



Photo by International

IT FIRST THRILLS, THEN HAUNTS

Paul Dardé's "Faun" suffices by itself to render its author illustrious. It blends, in a fashion that is unforgettable, the essential traits of animal nature and of human nature.

The Medusa head, "Eternal Pain," makes a different kind of appeal. It was inspired by a stanza of the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, and shows a beautiful woman's head enveloped in a formidable coil of serpents. "So perfectly sculptural is it," Mr. Sanborn writes, "that it expresses, without the slightest trace of violence, excruciating, everlasting torture. Not a grimace mars the cold beauty of the

perfectly regular features, and yet the very tranquility of the image renders it the more poignant. Torturers and tortured alike are fixed in marble for eternity. Forever will the reptiles writhe and she be dolorous and fair."

Dardé began life as a shepherd boy in the Cevennes mountains. While he tended his flocks he cut with a jack-knife the figures of animals and men in the soft gypsum of the region. A happy chance in 1908 brought his work to the notice of Max Théron, art professor at the Lycée de Lodève, who wrote to Armand Dayot, editor of *L'Art and les Artistes*, calling attention to the undeniable talent of the young shepherd, "greedy to learn and possessed of the demon art." M. Dayot was deeply impressed by the boy's work and gave him a chance to pursue his studies in the Montpellier School of Art.

When, a little later, Dardé entered military service as a sapper in the engineers' corps, he was fortunate in finding a sympathetic commanding officer, who, like Dayot, encouraged him to develop his gifts. From the army he passed to the Paris School of Fine Arts.

A friend helped him to visit Italy, the land of his artistic dreams. He went with a light heart and a lighter purse, and has written of this period: "What more could I wish? I really did have to tighten my belt a little to make a visit to

Michael Angelo, to Donatello, to Massacio, to Tintoret and some of the others. I slept on the floor of a third-class railroad car to economize my hotel bill. But in the beautiful Italian villages there are wonderful fountains of excellent water and at that period a slice of sausage could be had for nothing. They were the good times."

On his return to Paris, Dardé sought out Auguste Rodin in his studio and, it is said, worked with him for a while. But the shepherd boy and the great master could not agree, and after a fortnight parted abruptly.

Then came the Great War, and Dardé took his place in the blood and mud of the northern trenches. His artistic career was checked, but not ended. In 1918 he resumed his interrupted studies.

Dardé, Mr. Sanborn tells us, eschews clay models, realizing his conceptions directly in stone or marble without other preliminary aid than a pencil drawing. He carves some of his masterpieces with a pick-axe, and has signed his "Faun," with the saucy coquetry of genius, "Paul Dardé, tailleur de pierre" (stone-cutter). The interpretation proceeds:

"It is going too far, probably, or at least it is misleading, to pronounce 'Le Faune,' as certain of the critics are doing, 'an epoch-making work' and to predict the emergence therefrom of a new school of sculpture. Its originality consists in a species of accent due less to a distinctive technical method than to a rich temperament seconded by highly exceptional manual skill. 'Le Faune' is of the lineage of the classics. Neither in conception nor in execution does it depart perceptibly from tradition. Vigorous enough to escape the contempt of the radicals of art, it is not extreme enough to irritate the art conservatives.

"Dardé's art is not 'advanced' art in the narrow sense in which the term is employed at the present moment, being free from the exaggerations, distortions and mutilations that are deliberately resorted to by the insur-



Photo by International

A DANTESQUE INSPIRATION

In "Eternal Pain" Paul Dardé depicts the head of a woman whose frigid insensible beauty tortures too many hearts, and whose head, in hell, is torn from her body, lifted off the ground and borne up by the serpents that gnaw it.

gents. It does not even proceed directly from Rodin. Rather it harks back to the ancestors, to the Greeks of the best period, to the stone-cutters of the medieval cathedrals and to the masters of the Renaissance. 'Le Faune,' despite its note of drollery, has something of the majesty of Michael Angelo's 'Moses,' and 'L'Eternelle Douleur' is very close of kin to certain drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, André Abbal, Joseph Bernord, Leon Wasley (a lamented victim of the war) and several others who have been practicing for a number of years direct sculpture.

"The extraordinary vogue of 'Le Faune,' which is the supreme manifestation thus far of this tendency, may give a fresh impulse to the return to the former stone-cutting tradition."

It is in this sense and in this sense only, Mr. Sanborn concludes, that Dardé's art can be said to "inaugurate a new sculptural epoch." In other words, it does not found a school, but it may contribute mightily to the growth of a school that already existed before its appearance.

THE RELIGION OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

IT will come as a surprize even to some who have given close attention to the writings of Edgar Allan Poe to learn that the poet of gloom and horror, who is more widely read in foreign lands than any other American writer, was an old-fashioned religious believer. Poe saw God in every beast, bird and flower. He regarded the Bible as God's revelation. He was deeply convinced of the immortality of the soul.

All this is vividly revealed in an article in *The Biblical Review* (New York), which its author, C. Alphonso Smith, Head of the Department of English, United States Naval Academy, says is the first treatment of Poe's religion ever published. The question of Poe's belief, Professor Smith points out, is important not only because of his universal fame but because his stories and poems so often either leave us in the dark or suggest an attitude of apathy or denial which was far from Poe's real mind. Even so well-informed a biographer of Poe as George Edward Woodberry makes the extraordinary statement that an account of Mrs. Moran reading to the dying poet the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel is "the only mention of religion in his entire life." If the mere reading of the Bible to Poe, not by him, be construed as a "mention of religion" in his life, what, asks Professor Smith, shall be said of his familiarity with the Bible, of his keen interest in Biblical research, of his oft-expressed belief in the truth of the Bible or of his final and impassioned defense, in "Eureka," of the sovereignty of the God of the Bible?

There is abundant evidence, the Professor tells us, that from early childhood, when Poe went regularly to church with Mrs. Allan in Richmond, to that last hour when he asked Mrs. Moran from his death-bed whether she thought there was any hope for him hereafter, God and the Bible were fundamental and central in his thinking. It is equally evident that tho himself an adept in scientific hypothesis and speculative forecast and tho living in a sceptical age in which science seemed to be undermining the foundations of religion, he remained uninfluenced by current forms

of unbelief. More than that, he entered the lists against scepticism and fought in behalf of Christian faith.

Poe's intimate knowledge of the Bible is revealed not only in the many allusions in his writings to Bible history and imagery, but in his polemic efforts. Professor Smith quotes from a review of a book entitled "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, Petrala and the Holy Land," by John Lloyd Stephens, a New Jersey lawyer, in which Poe speaks reverently of "the Book of Books" and tries to show that "infidelity itself has often afforded unwilling and unwitting testimony to the truth." Poe makes the statement:

"It is surprizing to find with what unintentional precision both Gibbon and Volney (among others) have used, for the purpose of *description*, in their accounts of nations and countries, the identical phraseology employed by the inspired writers when foretelling the most improbable events. In this manner scepticism has been made the root of belief, and the providence of the Deity has been no less remarkable in the extent and nature of the means for bringing to light the evidence of his accomplished word, than in working the accomplishment itself."

Later on in the same review Poe expresses his belief in the literal meaning and literal fulfilment of Bible prophecies:

"General statements, except in rare instances, are susceptible of misinterpretation or misapplication: details admit no shadow of ambiguity. That, in many striking cases, the words of the prophets have been brought to pass in every particular of a series of minutiae, whose very meaning was unintelligible before the period of fulfilment, is a truth that few are so utterly stubborn as to deny. We mean to say that, in *all* instances, the most strictly literal interpretation will apply."

Poe's belief in the Bible, his aversion to scepticism, and his faith in the immortality of the soul find frequent assertion in his less known works. He commends an inaugural address of the President of Hampden-Sidney College because it shows "a vein of that truest of all philosophy, the philosophy of the Christian." He

argues that the lines

Trifles, like straws, upon
the surface flow;
He who would search for
pearls must dive below,

embody a false philosophy: "Witness the principles of our divine faith—that moral mechanism by which the simplicity of a child may overbalance the wisdom of a man." In reviewing "Zanoni" he says: "All that is truly noble in Bulwer's imaginary doctrines of the Rosicrucians is stolen from the pure precepts of our holy religion." Writing in 1844, he declares:

"Twenty years ago credulity was the characteristic trait of the mob, incredulity the distinctive feature of the philosophic; now the case is converse. The wise are wisely adverse from disbelief. To be sceptical is no longer evidence either of information or of wit."

There was a time when Poe believed that immortality could be deduced from the "nebular matter," the "rare ethereal medium pervading space," out of which "all existing bodies in the universe are formed." Subsequently he made the statement: "No man doubts the immortality of the soul, yet of all truths this truth of immortality is the most difficult to prove by any mere series of syllogisms." And later still: "However well a man may reason on the great topics of God and immortality, he will be forced to admit tacitly in the end that God and immortality are things to be felt rather than demonstrated."

Not a proof but an indication of immortality, "a forethought of the loveliness to come," "a prescient ecstasy of the beauty beyond the grave," Poe found in poetry:

"He who shall merely sing with whatever rapture, in however harmonious strains or



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POE OVERSHADOWED BY HIS RAVEN

An impressionistic sculpture by Olaf Bjorkman of the poet of gloom and horror who is more widely read in foreign lands than any other American writer.

with however vivid a truth of imitation, of the sights and sounds which greet him in common with all mankind—he, we say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a longing unsatisfied which he has been impotent to fulfil. There is still a thirst unquenchable, which to allay he has shown us no crystal springs. This burning thirst belongs to the immortal essence of man's nature. It is equally a consequence and an indication of his perennial life. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is not the mere appreciation of the beauty before us. It is a wild effort to reach the beauty above. It is a forethought of the loveliness to come. It is a passion to be satiated by no sublunary sights, or sounds, or sentiments, and the soul thus athirst strives to allay its fever in futile efforts at creation. Inspired with a prescient ecstasy of the beauty beyond the grave, it struggles by multiform novelty of combination among the things and thoughts of Time, to anticipate some portion of that loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain solely to Eternity. And the result of such effort, on the part of souls fittingly constituted, is alone what mankind have agreed to denominate Poetry."

But it is in "Eureka" that Poe recorded his deepest convictions about God and the

world to come. This work is said to have occupied him for seven years. He seemed consciously in the grip of a central truth. "What I here propound," he writes in his brief preface, "is true:—therefore it cannot die:—or if by any means it be now trodden down so that it die, it will 'rise again to the Life Everlasting.'" His wife was dead. His only companion was Mrs. Clemm. "When he was composing 'Eureka,'" she has told us, "we used to walk up and down the garden, his arm around me, mine around him, until I was so tired I could not walk. He would stop every few minutes and explain his ideas to me, and ask if I understood him."

"Eureka" is more than a demonstration that Poe's intellect and imagination were functioning at their maximum through his lonely years; it is the mature expression of an abiding faith that

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

Two passages are quoted by Professor Smith. The echo of the first seems heard in a line of Tennyson's "In Memoriam,"

One God, one law, one element.

Poe writes:

"That Nature and the God of Nature are distinct, no thinking being can long doubt. By the former we imply merely the laws of the latter. But with the very idea of God, omnipotent, omniscient, we entertain, also, the idea of the *infallibility* of his laws. With Him there being neither Past nor Future—with Him all being *Now*—do we not insult him in supposing his laws so contrived as not to provide for every possible contingency?—or, rather, what idea *can* we have of any possible contingency, except that it is at once a result and a manifestation of his laws? He who, divesting himself of prejudice, shall have the rare courage to think absolutely for himself, cannot fail to arrive, in the end, at the condensation of *laws* into *Law*—cannot fail of reaching the conclusion that *each law of Nature is dependent at all points upon all other laws*, and that all are but consequences of one primary exercise of the Divine Volition."

The second passage tells of creatures, animate and inanimate, and continues:

"These creatures are all, too, more or less conscious Intelligences; conscious, first, of a proper identity; conscious, secondly and by faint indeterminate glimpses, of an identity

with the Divine Being of whom we speak—of an identity with God. Of the two classes of consciousness, fancy that the former will grow weaker, the latter stronger, during the long succession of ages which must elapse before these myriads of individual Intelligences become blended—when the bright stars become blended—into One. Think that the sense of individual identity will be gradually merged in the general consciousness—that Man, for example, ceasing imperceptibly to feel himself Man, will at length attain that awfully triumphant epoch when he shall recognize his existence as that of Jehovah. In the meantime bear in mind that all is Life—Life—Life within Life—the less within the greater, and all within the *Spirit Divine*."

Summing up, Professor Smith suggests that Poe's work will enter upon a still wider stage of influence when it is regarded not as allurements to doubt and despair but as an outcry against them. "Is it not unjust," he asks, "to call Poe the poet laureate of death and decay in the sense in which we call Shelley the poet laureate of love, Wordsworth of nature, Tennyson of trust, or Browning of resolute faith?" The article concludes:

"Poe did not love death; he did not celebrate the charms of doubt or of darkness or of separation. He abhorred them. The desolate lover in *The Raven* does not acquiesce in 'Nevermore.' It flouts and belies every instinct and intuition of his heart. And in every poem and story of Poe's over which blackness seems to brood, there is the unmistakable note of spiritual protest; there is the evidence of a nature so attuned to love and light, to beauty and harmony, that denial of them or separation from them is a veritable death-in-life. Poe fathomed darkness but climbed to the light; he became the world's spokesman for those dwelling within the shadow, but his feet were already upon the upward slope. Out of it all he emerged victor, not victim.

"When I remember that Poe resented the charge of pantheism as keenly as that of atheism, when I recall that he ended his career as thinker and prophet with the chant, 'All is Life—Life—Life within Life—the less within the greater, and all within the *Spirit Divine*,' the sunlight seems to fall upon 'the misty mid region of Weir,' even 'the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir;' and Edgar Allan Poe seems no longer our only autumnal genius, heralding an early winter, but the genius of winter itself, a late winter, with spring already at its heart."

· New Books in Brief ·

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli (Volumes V and VI, Macmillan), by George E. Buckle, has created a sensation in England. It completes the biography begun by W. F. Monypenny nearly ten years ago and shows us Disraeli, the many-sided, in his activities as politician, Prime Minister, orator, novelist, letter-writer, and wit. There is something appropriate in the appearance of this biography at a time when the Jewish question is being discussed on both sides of the Atlantic. Disraeli was nothing if he was not a Jew; but England was his Israel and he accepted Christianity as the highest development of Judaism. During thirteen years, 1868-1881, he and Gladstone filled the political stage to the exclusion of all others. The career of this man of destiny, this man of mystery, is summed up by Mr. Buckle in the following passage: "To this generation Disraeli appears a grand and magnificent figure, standing solitary, towering above his contemporaries, the man of fervid imagination and vision wide and deep, amid a nation of narrow, practical minds, philistine, Puritan-ridden; his life at once a romance and a tragedy, but a splendid tragedy; himself the greatest of our statesmen since the days of Chatham and Pitt."

Memoirs of the Empress Eugenie, together with the Political, Military, Diplomatic and Royal History of France during the Second Empire, by Comte Fleury (Appleton), embodies the life-story of the woman who has been called the most romantic figure of the nineteenth century. She was the wife of Napoleon III and, with her husband, was driven from the French throne by a Prussian conqueror in 1870; yet she lived to see the conqueror's grandson an exile in his turn. Not only princes, soldiers and statesmen figure in this narrative; we can learn here much that is new regarding the personalities and the gifts of Prosper Merimée, Henri Beyle (Stendhal), Flaubert, Maupassant, Taine, Sainte-Beuve, Rosa Bonheur and Charles Gounod.

The Advancing Hour, by Norman Hapgood (Boni and Liveright), is keyed to a line of George Meredith's, "They fed not on the advancing hour," and is dedicated to the youth of America. Mr. Hapgood sees reaction in the saddle in America today. He protests not

only against the blockade of Russia, but also against what he calls "the blockade of thought." As a remedy for political defects and excesses, he offers "liberalism;" and a liberal, in his definition, "differs from a radical in humility." For Mr. Hapgood, cooperation, looking toward Guild-Socialism, offers a way out of our industrial troubles. The League of Nations still has his allegiance, and he makes the assertion that George Washington, under today's conditions, would be in full accord with the League.

Psychoanalysis: A Brief Account of the Freudian Theory, by Barbara Low (Harcourt, Brace and Howe), is sponsored by Dr. Ernest Jones, of London, President of the British Psychoanalytic Society. It is clear and interesting. Miss Low gives special emphasis to the conflict between the "pleasure-principle" and the "reality-principle" as a foundation of psychoanalytic theory, and she links up the new science with William James's pragmatism.

Arthur Hugh Clough, by James Insley Osborne (Houghton Mifflin), carries us back a generation. This contemporary of Matthew Arnold who came to America on the same ship with Thackeray and Lowell has his own curious and unique place in modern letters. He was the hero of "Thyrsis." He was the author of "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" and "Dipsychus." But who cares? His shorter poems have more vitality than his longer ones. The *Freeman* speaks of Clough as "a moral hobbledehoy," but thinks that his character and career will continue to interest us as long as the universities of the English-speaking world produce types that have so much in common with him.

Freethinkers of the Nineteenth Century, by Janet E. Courtney (Dutton), consists of seven interpretations, with portraits, of Frederick Denison Maurice, Matthew Arnold, Charles Bradlaugh, Thomas Henry Huxley, Leslie Stephen, Harriet Martineau and Charles Kingsley. The title of the book is not felicitous. At least two of the men named—Maurice and Kingsley—would be not a little disconcerted to find themselves grouped as "freethinkers" with Bradlaugh and Huxley. Mrs. Courtney, however, uses the word in the

broadest sense. Her intention, she says, was to pay a tribute to great teachers of an earlier generation whose passion for liberty helped to sustain the English through the sufferings of the war.

The Social Evolution of Religion, by George Willis Cooke, (Stratford Co., Boston), aims to show that religion is a "product of social experience, a form of social organization, an expression of social need." The point of view adopted is that of Comparative Religion, showing how the several religions of the world, from the lowest to the highest, are related to each other, what they have in common as well as that in which they disagree. This book is endorsed by H. G. Wells, and carries a foreword by John Haynes Holmes.

Mountain, by Clement Wood (Dutton), is described in the *New Republic* as an uncommonly fine bit of work, for a first novel. Mr. Wood is well known as a poet. This is his first serious venture into fiction. It deals with characters and conditions in a Southern mining town; its hero is an aristocrat turned Socialist. The most dramatic passage in the book—a description of a strike—has undeniable power. The book as a whole is being interpreted as an example of the rapprochement between the artist and the labor movement now going on in all parts of the world.

Woman, by Magdeline Marx (Thomas Seltzer), is a story by a French writer which comes to us with a preface by Henri Barbusse and the enthusiastic plaudits of Romain Rolland, George Brandes, Bertrand Russell, Israel Zangwill, and others almost equally well known. It is a notable novel, but it hardly lives up to the anticipations evoked by some of these testimonials. The theme is really the love of a woman for two men. The question suggested, but never answered, is: Can a woman love two men at the same time? Mary Austin, reviewing this book in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, declares that as fiction it fulfils every criterion of success, but that as propaganda it fails to get itself seriously considered.

No. 26 Jayne Street, by Mary Austin (Houghton Mifflin), is greeted by Wilson Follett in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, as the achievement of "a true prophet of feminism," and is excoriated in the *New York Call* as a travesty of the radical movement. It is a Greenwich Village romance, laid at the time of America's entrance into the war. Mrs. Austin manifests considerable sympathy with radical minorities, but she makes her hero, Adam Frear, sociological journalist and labor leader, a good deal of a cad. The funda-

mental idea of the book, as Mr. Follett interprets it, is that democracy is on trial in every human being's life and love, and that the sinister possessive instincts of imperialism can make headway because most of us are victims to them in our private passions.

Open the Door, by Catherine Carswell (Harcourt, Brace and Howe), was selected by its London publishers as the best of a hundred manuscripts submitted in a first-novel competition, and awarded a prize of £250. It is a sex-story, and follows the adventures of a Scottish girl, Joanna Bannerman, from her thirteenth to her thirtieth year. In a very real sense, Joanna represents the spirit of youth which will take nothing on authority. She breaks away from home; she is bound to experiment; but she ends by conforming. It is not extravagant to say that she arrives at conventional permanent wifehood by a process as unconventional as free love. The book appeals to the London *Athenæum* as head and shoulders above the class of books which are commonly called "best-sellers."

The Editor of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Mr. Hugh Chisholm, is at work bringing the *Encyclopedia* up to date, and announces that he expects to have three new volumes completed for delivery to the public next year. He estimates that almost seventy per cent of the new matter will be devoted to questions connected with the war. The supplementary volumes are to be of the same size as the volumes now in use, and, in combination with the existing twenty-nine of the Eleventh Edition, will constitute the Twelfth Edition. The first edition of the *Encyclopedia* appeared in 1768.

Wentworth Place, Hampstead, London, the house in which John Keats lived during the years immediately preceding his death, and in which he wrote "Hyperion," "The Eve of Saint Mark," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," the "Ode to a Nightingale," and much besides, is in danger of being torn down. A National Committee has been formed in England to save the house as a literary memorial and to turn it into a Keats Museum. Ten thousand pounds is named as the sum which must be raised to buy and endow the property. Part of this money has already been raised, but America must help to complete the sum, and committees are being started in American cities with this end in view. Readers of *CURRENT OPINION* are invited to send subscriptions to the Keats Memorial House Fund through the New York Committee, of which Mr. Miles M. Dawson, 26 West 44th Street, is treasurer.



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... Accountant and Auditor	\$2,500 to \$7,000
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... Photoplay Writer	\$2,000 to \$10,000
... Sanitary Engineer	\$2,000 to \$5,000
... Telephone Engineer	\$2,500 to \$5,000
... Telegraph Engineer	\$2,500 to \$5,000
... High School Graduate	In two years
... Fire Insurance Expert	\$3,000 to \$10,000

Name Address

Shear Nonsense

Inexperienced

He—Do you play golf?
She—Oh, dear, no! I don't even know how to hold the caddie.—*Boston Transcript.*

Finance Explained

Freddy—Pa, this paper writes about directors "watering stock." What does it mean?
Pa—The directors water the stock to soak the investors, sonny.—*London Blighty.*

Heredity

"What is heredity?"
"Something a father believes in until his son begins acting like a born fool."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Spank-Proof

"Now, Willie," said the generous father as he and his little son were gazing into a tailor's

shop window, "I am going to buy you a new pair of trousers, and you shall choose them. Which pair do you want?"

After a moment's hesitation Willie said, "Please, father, may I have the pair marked 'Cannot be beaten.'"—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Foresight

She listened as he talked.
"I am rich," he said. "If you marry me, my money, my motor-cars, my yacht, my houses, everything will be yours."
"Fine!" she exclaimed delightedly, then her brow clouded.
"But what will you do?" she asked.—*The Smart Set.*

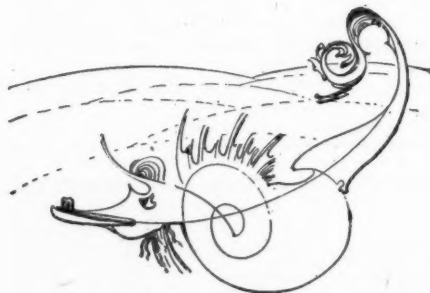
England and America

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the English novelist, when recently interviewed in New York by the *World*, uttered these quips in contrasting life in America and England:
"In England they say 'yes,' and in America they gulp."
"In England the railway cars are divided up for first, second, and third class passengers. In America only the first class people travel."
"In England if you ask a man how he is he gives you an account of his more recent mal-

(Continued on page 416)



The Land Horse
Everybody rides,
Until his eyes are dim.



The Sea Horse!
Every wave he rides.
And nobody
Rides him.

—From Vachel Lindsay's *Village Magazine.*

How I Got Spot Cash For My Real Estate

A plan that Worked Like Magic—Brought Big Price After Agents Failed—Cost But a Few Dollars—And Saved Agent's Commission of \$122.50



OUR home was a mile from the car-line, and it was another two miles down town after having reached the car-line. Technically we lived in town, but not having a car, we were not much better off than if we had been living in the country.

"We wanted to sell and get 'closer in,' but repeated efforts, thru real estate agents, were of no avail, as it seemed each time a prospective buyer was discovered, he was directed to something better eventually.

"After having given up all hopes, an advertisement of the Simplex Plans for Selling Real Estate came to our attention. We got them and followed them. They worked like magic, and sold our place for exactly one-third more than it had cost us."

The above enthusiastic statement as to the quick, easy and profitable results obtained from using the Simplex Plans, is only one of many received from all parts of this country, as more than 5,000 properties, of all kinds, throughout the United States and Canada have already been sold by this marvellously successful system.

The Simplex Plans for Selling Real Estate are as far ahead of the old method of marketing property, as the modern motor car is ahead of the ox cart of our forefathers.

They are the crystallized, systematized knowledge of the world's most successful real estate salesman's twenty years experience, during which time he dealt with thousands of buyers and sellers in all parts of the country, made thousands of experiments, and successfully solved thousands of difficult selling problems. Therefore, they contain only proved-out, time-tested plans, principles and ideas—the inside secrets of successful real estate selling.

These effective Plans have now been so simplified and condensed that they are complete in only 32 pages (8 x 13 inches) in type written form, each set approved and autographed by the originator.

They contain such clear, concise, straightaway information—are so simple and easy to follow—that any intelligent person can use them to the fullest advantage.

They will enable you to handle the sale of your own property without any difficulty—without depending upon any one else—without paying big commissions to agents—just as other wide-awake property owners have done. Here are a few words of praise for the wonderful efficiency of these helpful Plans:

"The Simplex Plans sold my house for cash within two weeks."—F. S., Wauwatosa, Wis. "Sold my farm for cash."—Mrs. L. A. C., Glenwood, Minn. "Sold my country place in three weeks for cash."—H. M. B., New York City.

"Sold my store and real estate."—B. L., San Francisco, Cal. "Simplex Plans sold my house for cash within three weeks."—M. E. L., Marshalltown, Iowa. "Sold my hat factory. Endorse your methods."—W. E. B., Buffalo, N. Y. "Sold my property. Your plans quickest I ever saw."—J. S., Waterford, N. J. "Your plans sold my Colorado ranch."—P. E. V., Lansing, Mich. "Sold for cash in 10 days."—W. H. C., Wakefield, Mass. "Sold my Hotel."—G. S. S., Plano, Ill. "Sold three lots for cash."—R. P. M., Ottawa, Canada. "Sold my Michigan farm."—E. A. D., Miami, Fla.

It makes no difference what kind of a property you have, whether it is worth \$500 or \$50,000, whether it is located in the city of Chicago or in the heart of Montana, far from any railroad, there is a Simplex Plan to fit your requirements.

These scientific Plans show you how to attract the largest possible number of prospective buyers—how to interest them in your particular property—and just how to close the sale and get the cash.

They show you how to get the best possible price—how to save all agents' fees and commissions—how to save three to six months' time in finding a buyer.

In view of what this remarkable method has done for others, isn't it plain, downright foolishness for you to spend a minute's time, an ounce of energy, or a cent of money in any effort to make a sale, until you carefully examine a set of the Simplex Plans? This you can do without cost or obligation of any kind.

Do not send any money. Fill in and mail the coupon, or write a letter or post card, and a complete set of the Plans you need will be sent to you by return mail. Examine them thoroughly. Then if you are not perfectly satisfied that they are just what you want, send them back any time within ten days after you receive them, and you will not owe a single penny.

On the other hand, if you find upon examination, that they are just as represented—just what you have been looking for—exactly what you need to make a quick cash sale of your property—then send \$10 in full payment.

That is the fair, square way in which the Simplex Plans are sold. You are not asked to take the slightest risk. It costs you nothing whatever to investigate. So mail the coupon at once—before this free-examination offer is withdrawn. **THE SIMPLEX CO., Dept. 292, 1133 Broadway, New York.**

Seth Moyle, Mgr. THE SIMPLEX CO.
Dept. 292, 1133 Broadway, New York.

Dear Sir: You may send me a set of the Simplex Plans for Selling Real Estate in the State of together with positive proof of what they have done for others, and what they can do for me. I will remit the Plans to you within ten days after I receive them, or send \$10 in full payment.

I promise not to show them to any one, or make any use of the principles, ideas and information they contain unless I keep them.

Name.....

Address.....



—From Vachel Lindsay's *Village Magazine*.

adies and the morning's temperature. In America he says 'Fine!'

"In England a series of comic pictures in a newspaper would have to culminate in a point.

"In England the waiter brings you something at once, to go on with. In America he brings the meal altogether, just as you begin to swoon from hunger.

"In America the cows give not only butter, but cream. In England they only give butter, and very little of that.

"In England on the Day of Rest we are still able to see some of the furniture in our sitting-rooms. In America it is covered by the Sunday editions of the papers.

"In America you are fond of business and proud of being business men, while in England we are bored of business and would prefer to be thought to obtain our money in other ways. I don't say which is right and which is wrong, but I am certain of this—that your attitude provides much more fun."

"The Daily Round"

The taxi driver turned at the end of the second hour and eyed his client suspiciously.

"Are you taking me by the hour or by the day?" he asked.

"By the year," responded the haggard passenger: "I'm looking for a home!"—*Pearson's Magazine*.

When Extremes Met

said the Scientist to the Protoplasm:
"Twixt you and me is a mighty chasm,
We represent extremes, my friend—
You the beginning, I the end."

The Protoplasm made reply
As he winked his embryonic eye:
"Well, when I look at you, old man,
I'm rather sorry I began!"

—*New York Evening Post*.

Ear Hath Not Heard

He had been dining well, but not too wisely, and as he was staggering homewards a friend met him and suggested that perhaps it would be better if he were to sit quietly in a picture show for a time. They accordingly went in together, but in a little while the friend found the inebriate one sobbing quietly to himself, altho the picture then flickering across the screen was certainly not a pathetic one. "What's the matter?" he hissed. "Why can't you sit quiet and look at the picture?" "'Sno good, ol' man," sobbed the other. "I've gone stone deaf. I can't hear a single word they are saying."—*Reedy's Mirror*.



AN IMAGIST

Did you ever see an imagist?
I wonder what they are?
I'd rather see an imagist
Than own a motor car.

—From Vachel Lindsay's *Village Magazine*.



When the Rattlesnake Struck Judge!

When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow you hear me rattling now.

One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike.

Yours respectfully,
RATTLESNAKE.



This is the beginning of one of the stories by

O. HENRY

274 Short Stories - One Long Novel

Like the Caliph of ancient Bagdad was O. Henry. He has explored the byways of colorful New York. He has walked the water-front, dropped into strange eating places on the Bowery; he has sat for hours, disguised as a tramp, on a park bench, waiting for the adventure around the corner. And he always found it. The city was his world, and it gave him tribute of rich store of material, unfailling inspiration and the key to that inner life which remains to most of us a sealed book.

His death put an end to a life as varied and romantic

as one of his own tales—for he was one of the lovable spirits of earth. At heart he was always a vagabond, a wandering minstrel, telling the stories that just bubbled from him as he went his seeing way.

More people are reading O. Henry today than ever before. They read him because he has the flavor of life as we know it, the tang, the zest, the breathless, careless haste, the ironic, happy, tragic irresponsibilities which go to make up life as it is really lived.

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Your chance is now—now, while you are looking at the coupon—tear it off and mail it today—now—at once.



Send me on approval, charges paid by you. O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, bound in silk cloth, with gold tops. Also the 7 volume set of Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" stories, bound in cloth. If I keep the books I will remit \$1.50 in 5 days and then \$2.00 a month for 14 months for the O. Henry set only and keep the 7 volumes of Sherlock Holmes FREE. Otherwise I will, within 10 days, return both sets at your expense.

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A Subtle Principle of Success

Get out of your "near" poverty

This subtle principle in my hands, without education, without capital, without training, without experience, and without study or waste of time and without health, vitality or will power has given me the power to earn more than a million dollars without selling merchandise, stocks, bonds, books, drugs, appliances or any material thing of any character.

This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is nothing to practice, nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

Why deny yourself the pleasures of prosperity?

This subtle and basic principle of success does not require that you practice economy or keep records, or memorize or read, or learn to do anything, or force yourself into any action or invest in any stocks, bonds, books, or merchandise.

This Subtle Principle must not be confused with memory systems, "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, auto-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-confidence or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with imagination, enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art or science of talking or salesmanship, hypnotism, or advertising.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it

No one has ever succeeded in failing with it

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve my problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for

success if I were to have any. I consciously or unconsciously believed that if I ever were to have health and success, the result would have to come through some element of ease or assistance or through some mysterious or magical source. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar condition.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

Why let others get rich while you remain poor?

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction, arose within me, the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it, that my conditions would change, for I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You also may use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably

Just as there is a principle of darkness, there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, weakness and negativeness. If you use the principle of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

Why stay poor while others are getting rich?

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

It was used by

Moses,
Caesar,
Napoleon,
Roosevelt,
Rockefeller,
Herbert Spencer,
Emerson,
Darwin,
J. P. Morgan,
Harriman,
Woodrow Wilson,
Charles Schwab,
Lloyd-George,
Clemenceau,
Charles E. Hughes,
Abraham Lincoln,
George Washington,
Marshall Field,

Sarah Bernhardt,
Galli-Curci,
Nordica,
Melba,
Cleopatra,
Alexander the Great,
Edison,
Newton,
Wanamaker,
Phil Armour,
Andrew Carnegie,
Frick,
Elbert Hubbard,
Richard Mansfield,
Shakespeare,
Mozart,
Richard Wagner,
Lizzi,

Mendelssohn,
Beethoven,
Verdi,
Copernicus,
Confucius,
Mohammed,
Cicero,
Demosthenes,
Aristotle,
Plutarch,
Christopher Columbus,
Vanderbilt,
Marcus Aurelius,
Pericles,
Lycurgus,
Benjamin Franklin,

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping some one else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through its discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce every one to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals for a few pennies, but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create. I must fulfill my duty just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it for a few pennies, but because the results are great—very great.

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overmastering in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success, that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

If this subtle principle of success does not make you rich and successful, it will cost you absolutely nothing
—I guarantee it

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption and so absolutely certain am I that this principle, in your hands, will work wonders for you that I am willing to place this principle in your hands for twenty-four hours at my risk and expense. You will recognize the value of this principle within twenty-four hours—in fact, almost immediately as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its reality and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity and success.

Thousands of individuals claim that the information disclosing and elucidating the secret principle of success is worth a thousand dollars of any one's money. Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it.

You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for this information—for disclosing this principle, after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence.

Sent to anyone—to you

I have derived such tremendous results—amazing results from its power, that I want every man, woman and matured child to have this key to success, prosperity and wealth. This is why I am willing to send it to any one—to any address on approval without a single penny in advance.

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. **You would never forgive me if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.**

Become rich through this subtle principle of success

From every part of the country comes appreciation of my extraordinary discovery.—The Subtle Principle of Success.

"I cannot say too much for your discovery. It is certainly doing wonders for me, even at the advanced age of eighty."

"I thank you for the blessings you have brought to my life through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.'"

"I can never fully repay you for revealing to me the 'Subtle Principle of Success' and how to use it."

"Your elucidation of the 'Subtle Principle of Success' is wonderful. Even today it is worth a hundred dollars to me."

"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is working wonders for me. I would not part with it for a million dollars."

"I regard your 'Subtle Principle of Success' as worth a thousand dollars of any person's money, regardless of how poor the individual may be."

"It is impossible to place a limit to the monetary value of your discovery."

"I am from Missouri. Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is the goods."

"I always believed that successful men used a principle which gave them success. I never knew what it was nor how to use it until you explained it to me. It would be just as impossible for me to fail with this principle as it has been impossible for me to succeed without it."

"I thank you for the wonderful results I am gaining through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.' I would not take any amount of money for what this principle has done for me already. You are honestly entitled to millions."

"I am a man of my word and would not take one hundred dollars this first day for the information you have given me."

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"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' has in twenty-four hours given me wonderful results. I am ready to back any statement made in favor of your 'Subtle Principle of Success.' It opens up a new universal opportunity."

"The 'Subtle Principle of Success' is doing for me more than you claim. The truth about it is hard to believe."

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It is understood that I am to be under no other obligation, neither now nor later.

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(Write plainly)

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City.....

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"The Firebug"

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The American Sherlock Holmes

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English Authors
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Great Teachers
Great Scientists
Great Lovers
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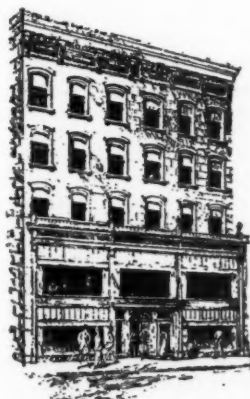
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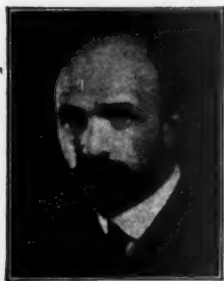
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